

THE PERSONALIST

VOLUME II

ISSUED QUARTERLY BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING, *Editor*



1921

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PRESS
LOS ANGELES

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KRAUS REPRINT CORPORATION

New York

1965

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Printed in Germany
Lessing-Druckerei, Wiesbaden

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Our Contributors' Page

K. M. B. lays all former students of Dr. Bowne under a very great debt of gratitude for an intimate side of his character which some of them because of their awe of him perhaps did not recognize. I am sure we did not dream that he ever made his old overcoat do service another year so as to give financial help to some of our number. It was characteristic of him thus to hide his good deeds. The closing letter is, we think, very remarkable.



DR. JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM as chairman of the Commission on Theology at the International Congregational Council held at Boston, July 1st, 1920, delivered the address which here appears under the title Three Centuries of Pilgrim Theology.



DR. JAMES MAIN DIXON, F.R.S.E., who writes on The Ideals of William Dean Howells, is as well known to our readers as the Editor and needs no introduction.



MR. J. E. TURNER of Mossley Hill, Liverpool, England, caught the significance of Miss Hammond's article in the October issue. "What is Poetry" is his reaction to that essay. Our readers many of whom will recognize Mr. Turner as a frequent contributor to the philosophical journals of England and America will be interested to know that he has in preparation for us, a criticism of the recent Gifford Lectures.



A GERMAN REACTION TO THE PERSONALIST which will be found in the Notes and Discussions is written, says Dr. Brightman, by Dr. M., who "is a brilliant young Roman Catholic Privatdozent in the University of X, whom I knew as a fellow student in Berlin. Although he served in the army, he is convinced of the wrong of Germany's action, sharing our attitude toward Belgium, the Lusitania, etc. The Kaiser, he once wrote me, is no more to blame than any other criminal brought up among criminals."

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Manuscripts and communications should be addressed to THE PERSONALIST, University of Southern California, University Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Los Angeles. Stamps for the return of manuscripts should be enclosed.

To the Gentle Personalist



THE FOLLOWING letter from Dr. Hocking of Harvard University so completely expressed our wish for THE PERSONALIST that we print it herewith.



"I have seen the early copies, and have welcomed the prospect of a new and vigorous organ of philosophy and theology, especially as representing the strong philosophical spirit of the Western Coast. I hope it will become one of the staple expressions of American thought, and that it will open its columns to debate and dissent, as well as to development of the views for which it primarily stands, and with which I am very heartily in sympathy. This policy will at once emphasize its own stability of faith, and enlist the interest of many shades of opinion which have lively representatives in California and elsewhere among us."

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING.



Thus is summed up for us our hope that THE PERSONALIST may be able to serve the interest of the larger group. We shall be glad from time to time to publish leading articles from other standpoints than that of personalism and to make the Notes and Discussions column a medium of expression of dissent as well as of commendation.

The Personalist

VOLUME II

JANUARY

NUMBER 1

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF BOWNE

K. M. B.

Borden Parker Bowne was born in Leonardville, Monmouth County, New Jersey, January 14, 1847, and died in Boston, April 1, 1910. He was the son of Joseph Bowne and Margaret Parker Bowne.

His father was a farmer living on inherited acres. He was not only farmer but local preacher and Justice of the Peace, a man widely respected who settled the disputes and made the wills of the neighborhood. He was a man of unusual common sense, fond of books, public spirited, a strong abolitionist, and a devoted adherent to the cause of temperance. And this at a time when nearly every home had a sideboard loaded with wines and spirituous liquors, especially in anticipation of a visit from the minister!

His immigrant ancestors on the Bowne side were William Bowne and wife Ann, English Puritans, who came to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1631. They left England on account of religious persecution and William Bowne was granted forty acres of land at Jeffries Creek, near Salem, in 1636. He remained at Salem for some years, then removed to Gravesend, Long Island, New York, probably

in 1645, as Gravesend was settled by English Puritans from Massachusetts about that year.

William Bowne and his sons, John, James, and Andrew, went from there to Middletown, Monmouth County, New Jersey, in 1664 and his son James was the direct ancestor of the subject of this sketch.

The three sons of William Bowne were prominent in the settlement of Monmouth County, New Jersey. John was a patentee in the famous Monmouth Patent which was issued by Governor Nichols, agent for the Duke of York who had received from Charles II a grant of land comprising all New Jersey. This Monmouth Patent included what is now Monmouth and Ocean Counties with parts of adjoining ones. These men bought their lands from the Indians, the Bownes contributing a greater sum than any other family with only two exceptions. This purchase was made years before Penn did likewise in Pennsylvania and their charter provided for complete liberty of conscience in all religious matters. The Bownes especially emphasized this as William had left New England on account of his sympathy with Roger Williams and had also experienced enough persecution in Old England. The three brothers were prominent in the settlement of the colony both in church, civil, and political matters.

John Bowne was a deputy to the first assembly in 1668; again a deputy in 1675; was in the first legislature, and in 1683 speaker of the House. He was one of the founders of the Baptist Church at Middletown in 1668 which was the first of that faith in New Jersey. He gave the lot of land on which the meeting house stood and being an effective public speaker was the first to preach in the house when erected.

His brother Andrew was a member of Governor Hamilton's Council in 1692, was appointed Deputy Governor of New Jersey by Governor Bass in 1699; in 1701 was

made Governor of Eastern New Jersey, and in 1703 was commissioned by Queen Anne a member of Governor Cornbury's Council.

James Bowne, the other brother and direct ancestor of Borden Parker Bowne, was one of the interpreters at the first purchase of lands from the Indians. He was later a Minister of Justice and held various offices of honor and trust both by appointment and election which he filled with ability, integrity, and to the complete satisfaction of the people. In fact, he held some difficult positions from the time of being interpreter until his death and was one of the most prominent men of Monmouth County in his time.

The father of Borden Parker Bowne was a farmer in comfortable circumstances. Both father and mother were thoughtful, God-fearing people. His father was social and optimistic, his mother more reserved having in her a vein of religious mysticism probably due to her Quaker antecedents.

In his youth Borden Parker Bowne read widely but no particular books stand out in the foreground as having been more helpful than others in shaping and influencing his life, except the Bible with which he was "saturated." He was never a passive reader nor was he ever unduly impressed by book authorities not supported by reason. He had all a healthy boy's love of play, running with the swiftest and shouting with the loudest; but in addition to this he was thoughtful beyond his years and very fond of conversing with older people. He was shy and sensitive. As a very little boy the reading of death bed stories so keenly affected his imagination that he often left his play and ran home from school at recess time in order to make sure that his beloved mother was still alive!

He was conscientious and religious with a keen sense of justice—which qualities characterized him throughout

his entire life. He never provoked a quarrel and he never retreated from one. He early showed tendencies toward speculative thinking. Before he had ever read or heard discussions relating to the Trinity he had developed the doctrine of Sabellianism for himself and had rejected the doctrine of the resurrection of the physical body.

His education was received in Pennington Seminary and New York University. Without assistance from tutors he fitted himself for college during a summer vacation and entered the sophomore class without conditions and graduated valedictorian of his class, having had an unusually brilliant record for scholarship during his entire college course—in fact, the highest record of any man that ever graduated from the New York University.

This led his teachers to urge that he specialize in their subjects, the dean of the law school counseling most emphatically that he should make corporation law his life work. In after years Professor Bowne sometimes mused upon what would have been the outcome had he adopted law as his profession.

During his college course his interest in philosophical subjects showed itself in such essays as: "Utility versus Intuition" and: "The Reconciliation of Science and Religion in a Better Doctrine of Causality." These and others of similar character foreshadowed the books that followed. Professor Bowne had a deep understanding of physical science having been instructed by the elder Draper, a man noted for scientific research.

The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer was written during his senior year at the university and afterward published in the *New Englander*, a magazine devoted to speculative subjects. At that time its contributions were unsigned. President Noah Porter sought an introduction to the youthful author and from that hour became his admiring, devoted friend. So great was President Porter's

regard for his ability that when about to give up his teaching work he urged Professor Bowne to become his successor as head of the philosophical department of Yale University. President Porter never could be made to understand or sympathize with the spirit of self-sacrifice that prompted Professor Bowne's refusal. This was but one of many offers that came to him from the leading colleges of America that would have taken him away from Boston University.

In connection with this first published article there is told a pleasing little story. As President Porter's guest the young man was invited to a meeting of one of the New Haven clubs composed mainly of college graduates. During the evening a member who had read the article called out across the banquet table: "Which of you old gray-beards has been demolishing Herbert Spencer"? Great was the surprise and enthusiasm when the young author was presented to them. It was an evening devoted to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Henry Ward Beecher was present and took a lively part in the discussion that followed.

Having determined upon philosophy as a life work he next went to Europe for further study and spent several years in the universities of Halle, Gottingen, and the Sorbonne, returning in 1875 to become associate editor of the New York Independent, and assistant professor of modern languages at the New York University. In 1876 he became a vital part of Boston University as its professor of philosophy and dean of its graduate school—which positions he held until his death. The years that followed were filled with teaching and literary work. His industry was prodigious.

A marked characteristic of Dr. Bowne as a writer was his ability to see and appreciate both sides of a question. Hence he has been especially a mediator between opposing

views, making a place for both science and religion and for conservatism and progress. His general view he calls Personalism as indicating that this is a universe of persons with a Supreme Person at their head. As such the view is the antithesis of the mechanical, materialistic, and atheistic views of the world.

Shallow or ignorant reviewers have sometimes misrepresented Dr. Bowne's position. I am fortunate in being able to give in his own words an interesting extract from a letter written to his wife. Mrs. Bowne once read a misstatement of her husband's philosophical position. Being away from home at the time she at once wrote him asking that, for her peace of mind, he would analyze himself as impartially as he would another and send her the result. Here it is. "It is hard to classify me with accuracy. I am a *theistic idealist*, a *Personalist*, a transcendental empiricist, an idealistic realist, and a realistic idealist: but all these phrases need to be interpreted. They cannot well be made out from the dictionary. Neither can I well be called a disciple of any one. I largely agree with Lotze, but I transcend him. I hold half of Kant's system but sharply dissent from the rest. There is a strong smack of Berkeley's philosophy, with a complete rejection of his theory of knowledge. I am a *Personalist*, the first of the clan in any thorough-going sense."

May 31, '09.

This analysis of himself probably never would have been given to another than his wife to whom his heart was ever open. I think he never took the trouble to dispute any statements erroneously made concerning his dependence upon Lotze. In connection with this I cannot do better than to quote from Bishop Francis J. McConnell who says in a masterly analysis of Bowne's system.¹ "It has been

¹Memorial address delivered in Boston University, Sunday, April 17, 1910.

said by some that Bowne was an echo of Lotze. He did, indeed, take his start from Lotze, but we must say that he passed far beyond Lotze. The truth is, that Lotze treated Bowne as practically an equal back in the old student days. One summer day Bowne went to call on Lotze at his home in Germany. As Bowne left he remarked, looking at the clouds which were rising in the valley, 'A storm is rising.' Lotze looked across the valley and replied, in a puzzled way: 'But nothing to the storm of doubts and questionings which you have raised in my mind concerning some of my positions.'"

Never was a man more happily married. His home life was ideal. He and his wife were good comrades. In all his work as teacher and writer, and especially in his fondness for his students, he had her perfect sympathy and co-operation. This he fully recognized. It was his custom to present to her the first bound volume of his writings as they came to him from the press, always with some tender words written on the fly leaf. In the "Immanence of God" are found these lines:

"My dear ——:

By your care in assuming the practical burdens of our comradeship you have been a silent but important partner in all my work. In a very real sense it is your work as well as mine.

"And every ither year thats done
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you."

June 27, 1905.

Yours forever ——.

Great was Dr. Bowne's literary ability but equally great was his almost intuitive knowledge of mechanical pursuits and his perfect mastery of the use of construction tools. He was ambidextrous with preference for the left hand

when any skilful work had to be done. Machinery fascinated him, especially such as had driving power. It was not unusual for him to seek conversation with the engineer as he walked the platform at the stopping places of a long railway journey, greatly pleasing the man by noticing the fine points of his locomotive and complimenting him on "a good run."

Added to this knowledge of machinery was even a greater gift in his knowledge of flowers. He loved them devotedly and knew a great deal about them. His garden was his delight. From the crocuses and tulips and hyacinths and violets of the early spring there followed a succession of choice blooms, a perfect riot of color and beauty all cared for by his skilful hands. In fact his flower garden, especially his roses, was his sole recreation. He sometimes smilingly said (and who that ever saw that illuminated face can ever forget it): "There is great advantage in gardening. One can carry on two kinds of business at the same time." Who knows how many books were projected in his mind while his hands touched the earth and like old Antaeus, he gained fresh strength for the struggle!

His heart was ever open to humanity and tender beyond words toward the burdened poor. One day he was seen crossing Boston Common carrying a heavy basket of clothes into Carver Street taken from a little old Irish-woman who trotted briskly beside him loudly and vainly protesting that "the likes o' sich a gintleman should n't be carryin' me wash." While in Osaka, Japan, he turned aside from his walk to assist a coolie who was dragging a wagon load of wood up a steep hill. The coolie pulled while the philosopher pushed. Perhaps that astonished and grateful man thought it was the custom in America for gentlemen to lend a hand in that way. He certainly knew it was not usual in Japan.

Often at personal sacrifice Professor Bowne assisted his impecunious students with money sufficient to get comfortably through their work—the only return being a promise to “say nothing about it.” Usually these gifts were well deserved and well used. Only one instance of misappropriation ever came to the Professor’s notice. Hard-working, poverty-stricken Mr. X—— was at last, to graduate and the tender hearted Professor quietly slipped some money into his hand for “Commencement expenses.” Happy Mr. X—— at once invited some choice spirits to be his guests at an expensive little private dinner at the Parker House where the Professor’s benevolence was properly toasted. This little incident appealed to Professor Bowne’s keen sense of humor.

It has been said that his very life was wrapped up in his students and that he remembered them one by one. (See note.) This is true. Never can Professor Bowne’s relations with his students be adequately told. He was their good friend, ever at their service not only in securing positions but in watchfulness and wise counsels that enabled them to retain them. In prosperity and adversity, in life and in death, they turned to him for help and sympathy and he never failed them.

The following letter was sent to Mrs. Bowne after her husband had passed away—one of the many messages of comfort that came to her from all over the world. The letter had been written to a man, one of “his boys,” at a time when he was suffering from bereavement and a shattered faith: Its owner said he never would have parted with it to anyone else but he knew it by heart and he thought Mrs. Bowne should have its consolation. It is her most treasured possession and she desires to share it with the world.

²George A. Coe, LL.D., *Methodist Review*, August, 1910.

MY DEAR—

My heart aches for you. It is no lonely experience that has come to you. In your special grief you but enter into the common fellowship of sorrow.

For some time you can only sit blind, dazed and numb from the shock. But by and by faith will again remember the divine promise, and hope will begin to dream of the glad reunion of the better land. Meanwhile let grief have its way. It is natural and human and Christian to do so. But do not try to explain or understand or be reconciled. Leave all that and fall back on God. Go to God with the pain and the anguish and the overthrow and the desolate home and the life that seems worse than death, and wait for His salvation. Wait in the faith that God has not forgotten, and that he was never more your Father than just now. He is the only one that can help you. I pray that the tenderest ministries and consolations of the Comforter may be yours.

It will take time to readjust yourself in any case. Every familiar object and association will long give pain by recalling

. . . "the touch of a vanished hand.
The sound of a voice that is still."

This we have to endure; but here, too, there comes a transformation. The pain becomes something tender and solemn—something at which the heart grieves, but from which we would on no account be divorced. It binds us to our dear ones gone. And gradually they, too, are freed in our thought from earthly limitation and imperfection and remain a perpetual treasure and inspiration.

There is only one person on earth from whom I get anything like the inspiration which comes to me from some who have passed on into the heavens. I have reference to them in my work. I expect to meet them again, and I must do it with clear eye and face unshamed.

"My lost, my own and I
Shall have so much to see together by and by;
For I am sure that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in the by and by."

In the midst of our sorrow let us also think of them, of their unfading and radiant life, and of the divine revealings which have come to them. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. They live there to Him, and are with Him. And I have no doubt they have a knowledge of us which we could not safely have of them. They

. . . "triumph in conclusive bliss
And the serene result of all."

And the longest life is short when it is done. If we live faithfully, and then having learned by loss how much we loved them, we meet them again to be with them forevermore. I am sure that then we shall not regret the brief earthly separation.

You remember I said to the class in theism that we should be undergoing an examination in real theism all our lives—you are now passing an examination in Christian theism. Yours in all sympathy.

BORDEN P. BOWNE.

THREE CENTURIES OF PILGRIM THEOLOGY¹

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

If the inheritors of a great spiritual legacy ever stood between two seas, searching the meaning of the past and confronting an unknown future with "wild surmise"—as Keats pictures Cortez and his followers looking out upon the waters of the Pacific "silent upon a mountain peak of Darien"—surely it is the spiritual sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, standing upon the summit of this exalted tercentenary anniversary.

Behind lies the vast sea of the Past, seething with circumstance and tendency, advance and defeat, mystery and meaning, reaching into the dark backward and abysm of time, wrapped in elemental darkness, yet lit here and there with promises of dawn, culminating at length in the rising of the Day Star from on High. Whatever the consternation and perplexity of the present hour in human history, we cannot but regard as purposed and prophetic the advent of Christianity and likewise the impulse which sent to the shores of this new world those intrepid heralds of a New Day, the Pilgrims, who towered in the van

"Of all the congregated world, to fan
And winnow from the coming step of time
All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime."

Just emerged from the most awful wreckage that civilization has ever witnessed, before us a future even fuller

¹An address delivered at the meeting of the International Congregational Council, Boston, Mass., July 1, 1920, by the Chairman of the Commission on Theology.

of possibilities of weal or woe than the past, stunned by the revelation of the capacious iniquity of our human nature when it takes the downward course, yet conscious as never before of the call to construct a redeemed and united society—where are we to look for light upon both past and future?—where but to Theology?

I cannot but think that this is a supreme hour for Theology. If we are not to be content with mere laudation of the past and exhortations to faith and good works, admirable as these are in their place; if we are to gain some clearer idea of the purpose and movement and outcome of this stupendous drama of human history in which we find ourselves, we must turn to Theology for interpretation and guidance.

True, she has failed dismally in the past, yet not wholly; true, she has let her light grow dim and sold her birthright for a mess—or should I say a crust—of system. Yet hers is a mission which no other science or art—not poetry herself—can fulfill.

Manifestly our first concern here and now is with the resolute, sincere and outreaching minds of our fathers in the faith who showed their faith by their works and whose passion was for a rational and well-founded religion. What had they of truth that we may lay hold of afresh in this confused time, in the confidence that it belongs to the things which cannot be shaken?

When we look for the main bulwark of faith which saved them from defeat and despair while they planted the handful of corn on the hilltop of Plymouth, the fruit of which now shakes like Lebanon, we find it in their doctrine of Divine Sovereignty.

Did a great substantial conviction ever take a more perverse and bitter disguise than that which concealed its virtue in this central dogma of Calvinism?

If there is one set of doctrines above all other in which

we of today find no joy nor profit it is that of the absolute Divine Sovereignty and its congeners—Decrees, Predestination, Foreordination and Election. The very terms are appalling.

And yet, enwrapped within the hard and repellant shell of these discarded doctrines is a truth without which our faith and preaching are vain—the doctrine of Providence. Put in the forceful language of a layman who well knew the core of the Puritan faith:

“There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will.”

A Divine Hand upon the world, upon humanity and upon each individual from eternity and through eternity,—that is the central conviction which our fathers in the faith bequeathed to us to prove and hold fast, if it is good. Can we make it real in our modern world?

In the crash and carnage of the great cataclysm through which we have been passing have we not heard the word of the prophet:

“Thus saith the Lord: Remove the mitre and take off the crown; this shall be no more the same; Exalt that which is low and abase that which is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; this shall also be no more, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him.” (Ez. 21 :26, 27.)

Our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers had also a vital grasp of another great truth, that of Revelation. Their God was a God who hideth Himself only the more fully to reveal Himself. Here, once more, their faith took a form which has become as foreign to the modern mind as the Ptolemaic astronomy. I refer to the doctrine of the infallibility of Scripture.

That the principle of revelation which to us has become as wide in scope as truth itself, should have been so identified by them with a single book, is to us incomprehensible,—especially in view of the unequal character of its

contents. And yet it is a tribute to the sense of values with which they mined this precious gold that the vein seemed to them so rich as to include the whole deposit. Unhappy for us if in separating the pure ore from the quartz and in tracing the geological processes of the formation of this venerable biblical literature we lose their deep and grateful sense of its immediate and eternal worth.

In other of their cherished doctrines, such as those of Regeneration, Atonement and Eternal Life, by getting beneath the unfamiliar and often forbidding surface to the inner import, we find truths which in modernized forms we can gladly reaffirm with no compromise of conscience or affront to that intellectual integrity which they prized as highly as we. Not that we do not find much also that we cannot conscientiously retain; but the wheat far exceeds the chaff.

Yet far more invaluable than any or all of their doctrines was the tenacity with which they anchored their inner life and their outward conduct to a rational and unified interpretation of the world in the light of Christian faith. For them, neither churchly authority nor unorganized feeling served as a refuge from the stimulating duty of severe and reverent thinking.

The men and women of Plymouth were godly and practical rather than theological, but they were sustained through all their toils and perils by the exalted doctrinal teachings as well as the noble spirit of their beloved pastor John Robinson, absent in body, present in spirit. The highly trained ministers of Boston, Salem, Hartford and New Haven and the other colonies were theologians as well as statesmen. In that remarkable renaissance of theology known as the New England Theology, daring yet reverent speculation reached a height comparable with that attained in Alexandria in the third century. Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Hopkins, Joseph Bellamy and Nathanael

Emmons were men of extraordinary intellectual strength, moral purity and spiritual penetration. They were great thinkers and still greater men,—revealing how profitably the wrestle with intellectual problems may be combined with spiritual devotion and pastoral fidelity and efficiency.

Chiefest among them, greatest of American philosophers and theologians, purest, profoundest and most daring of her mystics, was Jonathan Edwards, *qui admirationem saeculorum movet*, “the highest speculative genius of the 18th century,” as Dr. Fairbairn termed him.

Well may we stand humbled and with deep veneration before a man who as a youth could adopt such a resolution as this:

“That in the supposition that there never was to be but one individual in the world, at any one time, in all respects, of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true lustre, and appearing excellent and lovely from whatever part and under whatever character viewed, resolved to act just as I would do if I strove with all might to be that one who should live in my time.”

What matters it that the Calvinism which Edwards strove in purest sincerity to advance to a still greater extreme of inhumanity lies today, as a system, shattered and abandoned, and none among his spiritual lineage so poor to do it reverence; his treatise on the Will, a broken and moss-grown monolith, his inexplicable logical obsession regarding the pleasure of God and of the elect over the tortures of the damned, despised, as a dream when one awaketh? All the more luminously do his more original and characteristic works,—the “Notes on the Mind,” “The Nature of True Virtue,” “God’s Chief End in Creation,” “The Religious Affections” and the sermon on a “Divine and Supernatural Light,” stand out in a light which cannot fade, while an unquestioned consensus of judgment assigns him a place with the peerless philosophers, mystics and saints of the ages.

But God ordained some better thing for these heroes of the faith than that their theologies should remain intact and inviolate,—that they without us should not be made perfect. Their system had to pass away that its foundations might endure. Let us not say that the New England theology collapsed. Its super-structure fell, but its underlying convictions remained. And upon them, after clearing away the debris, the architects of the New Theology—Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore T. Munger, and other enlargers of the Pilgrim faith—built, some of whom are with us still, lest we forget how noble and human a type of manhood theology can produce.

The instructors of the New Theology in America builded more broadly than their predecessors, more in harmony with the New Testament, and more squarely upon that foundation other than which no man lay,—Jesus Christ. Theirs was preeminently a Christo-centric theology, theocentric in source and objective, Christocentric in method. They threw their emphasis upon the experience out of which the Scripture comes rather than upon Scripture itself; they uplifted freedom in harmony with the Divine Will; they magnified love, rather than governmental justice, a love immanent in all creation and bringing all its resources to bear upon a humanity slow of heart to believe. These were vital truths, freshly conceived and stated. But no theology can long remain new, and when it becomes old it is only a theologism. For when a theology ceases to exercise its vital processes it becomes noisome like any other decaying vital organism,—strong meat as well as milk.

If any truth has come home to our age with overwhelming force, it is that the universe from atom to planet, from cell to society, from instinct to moral code, and from articulate utterance to philosophical system, is bound up in one vast developing process. Progress, or die and be cast

as rubbish to the void—is the word which we have heard going out throughout all the earth. Theology, long fettered by pride and dogmatism, has heard that word and found her soul again, not discarding her creeds and systems but using them as stepping-stones by which to rise to higher things.

We must think. It is in vain that we hope to save religion by the resort to unguided feeling or hoary tradition, or pragmatic activism,—large as is the place which feeling and history and action occupy in religion. It is futile to turn back, spent and wearied, from the paths that wind and wind to the simple task of being kind. Kindness is a straight and sunny path to God, but it is written that man shall not live by kindness alone but that he must also labor and travail in mind and spirit in order to earn the salt for that bread of truth by which his soul shall live.

It is perilous to think, but it is also vitalizing, exhilarating and productive. There is good reason to believe that God thought first before He set us a-thinking and that the thoughts of His heart are to all generations, including ours. At any rate, our fathers in the faith believed this and by their serious grappling with ultimate truths committed to us the solemn but splendid trust to think His thought after Him.

Increasingly arduous as it is, it is a noble and uplifting task to search for God's truth as for hidden gold, and, having found it, to coin it and put it gladly and reverently into the hands of God's children for their enrichment,—not as aristocrats of intellect, but as contributors to the common good, servants of the Kingdom which has its truths and "mysteries" as well as its ethical and social values.

Three hundred years of theologic thought have not been in vain, however much has been discarded. Nor will the years to come be profitless; unless we drop the torch handed to us by the fathers. Slowly but surely we are

getting nearer to the mind of Christ and to the eternal verities.

It is our bounden duty, then, not apart from other Christian communions, but in ever closer co-operation and fellowship in the truth, to face the problems of history and eternity, of life and destiny, without shrinking. That we can pursue the task and publish our findings with utter freedom, with no restrictive creed to bind and no churchly tribunal to condemn,—what great and God-given gain is this, and purchased by our predecessors at what cost! All the more, because of this very freedom will we be moved to hold fast whatever truth the fathers have bequeathed to us. Does their doctrine of Providence rest ultimately upon a rational basis? Let us then strive to comprehend it a little better and more discerningly than they. May it not be that we shall find a better clue to it if, instead of the formal decrees of an absolute Sovereign we follow the suggestion of that wise philosopher and theologian, Professor Bowne, and look for the indications of an “immanent Providence” moving within the stream of events rather than directing it from above?

If God has, as the fathers believed, given to men a revelation of Himself, may we not, while pursuing as they surely would have us—advocates as they were of sound learning—the critical study of the Scriptures to the last conclusions of fearless scholarship, also discover more of His truth not only in the written word, but everywhere, through that Eternal Reason without whom nothing was made that is made? While discarding their limited and mechanical doctrine of the Trinity may we not come nearer to the knowledge of that triune nature of God which symbolizes Perfect Personality.

If Christ is indeed the central light of the Universe, or, if you prefer, “the flower in the crannied wall,” through whom we may read the import not only of human life but

of the very cosmos itself—as the later developers of Pilgrim theology so clearly conceived—it is our duty to seek to penetrate more deeply into the secret of his illuminating power and especially into that relation of the historical Jesus to the Eternal Spirit in which lies the peculiar pertinence and power of Christianity.

If Suffering Love has an indispensable place in the Divine economy, as the New England theology saw in a mirror darkly, surely we may get nearer to understanding it than they,—perchance through this great world agony through which we have been passing.

It is our duty to face also the pressing problems which philosophy and science are thrusting upon us, in the increasing confidence that science, philosophy and theology are harmonious and not conflicting, and are proving themselves essential to one another and to human progress as complementary colors in the prism of truth.

In a word, the Church of Christ has a theological as well as a practical mission and is called upon to meet the ultimate questions, without which true reconstruction and progress can never take place.

Who knows but there may be even now spirits

“ . . . standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come
Who will give the world another heart,
And other pulses . . .”?

“Quit you like men” comes the word from the undying spirit of the Pilgrim fathers. Be strong to face not only the practical but the intellectual problems of the age. Well for us and for our children if we meet these problems in the spirit of William Bradford’s challenging words:

“All great enterprises must be met with answerable courages.”

THE PSEUDO-SCIENCE IN PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

THE EDITOR

A daily paper recently contained the following cable dispatch from London :

"Love your doctor, is the latest London fashion. For women this may not be hard, providing the doctor is good looking. At any event it is necessary to a complete cure by the psycho-analysis treatment to which society women here are devoting much attention.

" 'Psycho-analysis has become immensely popular recently,' a prominent Mayfair physician said today, 'and women are particularly keen on it. Love interest always figures in the treatment, and there is never a successful treatment where the lady does not fall slightly in love temporarily with her doctor. Too, women are attracted to psycho-analysis because of the excitement and adventure which comes out of it.' "

Psycho-analysis, like other fads, scientific and otherwise contains a large measure of truth. The measure of truth is sure to blind the eyes of many to fallacies which are deep-seated and logically destructive. A chief fallacy of psycho-analysis for instance, is the fallacy of the universal in which the reasoning proceeds from a few facts to universal assumption. It thus falls prey to the common error of scientific dogmatism which in its haste to make pronouncements proclaims wholesale laws from an observation of a portion of the facts.

Another fallacy leads into the question of causation which would go beyond the limits of this paper and which can only be indicated briefly as the mistaking of succession in events as cause and effect. Here the preceding event is assumed as the efficient causation. This is a common error

of much current psychology. The effective cause is generally so close to the situation as to be overlooked. One hears much talk about complexes, planes and strata of consciousness and the usual rigmarole that deceives the initiate with the presumption of science and fills the uninitiate with a wholesome awe through presumptions of his own ignorance. But with all the scientific talk, the real actor is overlooked, namely, the willing purposing Ego or self who is not caught up in the diverse planes but experiences and relates all. This oversight is necessarily fatal to any genuinely scientific investigation of psychical action. It is on a par with those scientists of an earlier age who assumed that because the day always followed the night that the night had given birth to it. We now know that both day and night while still appearing in the same orderly succession depend on causes that lie behind both.

As to the practical aim to be attained by the psycho-analytic treatment this would seem within reach of any person who has mastered the practice of Stevenson's Christmas Sermon which sets forth the conditions of true living in the masterly phrase, "Above all, to keep friends with oneself, and that upon the same grim condition (non-capitulation). The cases cited by Freud, Brill, Jones, and Law are perhaps without exception cases where the man or woman has failed to keep friends with himself. Surely a condition of this kind is not to be remedied in any way but by removing so far as possible the cause. This removal to be frank and old-fashioned is plainly confession, restitution and consciousness of forgiveness. Nothing but the blindness of "Scientific" conceit would seem to prevent the discovery.

I.

THE MATERIALISTIC POSTULATE

Dr. Jones appears to judge truly when he states that Freud's theory of psycho-analysis is based upon a rigid determination, using the term not in the philosophical but the mechanistic sense. What he means by this is the assumption, fully borne out by Freud that every psychical act is the result of complexes going back even to the pre-natal period. Dr. Brill in his work entitled *Psychanalysis* comments on this feature of the theory with a statement that this discovery will be hard upon the people who contend there is such a thing as human freedom, but with the implication that it will be so much the worse for them, if they thus combine to oppose themselves to the progress of scientific discovery. The mind is considered a *tabula rasa* on which the external world writes its "facts" without any effort or responsibility on the part of the victim. Thus we have as a basis for this psychology the outgrown and exploded postulates of Locke and the sensationalists. Our background is thus made happily and "scientifically" materialistic.

The chief difference between this and legitimate science is that this scheme assumes to explain the psyche. It rushes into the field of Epistemology where the true scientist fears to tread. It assumes that there is nothing in heaven and earth not comprehended within its "scientific" field. This is an inexcusable mistake since the days of Comte and Kant.

Not only is the Freudian school perplexed by its herculean task of explaining soul in terms of matter—it still further confuses the issue by giving no definition of what it means by psyche or ego or self beyond a mere conglomeration of states and complexes which would possess not even unity enough to have a memory. It is as if one were

to write a scientific treatise on the steam engine and expatiate freely on gauges, exhaust and whistle without any definite reference to the engine itself or any knowledge of a possible engineer. The outcome of this mechanistic view of the nature of personality seems to be willingly and light-heartedly accepted by the Freudian fraternity. This innocence we should be tempted to call "primitive" were it not so "scientific." It culminates by having on hand a Frankenstein which it cannot stop. One may indeed get a certain reputation for cleverness by loudly proclaiming there is no such thing as freedom, but the time comes when even the easily pleased populace discover that with freedom goes all moral responsibility and with that goes all government and social organization. Even a Freudian would probably object to the theft of his pocket-book by a patient however obsessed, and one can even imagine him illogically seeking the punishment of a too flagrant violator of his home.

After all on the materialistic side Psycho-analysis largely fails because it is one of the world-old attempts to explain the higher by the lower. One wonders how long men will continue to thrive on this fallacy. How easy it seems if one discovers a "Primitive" social organization to set it forth as explaining the modern state, or primitive religious cults as the "cause" of the highest forms of modern religion. In this case the coming of the higher form out of the lower is just the thing demanding explanation. To assume it proved by pointing to the lower is begging the question. That which is not in the lower but is in the higher—whence came it? This forms the problem to the type of mind which is not satisfied with Topsy's statement that she had neither father nor mother but "just growed." It is all a part of the careless thinking of a time over-indoctrinated with the superstitions of materialistic evolution.

II.

THE REFERENCE OF PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE TO SEX-IMPULSE

Freud has been justly criticized for the exclusive importance in psychic analysis which he gives to the sexual impulse. His defenders justify him by calling attention to the fact that he means by the term something more general than the common connotation. The question should not indeed be settled on lines of prudishness nor merely of sentiment. To the writer of this article the serious mistake seems to be the complete oversight of the moral or religious impulses. These as everybody knows are present in the child quite as early as the sex-impulse if we do not allow the unestablished Freudian claim to sex-consciousness before birth. An examination of Freud's own cases shows in many of them if not most, that the "repressions" which have set up the conflict are repressions made in the pursuance of modesty, morality and religion. One thing should certainly not be overlooked which is the relation of the profoundest aesthetic, artistic and religious feeling to the sex feelings. Human love in its highest forms, altruism, social self-forgetting, self-sacrifice these have a very significant bearing upon our problem. The age long sentiment of the race that there is something supremely sacred about the mating of a human pair may not be "up with the times" but it certainly is an idea that holds more hope for the future of society than the notion that all is accounted for on the basis of physical union alone. So close are the two "planes" of feeling that love for wife and children when frustrated may easily be transferred to altruistic social purpose. This was the experience of many a clean hearted boy in the recent war who felt he was giving himself most fully to those he loved when he left them behind for the high duty of death on the fields of Flanders. It would

have been unnecessary to ask him if there was anything high and holy, sacramental and religious, about pure love between human beings.

Inasmuch as the psychic disorders arise out of repressions which have no legitimate outlet unless they are lifted to a higher plane of spiritual activity possibly the best cure for some of our neurotics would be their proper adjustment to the facts of life, society and God in the field of religion. This might be a scientific scandal as recognizing that religion has a place in life but these facts we believe would indicate to anyone not blindly "scientific" the necessity of the moral and spiritual outlook and attitude. There is a much neglected old book that has the temerity to declare that the highest form of religion is evidenced by the highest love of man. This connection may be something more than trivial and quite worth considering.

III.

THE PLACE OF REPRESSION IN LIFE VALUES

The Freudian writers recognize the connection of repression with the cultural values and strangely enough fail to see the inconsistency arising out of their anti-social theories. They halt between an exhortation not to repress—i. e., "obey that impulse," which would soon make an end of decency, morality and order, and a positive doctrine of repressing the lower in the interests of the higher.

To anyone who has lived deeply or thought much upon the meaning of life there has come the knowledge that the cultural values and indeed all values represent the repression of lower impulses. The business man and the workman repress the impulse to play for the sake of the higher interests of life. The student cramps himself to hours of toil, casting aside the freedom of the field for the slavery of the library. The mother realizes the mean-

ing of the home and her own development by turning aside hundreds of impulses to slackness every day. The gentleman pays the price of repression for the sake of a friendly bearing and correct attitude toward his world. It is just these elements of cost that create the value in our human activities. If the spirit of play can get into the workman's work making it more effective then the lower impulse cooperates with the higher and the person is realizing his best in that line. It is only when repression is followed by moral and spiritual mal-adjustment that it becomes dangerous to the individual. If his be a normally adjusted life socially and spiritually the repressions of the lower become sources of power in the higher realm.

When one moves out to this plane of discussion it is like escape from the miasmas of the Psycho-analytic swamp in which apparently human impulse cannot rise higher than the desire to procreate.

This theory we will admit is in opposition to many prevailing theories of education like the Rousseauan, the Freudian and the Montessorian. That is one reason we like it. The value of the uncurbed unrestrained impulse is yet to be proved. We would not for an instant go back to the older theories which these newer ones were raised to combat but the excessive latitude of these later theories are leading us far away from the cultural and disciplinary values.

IV.

THE DANGEROUS METHOD IN PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

The pre-requisite for analysis, treatment and cure in psycho-analysis is the disclosure of the most intimate and complex details not only of action but of thought itself. This puts a power amounting to blackmail in the hands of the unscrupulous. The baring of the most intimate

thoughts of one's life puts one ever after at the mercy of the analyst.

But this is not the greatest source of danger. There are many thoughts which should be suppressed and not expressed. The most normal mind is besieged by thoughts which succeed in getting no entrance into the will of the individual. To formulate them into open expression is to give them sudden reality and power. This is most easily illustrated in social life. A sudden vexation if repressed may pass as quickly as it came with no particularly evil consequences. If the vexed person gives utterance to his vexation his expression leads on and increases his vexation. It is possible to say words that change the whole course of one's social relations. One's world he realizes too late has lost something of beauty and truth, can never be the same again. This is the reason one should be careful about expressing ill opinion of anyone. Once the thought is formulated into speech and heard by another that moment it takes its place among the realities of social life. There are intimacies of thought which should be confessed not by repetition but to God alone. Only so can one avoid injury to the human soul. Even a casual reading of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* and Brill's *Psychanalysis* will convince the normal mind that intrusions have been made into personality in the name of science and medicine that no man not even a priest, minister, or doctor has a right to make. The maladjustments, obsessions and manias which afflict man spring from the delicate associations of the human personality. To reveal them to anyone means to break down one's self-respect and with it the power of readjustment. As the practice of psycho-analysis leaves the hands of conscientious and well-meaning physicians as it is doing, and is taken up by the unscrupulous, the immoral and the materialistic, the dangerous developments will become more evident.

Should the movement remain divorced from religion it may become a scourge to society.

V.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OR PRAYER?

The cure so far as there is one consists in discovery through the patient's waking reactions and through his dreams, the particular repression that has caused him worry, fear, obsession or maladjustment. The real cause is then disclosed to him and with knowledge of the cause the malady disappears. Doubtless there is relief in thus facing the facts and in sharing guilty knowledge with the practitioner. Such relief would however come more normally and with better prospect of future results had it been related to the spiritual impulses. Lacking this there has not been in the profoundest sense a cure but only an amelioration.

Thus it is that our age endeavors to accomplish by scientific roundaboutness what it is unwilling to get directly through the approach to God—the recognition of the relations of the individual to righteousness and his responsibility to society. Any way seems easier and more desirable than the one way of adjustment of ourselves to our world, to our distresses, to our duty and to God through the plane of the spiritual.

We have so frequently referred the nervous ills of modern society to over-occupation, over-work, and haste that this one-sided explanation has come to be accepted as a truism. The shallowness of the explanation would have been apparent had we accepted it less readily and demanded the facts. The most prodigious workers among us are exactly the people who are not suffering from neuroses. Too many of our neurotics belong to the class of idlers. In any case the nervous condition springs out

of mal-adjustment to life and circumstance. Haste to be rich may be reckoned as a factor but scarcely the haste which means speed in accomplishment. Men are continually suffering these maladjustments because they are lacking in moral and spiritual balance. The untempered striving for pleasure, for wealth and appearances by moral short-cuts; the fear of disclosure, the fear for precarious wealth which may at any moment lead to poverty; the illusions of false pride and foolish vanity; "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life"; the disillusioning deceitfulness of riches; these are the sources of our chief distresses. Our only hope for readjustment to life lies in the realm of the spirit. It is of a nature not only of reconciliation to the will and order of God in the world but also of a joyous cooperation with that will. Our repressed hatreds toward our fellow-men, our unnatural desires, our haunting fears, these are best met by a renewed faith in God, an experience of religion. All hope of retaining the poisoning moral virus and to come to peace of mind is futile and beyond the power of any analyst to give. The words of Augustine's prayer are as true today as ever. "Thou hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

THE IDEALS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

JAMES MAIN DIXON

Perhaps in a measure because of his middle name and the easy pun upon it, the veteran writer who has just finished his long career was currently known as our "literary Dean." From his post on the staff of *Harper's Magazine*, to which he was attached as early as the year 1886, he spoke monthly to the reading world as writer of "The Editor's Easy Chair," a long period indeed to wield such an influence. The following lines from a Los Angeles poet, Miss Belle Cooper, printed in an Eastern journal a few months ago, are a fairly just tribute to his attractive qualities:

Farewell, thou genial Nestor, who so long
Retained our captive hearts in thrall, yet young
As any clear-eyed poet that has sung
Immortal lines! To you, valiant and strong,
Whose trenchant pen was swift to flay a wrong,
Yet on whose kindly lips ripe wisdom hung
And eloquence, from myriad hands are flung
Our loving tributes, gifts of loyal song!

Your novels sweet as June live in our hearts;
Your gentle essays yielded rare delight;
But most beloved was your "Easy Chair,"
The thoughtful spirit dwelling there imparts
A rich and ripe philosophy, yet bright
With mellowed humor fresh as April air!

Like two Americans much before the world's gaze to-day, William Dean Howells got his early training and outlook on life in an Ohio press-room, whence he saw the busy

life of politics and unvarnished local life. Kindly and human, he was never an idealist; journalism trains cynics rather than believers. At the early age of fourteen he went up with his father to Columbus, where the elder Howells had secured the clerkship in the state senate, as well as a job on the *Ohio State Journal*. The boy immediately became an active reporter, one of the youngest on record. He developed an incisive style, and got to be at home in Spanish, which gave his mind an international bent, marking his whole career. Practically he became a student of manners, with a wonderful insight into character and eccentricities. But he was self-taught and an individualist, with "the defects of his qualities," as the French say. Though bearing degrees from five colleges, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Oxford and Adelbert in his own home state, he never had a college training. The brotherhood-culture to be found there—such as was at its best in an organization, for instance, like the Cambridge Apostles of Tennyson's college days,—together with the trained teaching of real philosophers who have so often been guiding stars to unsettled youth; these enriching influences were denied him. He never seems to have got beyond the chilling realism of his early book, "Poems of Two Friends," published before the Civil War, when he was only twenty-two. The quatrains of his "Bubbles" breathe a strange pessimism, as if the writer had no "star" for his guidance, but was left without the help so needed by the pilot:

BUBBLES

I.

I stood on the brink in childhood,
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock-fretted, sunny ripple
To the smoother tide below;

And over the white creek-bottom,
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water,
All luminous with the sun.

But the bubbles broke on the surface,
And under, the stars of gold
Broke; and the hurrying water
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

II.

I stood on the brink in manhood,
And it came to my weary brain,
And my heart, so dull and heavy
After the years of pain,—

That every hollowest bubble
Which over my life had past
Still into its deeper current
Some heavenly gleam had cast;

That, however I mocked it gayly,
And guessed at its hollowness,
Still shone, with each bursting bubble,
One star in my soul the less.

The qualities of the "star" in our most cherished literature are remote from subjective experiences and the changeableness of the individual life; a "star" is linked to the eternal and the unchanging. So it is in the last sonnet of Keats:

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art!"

So Tennyson, in an early lyric, addressed to Margaret:

"You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and night."

And he reserves the same symbolism of the unchanging and the unchangeable for his parting message in "Crossing the Bar," a hymn which Benjamin Jowett declared would "live forever in men's hearts":

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!"

With Browning also the word is sacred as typifying the immortal and spiritual. It is the final term of appreciation that he can use for his beloved wife. And in "Abt Vogler," where he finds in music the qualities of the eternal, when the gifted musician creates a melody that is to last forever, he resorts to the symbolism of the "star":

"And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but a star."

And to close with Shakespeare's wonderful sonnet, treating of ideal love, which finally makes high character, the great Elizabethan terms it

"an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark."

At the close of his essay on Shakespeare, Howells tells us whimsically that "he had never surpassed Shakespeare as a poet, though he once firmly meant to do so." No wonder, with his unsteady and changeable stars!

The gifted young American journalist, indeed, desirous to see things as they really are, without illusion, and have no creed that would not stand the closest analysis and explanation, thus broke with the mystic traditions of spiritual faith for which the "majority" have not, and never had, any particular use. No wonder that later he fell a victim to the insidious glamor of Tolstoi's visionary teaching.

Making a "hit" with a biography of Abraham Lincoln, written for campaign purposes, Howells received the consulship at Venice as a reward, and sailed for Italy at the beginning of the Civil War. He was therefore in train-

ing for the international note at a time when the national cult would have deepened and strengthened his spiritual message; and he got neither. It will be remembered that the fifth and last of Tolstoi's so-called "positive doctrines of Jesus" is the renunciation of nationality:—"Renounce all distinctions of nationality; do not admit that men of another nation may ever be treated by you as enemies; love all men as alike near to you; do good to all alike."

Society today recognizes the awful calamities that will fall upon a people who, under the spell of a theoretic perfection such as taught by Count Tolstoi, overthrow all the landmarks of civilization and endeavor to remake the world. Matthew Arnold, who during his lifetime might have been termed the Dean of English Letters, and whose philosophy of life was just a little tainted with the superficialism of the literary man, was saved by his intense and clear-ringing nationalism—an inheritance he received from his great father—from making an idol of Tolstoi as Howells unfortunately did. He foresaw anarchy and a possible reign of terror as a result of breaking with the past because of a Russian's dream. When it came to national health and safety, Arnold preferred the inherited national *life*, found in such personalities as his father, to any glittering "sweetness and light."

Here is Tolstoi's teaching as summed up by Arnold in one of the latest of his essays:

"Count Tolstoi has since advanced a far more definite and stringent rule of life—the positive doctrine, he thinks, of Jesus. . . . These all-important commandments of Christ are 'commandments of peace,' and five in number. The first commandment is: 'Live in peace with all men; treat no one as contemptible and beneath you. Not only allow yourself no anger, but do not rest until you have dissipated even unreasonable anger in others against yourself.' The second is: 'No libertinage and no divorce; let every man have one wife and every woman have one husband.'

The third: 'Never on any pretext take an oath of service of any kind; all such oaths are imposed for a bad purpose.' The fourth: 'Never employ force against the evil-doer; bear whatever wrong is done to you without opposing the wrong-doer or seeking to have him punished. The fifth and last: 'Renounce all distinction of nationality. . . .'

"If these five commandments were generally observed, says Count Tolstoi, all men would become brothers. Certainly the actual society in which we live would be changed and dissolved. Armies and wars would be renounced; courts of justice, police, property, would be renounced also."

The direful results forecast by Arnold are only too apparent in Soviet Russia of today. And if Count Tolstoi is in a considerable measure responsible, it must be remembered that he was not in the line of high-souled statesmanship. It was an aristocracy divorced from the responsibilities and training of actual government, and left to dream and play at Versailles and elsewhere, that found itself helpless in 1789 to stem the terrors of the Red Revolution. By supplanting the old landed aristocracy with a more subservient and up-to-date officialdom, Peter the Great also loosened the final foundations of Russian society, and when the deadly crisis came in the late war, in 1918, the empire fell. For the past two centuries the Russian nobility has had no national note; their life was largely international in a merely social sense, in Paris and elsewhere, and the bond that bound them to their native land was comparatively slight. No wonder that Count Tolstoi's doctrines were destructive rather than constructive, theoretical rather than practical. How could it be otherwise with a Russian "Count"?

Our detached American abroad is apt to be gulled with the same International Vision. This explains why William Dean Howells could give a whole-souled endorsement to Tolstoi so recently as twelve years ago. Here is his eulogy, contributed to the pages of the *North American*

Review of December, 1908, on the occasion of his hero's eightieth birthday:

"The century in which Tolstoi mostly lived and mostly wrought had among many great names few more memorable than his, if it had any. There was Napoleon and there was Lincoln, and then there was Tolstoi in an order which time may change, though it appears to me certain that time will not change the number of these supreme names. . . .

"I do not think that in fiction he has any peer or even any rival, because from the beginning he 'took truth for his sole hero,' and would have no other in any extremity or for any end. But even with his devotion to reality in the study of life, which, so far as I know, was absolute, the prime affair was to captivate the reader, to lead his fancy, not to convince and persuade his reason. . . . But when once the call of Religion came to Tolstoi, it came so powerfully, so loudly, that it must shut from his senses every voice that called; there he stood, so help him God, he could no other than obey it, and it alone, testifying for it with all his heart and all his soul and all his mind. The moral spectacle is of unsurpassed sublimity, and no riches of fiction is conceivable, fiction even from him, the supreme master, which would console our poverty if we had failed of such books as 'My Confession,' 'My Religion,' 'The Kingdom of God,' 'Life,' 'What is to be Done?' and many of the briefer essays and occasional appeals to the world in signal events and emergencies against its blindness and cruelty and folly."

This extraordinary eulogy may well stagger us today. And Matthew Arnold's wise criticism, later on in the same essay from which I have already quoted, comes in patly: "Christianity cannot be packed into any set of commandments. As I have somewhere said, 'Christianity is a *source*; no one supply of water and refreshment that comes from it can be called the sum of Christianity. It is a mistake, and may lead to much error, to exhibit any series of maxims, even those of the Sermon on the Mount, as the ultimate sum and formula into which Christianity may be run up."

The unfortunate conjunction of the name of the Emperor Napoleon with that of Count Tolstoi as one of the supreme peerless ones of modern history is also significant. While Bonaparte saved France from anarchy, he inoculated her with a pinchbeck love of military glory that wasted her manhood. Inherently a selfish man, for the past six years of his life at least he was a danger to civilization, and his fall was inevitable. It is a pity that another Ohio journalist now before the public eye should have confessed that he early chose the Emperor Napoleon as his world hero. It has taken almost a century for Frenchmen to get rid of the unfortunate glamor of his name. Especially weak toward the close of his career was his sense of fairplay and brotherhood; his marshals became convenient attachments on whom to throw the blame of failure. Here also was Tolstoi weak; he always stood aloof from concerted action, and never could "pull in harness." At the very close of his life he left the wife who had been his devoted partner, to go into solitude and find "Truth." She was not even allowed to be with him in his last moments of consciousness. Where in either case is the personality on which to build character? For Napoleon divorced the devoted Josephine for "state reasons," a wholly indefensible act; yet of a piece with all his later policy.

In the vital matter of human brotherhood, these two brilliantly endowed men, the heroes of Howells, proved defective. It is at the very heart of Christianity, which began with the brotherhood of the twelve apostles, and has continued as a brotherhood ever since. A Christian nation is in fact a great brotherhood, whose concerted action for all purposes, civil and defensive, lies at the basis of our civilization and saves the world from anarchy. Emperors and empires have disappeared in the recent giant catastrophe, but the Christian nation remains, continuing the

traditions of ideal personality that have come down to us from the remote past.

It was from the attractive side of a great spirit who grieved over the wrongs of the Russian peasantry, and longed for a speedy millennium that Tolstoi appealed to our idealistic Dean of Letters. Both were strong in the diagnosis of social disease; but the capable diagnostician is not the last or the best type of physician. He may merely turn the case over to the hands of the cheap experimenter, who poisons instead of heals. Still we must all welcome the skilled interpreter who makes us know our common humanity better. And in the matter of close and incisive analysis of character-types in our American life of the past generation, William Dean Howells was peerless. In many ways he continued feminine traditions as the successor of such experts in the novel of manners as Jane Austen and George Eliot. To continue the parallel: it is by no means necessary to adopt the philosophy of Marian Evans and land ourselves in Positivism, in order to enjoy her revelations of English life and character.

I have always considered "A Modern Instance" as the ablest and best of his stories. Indeed it might be termed the keenest analysis of American life in the generation after the Civil War, just as Sam Blythe's fascinating "The Price of Place" depicts American life of thirty years later. The personages are all types, and they live and move on the novelist's pages. Both are studies of steady deterioration of character in the protagonist, like Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Milton's *Satan*, George Eliot's *Tito Melema* in "Romola." Its *Romola* is *Marcia*, quite a type of American womanhood.

Marcia had been preceded by *Lydia*, the heroine of the "Lady of the Aroostook," an American girl who crosses over to Europe and impresses people there with her clear-cut personality. Readers in the Old Country felt that a

vivid and original depicter of American life had now begun to write; and an enterprising Edinburgh publisher began to bring out his volumes, as they appeared, in dainty shilling volumes, which had a wide sale.

To compare Howells again with George Eliot, with whom he has so much in common as a writer. It will be remembered that the Englishwoman, anxious to be taken very seriously, adopted a masculine pen-name for her earlier stories, considered as "evidently the production of a country clergyman." The title she gave to the collection of her first studies, "Scenes from Clerical Life," supported this conception. The insight of Dickens, however, detected the feminine touch in "Adam Bede"; he could not conceive of the Hetty scene, when she disrobes at the mirror, as being the work of a man. Had Howells written under a feminine or neutral pen name, he might have been congratulated on his woman's intuition. The books are particularly valuable for their insight into American womanhood as a new type. Take for instance the remarkable self-effacement of the American mother, in the personality of *Mrs. Gaylord*. When the young man calls who is finally to wed *Marcia*, she holds the fort nervously till her daughter appears. In referring to her, "she spoke with awe of her daughter and her judgments which is one of the pathetic idiosyncrasies of a certain class of American mothers. They feel themselves to be not so well educated as their daughters, whose fancied knowledge of the world they let outweigh their own experience of life; they are used to deferring to them, and they shrink willingly into household drudges before them, and leave them to order the social affairs of the family."

The father is almost equally complacent in all social matters. *Marcia* was expecting some friends to visit the town of Equity in which they lived. "'Now, father, I want to do something for them!' she cried, feeling an

American daughter's right to dispose of her father, and all his possessions, for the behoof of her friends at the time."

When she married, *Marcia*, idealist and loving wife as she was, did not surrender her personality. Commenting on her wifely doubts and troubles, Howells remarks: "Women are more apt to theorize their husbands than men in their stupid self-absorption ever realize. When a man is married, his wife almost ceases to be exterior to his consciousness; she afflicts or consoles him like a condition of health or sickness, she is literally part of him in a spiritual sense, even when he is rather indifferent to her; but the most devoted wife has always a corner of her soul in which she thinks of her husband as *him*; in which she philosophizes him wholly aloof from herself."

Notwithstanding his foreign travel and residence, and his wide acquaintance with other literatures, Howells retained to the last a distinct domesticity, a lack of that thorough thinking on national affairs that is so necessary for the complete man. Two fields of thought were foreign to him, religion and statesmanship. His religious man was a mere social servant, who was a good element in the body politic but a bit of a survival. His statesman was a politician. Religion throughout "A Modern Instance" is dealt with, not irreverently, with with a mild analytic aloofness. It justifies itself pragmatically, it is true. His heroine *Marcia* finds the people she trusts in a family that has been brought up religiously, and where the parents still remain sincere church goers. So *Marcia* decides that she will join their church for the sake of her little girl. "I want to do everything I can for Flavia," she tells *Mrs. Halleck*. "I want Flavia should be baptized into your church. . . . I can't tell whether it's the true church or not, and I don't know that I ever could; but I shall be satisfied—if it's made you what you are,"

she adds simply.

This effeminate lack of creed, the husband following the wife to the church she chooses or prefers—and she there only for pragmatic reasons—is one of the dangers of our American life today. The defect is noticeable in Howells' whole treatment and left him a ready victim to the wild and dangerous sentimentalism of Count Tolstoi.

He closes an interesting lyric called "Statistics," where he attacks the matter-of-fact investigator—who thinks he can prove that tomorrow will just be a repetition of today—with these lines, supposed to be optimistic:

"Dark prophet, yes! But still somehow the round
Is spiral, and the race's feet have found
The path rise under them which they have trod.
Your facts are facts, yet somewhere there is God."

But the vital question is not whether God is "somewhere," an abstraction mildly imagined; but whether he is a personality at the very heart of things, who calls upon us for our whole loyalty and active service in the hourly fight against evil. God is central, and is active in us and through us—the God of revelation and Incarnation,—or else life is meaningless. Here Howells strikes an uncertain and wholly unsatisfactory note.

WHAT IS POETRY?

J. E. TURNER

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

What is Poetry?—To add still another answer to the many already offered were to convert superfluity into folly, but that their very number is itself some measure of inadequacy. The question, too, is Protean, and changes under our handling. What will conjure from the gendering deities a moiety of immortality? What touchstone is Time's? What scanty royalty is the earnest of Fame?

Poetry, we may venture at the outset, is the World Spirit uttering itself. Therefore are poets poor, maimed, marred; as the Delphic priestess, after the god had spoken, fell tranced and helpless, so the divine caprice will exalt any weak humanity, and break it in the using. Themselves confess this:

High heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes;
Not unto us the rapture of the day,
For at Thy word
All these are taken away—
And all Religion hymns eternal songs.

But in a myriad ways the World Spirit manifests itself; in "the mavis' evening song" as in the ploughboy's music; in sun and star and silent sea. Among all these splendours, what gives Poetry its place?

It is, firstly, expression articulate; but then, how distinct from oratory and prose? In Beauty, we are readiest to reply; beauty of sound, of form, of cadence; and after that, or perhaps because of it, in direct and primal appeal to emotion. Every great prose writer, every great orator, must also plumb emotional depths; only he does so by way

of intellect; builds in the imagination a thought structure to which emotion surges as the ocean tides attend the moon; and over all there reigns the cold illumination of the mind. And Poetry again—this is of the essence of the matter—must always in some degree address itself to the intellect; for only Nature, Music, and the plastic arts can so directly touch pure emotion as to drug Reason into silence. And whenever a poem dons the garb of music, its emotional effect is infinitely strengthened; while its rational element fades, like steadfast starlight in the glow of Dawn. Still, to all pure Poetry—pure not here in the moral but in the artistic sense—some rationality, and that often of the highest and most difficult type—is indispensable; only as always subordinate to Beauty, even though it may claim almost an equal share of her throne.

Poetry, then, is the transfiguration of the Reason which lies at the world's heart into Beauty, which, revealed unveiled to the soul, is accorded instant worship purged of doubt and freed from criticism. Take the Beauty away, let the goddess shed her divinity, and the immanent Reason, always present and always powerful, becomes alone visible. Thus in Poetry, as in the Divine Nature itself, we face the conflict between the immanence, and the transcendence, of Reason; and the human mind must reconcile these as best it may, only so that it dispenses with neither.

In Poetry, again, the very Beauty itself is rational, is conditional; is not amorphous, but takes (or at least demands) due form, as subject and occasion dictate; one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and yet another of stars; and star differeth from star in glory. The prose which vivifies a tragedy will damn a lyric; the beauty of drama is of the whole, not only of the parts; of the ode, both of parts and of whole; and often the poet, knowing not that the god has deserted him, will turn good prose into banal poetry.

Reality, then, comes before the soul in infinite modes; and the Reason of Reality—the Reason which in a sense is Reality—is their relation, their interconnection; their Being, not each in itself separately, but together, each in the other and in the whole. We may never see this connection—we may even not desire to see it; to us, as to Peter Bell,

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him:
And it was nothing more;

and then the world of Poetry, save of the simplest sort, remains closed to us. Or again,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;

and the "flower in the crannied wall" may lead to God. Only, be it noted, "thoughts",—always; but whether we demand, or whether we can receive, thought garbed in beauty is quite another matter. It depends on any of a hundred things; on the whole build of the mind, or on the mere mood of the hour.

But this again means that it is never enough to say, as so often it is said, that Poetry is a matter merely of vision, of insight, of contact with reality. So far as it goes, certainly, this is true; only it does not go the whole way. "To the Poet life is full of visions; to the Mystic it is one vision," is well said; but vision comes to others besides mystic and poet. The question is not one of vision only, but rather of the depth, truth, expression, of the vision in each and every case. The thinker has his vision which, painfully and tortuously, he builds into a Gothic-cathedral-philosophy; the musician sings his vision into symphony; the artist materialises it on canvas, in bronze or marble; and the supreme and everlasting vision creator is Nature.

Thus there are—or there appear to be—two extremes; in one pure Thought, in the other pure Beauty, is all. These a shallow criticism would bring into opposition and conflict; would make the Muse, amount on Pegasus, deride the philosopher's poor halting steed. That is as easy as short sighted; it comes from seeing "the world piece by piece; but the whole is the soul." To go deeper is to grasp the World as Beauty and Thought in one; to join the extremes of our too straight line together, so as therewith to enclose the full circle of reality. This the poet does; unconsciously, intuitively, it may be; for his genius is hybrid, and the better for the crossing; he is slave to two masters.

"No man can serve two masters" is eternally true for ethics; but artistically it is, for the poet and within limits, false; duality is the condition of his service. Hence is his work so often charged with obscurity; but a landscape, a symphony, is never obscure; its nature is simple; for it expresses only one aspect of things—Beauty. But the poet must be artist and philosopher in one; must perceive beauty, and also create it; must think, and weave his thoughts into song; he must dower thought with beauty. His philosophy may have the universal simplicity of life and of the world, like Shakespeare's; or the limpid profundity, like that of deep clear water, of Shelley; it may be a philosophy of Fate or of Fairyland, tragic or fantastic; but some thought there must be ere a great poem be born. Any wagon will do, so it be hitched to a star; and any star will do, so it lift our wagon nearer Heaven.

The poet's meaning, on the other hand, may either transcend our mind's limited range, or it may baffle his own power of expression; and whether the poet sink to oblivion or rise to tardy fame depends then on posterity's verdict, which may easily reverse our shallower one. This is seen most clearly in Drama; let its scene be laid where it will

—in a Greece long since dead, or a Denmark that never was—if it but express Life as experience, looking back on its own course, finds it essentially to be, it is shrined with earth's undying treasures.

It may be contended that too slight a part has here been assigned to the play of emotion, in both the creation and appreciation of beauty; and, as against this, too prominent a function to thought and its expression. Rather is the contrary true; for there can be no Beauty without respondent emotion; even grief and tragedy must be beautiful ere they can be fit subject matter for poetry. That which makes Poetry is the translation of the World, of Life, of Reality, into Beauty. That which makes great Poetry is deep and profound Reality—or what is the same thing for our finite and limited minds—profound Thought, radiant in perfect Beauty.

Current Thought

"THE MEANING OF MEANING"

Mind for October, 1920, contains a most interesting discussion of the *Meaning of Meaning*, by F. C. S. Schiller, Bertrand Russell and H. H. Joachim. For those who enjoy the intellectual parry and thrust it furnishes high diversion. To the personalistic spectator a high point of interest is the affirmation by both Schiller and Russell of the personalistic conception of knowledge though Russell claims for his view of personality a different content than that given by Schiller.

A NEW THEORY OF DREAMS

In the light of present discussion and interest in psycho-analysis Eugenio Rignano's *New Theory of Sleep and Dreams* (Mind, July, 1920) will seem to many to be far more sane and reasonable than the Freudian theories.

MORE LETTERS BY HENRY ADAMS

To those who have acquired special interest in the work of Henry Adams, the publication by the *Yale Review* (October) of two new sets of letters will be an event of no small significance. These letters pertain especially to the period of his researches in Mediaeval French literature.

THE FALLACY OF THE UNIVERSAL

Many readers of Mr. Hoare's essay on *The Conditions of an Effective Idealism* in the *Hibbert Journal* for July will be reminded of the manner in which the former students of Bowne were warned against the fallacy of the universal. Mr. Hoare shows the fundamental weakness of ethical abstractions such as world-love, pacifism, and the like.

ROMANTICISM IN THEOLOGY

An article of unusual interest and timeliness by Herbert L. Stuart appears in the *Harvard Theological Review* for October under the title, *Theology and Romanticism*. Romanticism in literature and in government is so close to the religious movements we have been wont to praise that we have often overlooked the connection between them. This is here shown with great clearness.

THE PRESENT STANDPOINT OF IDEALISM

Those who prize a summing up of the present situation in philosophy with some prophecies and foregleams of the future will not want to miss the article *Modern Idealism* by Dr. Edgar Sheffield Brightman, in the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods* for September 23d. He concludes: "If we look ahead in the light of the recent history of thought, we may venture the opinion that the outlook for idealism, and for personalism in particular, is by no means unfavorable."

The same *Journal* of August 12th contains a *Criticism of Croce's Logic* by J. E. Turner who writes on *What is Poetry?* in this number of *THE PERSONALIST*.

PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE

Andr   Lalande contributes to the September number of the *Philosophical Review* a most careful and judicious summary of the philosophical situation in France in 1919.

BANISHMENT OF MIND AND SOUL

Perhaps these words are severe but to our way of thinking a materialism which makes mind and soul but functions of physical activities does thus effectively remove all values important to life and progress. It is worth while however to read R. W. Sellers' *Evolutionary Naturalism and the Mind-Body Problem*, in the *Monist* for October. It will show a popular modern standpoint and also the absurdities to which this type of thinking can go in its effort to trace all effects to material causes. Thus with a certain sang froid not to say blindness the matter of human freedom and moral responsibility are chosen as quite dispensable if one can only retain the superstition of words which he calls "modern" and "scientific." If one is to be materialistically scientific he must not balk at the price.

THE CASE OF PROFESSOR CRAWFORD

The Weekly Review proves itself more and more indispensable to all those who would keep abreast of the times. We turn aside to notice Dr. Jastrow's suggestions of the part which credulity plays in the most modern of so-called researches in psychic phenomena. He discusses the experience and the volume of Professor Crawford on "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," showing the looseness of some claims to scientific accuracy and the deep-seated desire to be deceived. It will be found in *The Weekly Review* of November 3d.

Book Reviews

PUBLIC OPINION AND THEOLOGY (Earl Lectures of the Pacific School of Religion). By Bishop Francis John McConnell. The Abingdon Press, N. Y., 1920. Pp. 259.

One would expect clearness in any statement which came from Bishop McConnell, and this book is no exception to his well-earned reputation of being able to handle profound subjects in a lucid way. He shows the bearing which the growth of ethical feeling has upon a receivable theology. The historian in theology is made very conscious of this relationship. Our idea of God is inevitably tinged by what we consider most praiseworthy in the character of man. An age when men think in terms of human cruelty will emphasize the sterner aspects of the divine character to the exclusion of the gentler ones. With a rising humanitarianism man demands a God who shall not be less loving than the best men that he knows. This human factor in theology forms the theme of these lectures. They are so clear-cut, so commanding and so satisfying in their statements that we are tempted to quote at very great length.

Of the divine responsibility the author writes:

"The inescapable requisite is that in working out our theories of God we represent him in terms of moral responsibility. . . . If we must have a merely arbitrary divinity, then let us recognize at the outset that any man holding power and using it under a consciousness of moral responsibility is superior to an arbitrary God."

Of freedom, he says:

"The usual definition of freedom has turned round the idea that the individual is free as long as his liberty does not interfere with the liberty of some one else. Just as the definition of liberty as freedom from external constraint has been found inadequate, so we must point out the inadequacy of the definition of freedom as the liberty to develop oneself within the limit set by the good of others. Underneath this definition is the old implication of individuals as set in almost artificial separateness one from another, the individual being a unit on his own account who presumably could continue to exist if there were no other individuals in existence besides himself. The conception of freedom has to be so

modified as to make the interrelations of men a positive power in bringing the individuals to their own largest development."

Of revelation he says:

"If it is true that the mind is an active agent in knowledge, we repeat that knowledge can come only as the mind stirs itself to understand. This elementary notion in itself does away at one stroke with all claim upon the divine source of truth for a mechanically dictated revelation. . . .

"Incarnation itself implies a progressive adjustment of spirit to things as they are—living spirit acting and reacting against the earthly environment in which it finds itself."

"There are still revelations of God to come through the Church to mankind—revelations awaiting the creation of an organ great enough to seize them."

But buy the book for yourself. It teems with rich and suggestive matter.

A BOOK ABOUT THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By JOSIAH H. PENNIMAN, Ph. D., L.L.D., Vice-Provost and Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1919. Pp. IX & 444.

The books about the English Bible which bring a fresh and vivid treatment in such form as to be of popular value are unusual and this is one of the unusual books. It will prove highly valuable as an introduction to the study of the literary values of the Bible and is given in so concise a form as to make its contents easily available to all readers.

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY. By J. ADDINGTON BRUCE. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London. (\$1.50.)

There can be no doubt that in the past thirty years or more, especially since the publication of F. W. H. Myers' notable book, "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," the field of psychology has been enlarged. The Cambridge savant gave a new term to philosophy, the "Subliminal Self"; by which is covered "all that takes place beneath the ordinary margin of consciousness." He conceived that "no Self of which we can here have cognizance is in reality more than a fragment of a larger Self—revealed in a fashion at once shifting and limited through an organ-

ism not so framed as to afford it full manifestation." While Mr. Addington Bruce can not allow that Myers has made out the existence of Survival after Death by this method of approach, which was distinctly his goal, yet he asserts that Myers has utterly discredited the old school of psychologists who sneer at telepathy. There are modes of communication between human beings which baffle the investigator wedded to the old laboratory methods, for mind influences mind in a mysterious way. "It is the writer's firm belief," to quote from Chapter VI, *The Nemesis of Spiritism*, that "even when the dead are involved there is no necessity of raising the cry of 'spirits.' To put it otherwise, it is his conviction that whenever an apparition is seen, or a ghostly voice or sound heard (always excepting, of course the effects of illusion pure and simple) we have to do with a telepathic hallucination proceeding not from the dead but from the living." The book is a real contribution to our knowledge of the subject.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS, a brief Account of the Freudian Theory.

By BARBARA LOW, B.A., Member of the British Psycho-Analytical Society, formerly Training College Lecturer. Introduction by ERNEST JONES, M.D., M.R.C.P., President of the British Psych-Analytic Society. Harcourt, Brace, and Howe, 1920. Pp. 199.

This little book gives a very clear and concise account of the Freudian theory of Psycho-analysis, and will be welcomed by all who desire to know the fundamental principles without the time necessary for complete investigation. It is put in terms which make it perfectly accessible to the average reader. There seems a bit of inclination to overestimate the discovery of Freud, and at the same time to rule out all opposing argument as an evidence of prejudice and bigotry. It is not well with any system which thus rules out all opposition. The author claims for Freud that we must accept his own statement that his work is scientific rather than metaphysical, which claim is of course preposterous if Freud leaves the scientific and runs into the metaphysical. The case must be judged by the facts rather than by profession. The incongruity in the Freudian definition of the Unconscious is recognized by the author but waived aside as unimportant. Quite the reverse is true,

and we cannot avoid the difficulty of how the Unconscious can become Conscious by verbal anathemas. Here will be discovered the constitutional looseness and fallacy of the Freudian system.

In saying that "It is possible that deeper than the Pleasure-principle lies the Nirvana-principle, as one may call it—the desire of the new-born creature to return to that stage of omnipotence, where there are no non-filled desires, in which it existed within the mother's womb," the author may not be stating anything metaphysical but we are also right sure that she is stating nothing scientific. This is but another instance of the frequent dogmatizings which pass under the name of science but which are in reality the merest hypotheses. This proclivity to dogmatism, is we feel, apparent in the assumption that all love has a sexual source. To confuse all love with sex-love is not to be true to the facts of life, and this confusion leads to countless aberrations. In fact love which is founded chiefly in sex-instinct is ever transitory and never satisfied, the endless source of tragedy and failure. We have in this interpretation of life another of the many attempts to make materialism account for everything. The system is thoroughly materialistic and cannot yield permanent results of large significance for the spiritual demands of humanity. Of course if one does not believe in the reality of the spiritual that is quite another story.

THE ORDER OF NATURE. An essay by LAWRENCE HENDERSON, Professor of Biological Chemistry in Harvard University. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1917. Pp. V+234.

THE CONTINGENCY OF THE LAWS OF NATURE. By EMILE BOUTROUX. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. Pp. IX+196.

AN ETHICAL SYSTEM, Based on the Laws of Nature. By M. DESHUMBERT. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. Pp. 231.

In *The Order of Nature* we have a calm dispassionate consideration of the profoundest question of science and philosophy. The book is of rare value as giving the standpoint of an impartial

biologist up to date. Moreover it is written so lucidly and in such simple style as to be available to all. Proceeding from the materialistic standpoint, Dr. Henderson is frankly teleological in outlook. He is not blind to the shortcomings of Spencer and hopes to provide a teleological first cause which shall somehow reside within mechanism and yet be of another order. It seems strange enough to us that Dr. Henderson did not at this point recognize the fact that we have clear example of such occurrence only as this second order is intelligent and self-conscious. He hopes to meet his problem more scientifically however by assuming instead a "unique" relationship between chemical properties which must be assumed as the unitary source of all diversities. We question the propriety of his use of the term uniqueness for a class of phenomena operating under general law. About the only example of uniqueness in causation is to be found in that of efficient personality. Here the uniqueness depends on its unlikeness to any other causation. That he is conscious of the shortcomings of his own theory of first cause is evidenced by his confession of scientific agnosticism. And it is true that in this conclusion he has gone as far as science alone can take us. Beyond this borderland we come to analogy, reason, and *faith* and these are not science.

It is most interesting to note that the study of this realm of causation has apparently become a major interest with the French. Of the leaders of French thought none is doing more important work than M. Boutroux of the Sorbonne. Therefore, it is not surprising to find him dismissing in his *Contingency of the Laws of Nature* the three general types of philosophy, materialist, idealist, and dualist as not giving to the thoughts and feelings of man, "his will and action, that reality and affective influence over the course of things which common sense attributes to them, but which purely intellectualist or voluntarist philosophies . . . declare to be inconceivable and illusory." He says: "Man is able to act on nature because nature itself is neither a brute force nor a lifeless thought, but rather a veritable being, which even now in its own way, tends to exist and develop, to create and transcend itself." (VI-VII.) He differentiates living beings by the same resort to a system of relations upon which we have seen that Dr. Henderson depends. But to Boutroux "vital function seems to be a creation without either beginning or end, of systems whose parts show not

only heterogeneity but a hierarchical order" (91) and "the living being contains a new element, one incapable of being reduced to physical properties" (92).

"If it is an unfounded assumption to maintain that change, which is a sign of contingency in the inorganic world, is but an illusion, and that the mathematical formula which remains the same amid all the variety of the phenomena is the only reality, it is an equally unfounded assumption to reduce change to necessity, when, matter being scarcely anything, and act becoming almost everything, we dimly feel we should be releasing our hold upon reality itself, did we regard change as wholly phenomenal" (106). Thus in these two strong books we find that the old formulations of science regarding causation are proving inadequate for the new day of thought. So is the way prepared for the personalistic conception of life.

M. Deshumbert's "An Ethical System Based on the Laws of Nature" moves in thorough keeping with a materialistic conception which Henderson and Boutroux disavow. With a great show of empirical knowledge and scientific verbosity he attempts to account for a system of ethics on the plane of the struggle for existence. No more complete showing of the divergence of the new order of thought from the old could be illustrated than by comparing Deshumbert with Henderson and Boutroux.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD AS A FIELD FOR SCIENTIFIC METHOD IN PHILOSOPHY. By BERTRAND RUSSEL, M.A., F.R.S., Lecturer and Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. Pp. VII. & 245.

This volume by Bertrand Russell is already widely known and though not new possesses a permanent interest for all students of philosophy. Mr. Russell discusses the relation of philosophy to the field of science with a brilliance clear-cut and unique. The volume receives added interest in the light of the present day much vaunted discoveries of Einstein respecting relativity. Mr. Russell has done work in philosophy which cannot be overlooked.

THE IDOLATRY OF SCIENCE. By the HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, London and New York. The John Lane Company (Bodley Head).

The writer of this slim booklet bears an honored name, and his aim is to keep up the best traditions of thought and of ideals. Whether in his zeal for his own side he is unduly antagonistic in tone and methods is a reasonable question. Is it right to accept such a definition of Science as he starts out with?—"I therefore use the word Science to import something entirely distinct from, and opposite to, poetry, letters, oratory, history and philosophy; something that has no relation to, or connection with, the emotions, or with the character; something wholly unconnected with conduct; something with which the principles of right and wrong have nothing to do."

A scientific man who would so understand the field of science bars himself from being really scientific. There are sciences, which have grown simultaneously with the purely laboratory sciences, like chemistry and electricity, and do connect themselves with the development of humanity; like the science of language. Again, very humane men in the interests of their fellow men, practise vivisection—the author's pet dislike—and thereby help civilization. The author, with whose aims and predilections it is impossible not to sympathize, lives far too much in the past.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

JAPAN, REAL AND IMAGINARY. By SIDNEY GREENBIE. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. (\$4.00.)

This is a book well worth reading. Not strong on the historic side—witness his statement on page 207 that "Nagasaki was once the finest city in Japan"—it is peculiarly strong on the social side. The writer has lived among the people, learned their language and ways, and turned the X-rays of a well-trained intellect upon their habits and whole mental makeup. Principally does he reveal the seamy side of their too quickly modernized civilization; a hopelessly submerged tenth known as the Eta class, who live in filth and

misery; slums where humanity is blighted; factory life where the poor women are terribly overworked and underpaid; a system of education which, professing to be thorough, turns out miserable linguists and—far too often—arrogant pedants. The Japan that is shown to favored visitors by smiling officials has other aspects which these visitors are not allowed to see, and which make the problem of her future weigh upon the conscience of her real friends.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

THE REBIRTH OF KOREA: Its Reawakening of the People; Its Causes and the Outlook. By HUGH HEUNG-WO CYNN. The Abingdon Press. Pp. 272. (\$1.50.)

The story of the Hermit Kingdom is a strange and fascinating one. Korea was the home of art and of letters; far ahead of the neighboring country of Japan, to whom her teachers gave a religion, and instruction in civilization. After Hideyoshi's disastrous invasion of more than three hundred years ago, Korea never recovered her strength or her manhood, until now; when her young men are showing a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice worthy of the highest praise. While Japan has been giving, as she was morally bound to do, new life to Korean civilization in the merely material aspect of things—afforestation, irrigation, railroads and the like—she has treated the people as mere subordinate tools, to be used by a superior race; and this attitude has aroused the national pride, so long latent, but happily not yet dead.

Mr. Cynn, now a Christian pastor and teacher in his native land, is a graduate of the University of Southern California, and his interesting book is substantially the thesis he wrote for his Master's degree. He tells his story with clearness and dignity.

J. M. DIXON.

Books Received

Saccheri's Euclides Vindicatus. Edited and translated by George Bruce Halsted. Open Court Press Co., Chicago, Ill., 1920. XXX and 246.

The Group Mind, a sketch of the Principles of Collective Psychology with some attempt to apply them to the interpretation of National Life and Character, by William McDougall, F.R.S., Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1920. XXII and 418.

Preaching and Paganism, by Albert Parker Fitch, Professor of the History of Religion, Amherst College. The forty-sixth Series of the Lyman Beecher Lectureship in Preaching at Yale University. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1920. Pp. 229.

Second Coming. An interpretation by Gideon L. Powell, D.D., LL.D. The Morris Tribune, Morris, Minn., 1919. Pp. 155.

Spiritualism, Its Present Day Meaning. A symposium, edited by Huntly Carter. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1920 Pp. 287.

Social Psychology, by Emory S. Bogardus, Ph.D., Professor of Sociology, University of Southern California. New and Enlarged Edition. University of Southern California Press, 1920. Pp. 304.

Bergson and Personal Realism, by Ralph Tyler Flewelling, Professor of Philosophy, University of Southern California. The Abingdon Press, New York, 1920. Pp. 304.

Morale—The Supreme Standard of Life and Conduct, by G. Stanley Hall, LL.D., Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1920. Pp. 377.

Lectures on Modern Idealism, by Josiah Royce. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1919. Pp. 12 and 266.

Collected Fruits of Occult Teaching, by A. P. Sinnett, author of *The Occult World*, etc. J. B. Lippincott, 1920. Pp. 307.

The more important of these books will be reviewed in future numbers of **THE PERSONALIST**.

Notes and Discussions

THE NIGHTINGALE OF SAINTE PHILIPPE

The Villa Sainte Philippe lies in the outskirts of a French village surrounded by high ivied walls. To the officers of the army camp it was the one place of refuge from the dreariness of the barracks—the one touch of home. It sat within a lovely garden with all the charm of seclusion so characteristically French. In a hundred minds however one would venture to say that its chief memories hover not around the physical settings of the place but in some seemingly inconsequential event that carried its special message to a homesick heart. How shall one ever forget the high tide of comradeship that came in the sunset hour when men who had faced the deepest questions men can face, endeavored together to face the deeper spectres of the mind. Or was it the hour of twilight in the midst of the letter home when the nightingale broke into his unearthly and ethereal rhapsody.

. . . Light winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singing of summer in full throated ease.

Then all at once life seemed to be flowing at the full of the tide. One became conscious of an experience that would not fade when most of the material surroundings had been forgotten. It is the strange uniqueness of the human spirit that hours like these form the high spots of memory, and as life draws toward its close constitute the truly undying accumulations of the earthly career. A bit of bird-song, an early primrose, a bunch of heather, a significant book, a talk in the gloaming, a lock of baby hair, these are the symbols of our deepest experiences, the ritual forms of a profounder life.

It is as if life were a narrow gate which does not permit the carrying of a bulkier load down the lane of the years. We are constrained to turn from the quantity of life to its quality. As the snow begins to frost the mountain tops of life we turn our backs upon pleasure in the accumulation of wealth, of learning,

of fame, or of achievement to the things which some deem insignificant. It is not so much a second childhood as it is a revelation of the true values. The memory of an autumn day along the brook in Chaney's woods, the prospect of a familiar mountain, the tossing arms of foam that bordered an inland sea, a voice in the twilight, these mean more to the human spirit than all other gifts of the braggart years. It is these remembrances that humanize us and link us indissolubly with the past. To quote again from Keats:

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

A GERMAN REACTION TO THE PERSONALIST

MY DEAR BRIGHTMAN:

The other day I happened to receive the "PERSONALIST" with your essay on "Philosophy in American Education" and it reminds me of one of your first letters to me since we renewed our correspondence and a talk in Berlin on my attitude towards Philosophy. As far as I can remember, I was not quite friendly towards this science in general, and now, having read your essay, I feel obliged to explain myself more fully. You speak of five conceptions of what philosophy is and you confess your own to being "that Philosophy is an interpretation of the whole of life and its values." This is Philosophy, everything else but useless, and I regret very much that here in Germany it does not form a part of the curriculum of the upper forms of the "*Hohere Schule*" (Gymnasium, etc.) which corresponds partly (unfortunately not quite) to your "college." And perhaps, the breakdown of the German Empire was caused to some extent by the fact of people having no Philosophy of life, in the sense you take it.

I only object to the 'Philosophy' taught by most professors of philosophy in the German "Philosophical Schools" which is generally confined to the purely objective method of raising the problems and presenting their history, or to fruitless speculations in Logic or Metaphysics. We have left the true Philosophy to the professors of (Protestant) Theology and they educate parsons who have not enough influence on the large mass of educated persons, as they never or seldom go to church.

It's again different here in the Roman Catholic South where the hostile attitude of the present Church of Rome against philosophical speculation on teaching (which I don't understand, by the way; for me, the Catholic Dogmas and your personalism agree quite well!) restricts philosophy even there to a reproduction of the ideas of S Augustine and Thomas di Aquino.

I should like to hear your impression on the present state of philosophical teaching in Germany, perhaps you may find time to write me about it. I exclude, of course, a few great men, I am speaking of the general average.

I also like the other articles in the "PERSONALIST" above all J. M. Dixon's "The Universities and Leadership," and the editor's on "Self-Limitation," etc. Only I think it unjust and not quite correct to identify the Prussian national sense with Machiavellism, as the editor does on page 66 (last lines), or J. M. Dixon who finds in it the cause of the break-down of the German Empire." I do not agree either with the statement of Mr. Oakesmith, cited on page 60; I rather think it an English way of assuming that Anglo-Saxon civilization is the best in the world and they have a sort of divine mission in the world. Wasn't there Machiavellism in the Hunger Blockade, or Italy's Policy? And isn't there Machiavellism in the Peace Treaty? Didn't Germany lay down her arms on an explicit promise which was broken at Versailles (so at least Mr. J. M. Keynes puts it). Germany broke down by an over tension of a system which was not bad in itself—and lack of true philosophy.

Yours very cordially,

PHILOSOPHY AND HYMNS

"Religion," remarks the historian of philosophy, M. Fouillée, in one of his opening chapters dealing with Oriental Philosophy, is a "spontaneous metaphysics." It is impossible, therefore, to handle philosophic subjects adequately without a reverent and adequate acquaintance with religion in its most "spontaneous" form, the hymn. The beginnings of natural philosophy date from the realization of a magnificent cosmic order in the heavens, with planets that are not "wanderers," as the term originally signifies, but "punctual" in their response to the central call of the universe, with life and warmth in the sun. Light and darkness, Life and Death; it

was the wise men of the East, the star-gazers, who gave them their philosophic interpretation.

And there is a similar warfare in the human soul, which needs the life and light of a higher law to raise it to the level of its proper functioning. The glorious Nineteenth Psalm has this double aspect of law as its theme. The writer, anxious to bring home to a class in Oriental Philosophy, this essential truth, began to quote from a hymn of Charles Wesley, with which he was familiar in his youth as set to Haydn's tune of "Daystar." To his astonishment and disappointment, he found that it had been omitted from the Methodist Hymnal; although it has enjoyed such esteem among scholars as to call for a Latin translation: "Christe, cujus gloriæ." It was first published at the very beginning of the Methodist revival in 1740, in "J. & C. Wesley's Hymns and Sacred Poems" and was so popular later with Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages," that it was commonly supposed to be from his pen. Let us hope it will not be omitted in a revised edition of the Hymnal:

A MORNING HYMN

Christ, whose glory fills the sky,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till thy mercy's beams I see,
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

It is, in truth, a quintessence of metaphysics, scholarship and religion.

J. M. D.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

One of the discouraging results of leaving religious instruction out of our public schools, is the lack of an adequate or even elementary religious vocabulary on the part of students who enter our denominational institutions. The lack is, unfortunately, not being met by Sunday School teaching at present, which must be strengthened if the church is to hold its own in the nation;—a defect that is recognized deeply, even bitterly, by many of our ablest pastors. American youth argue like young pagans, as if they had no inherited faith of which they should be proud. They speak of religious beliefs, indeed, as if these were outside of really serious discussion.

Three prizes were recently offered at one of our denominational universities for a review of Basil King's strong and attractive play, "Earthbound," which is having a long run and drawing large audiences. It strives to show on the screen how fatal as a guiding principle in life is the motto, "No God, no future life, no retribution." The winning articles read somewhat strangely, so deficient were they in emphasizing the opposite orthodox view. Basil King's play goes as far as movie picture can go, in orthodox teaching; but that is not far. The winning articles were more timid, more negative.

Modern poetry of the best type, true to its mission, is doing something to meet the deficiency. The following sonnet, by E. Bethell, which recently appeared in the London *Westminster Gazette*, and was thought worthy of transcription into the *Living Age*, strikes the proper high note:

A VIGNETTE

Earth is a garden circled with a wall,
A garden dark with dreaming flowers and fruit,
A pleasance musical with song and fruit
Of winds that ever there make festival.
Beyond the silvery leaves the blue bare hall
Of holy heaven. On the pomegranate shoot
Speckled and brown birds cry and trill and flute,

Until the frore stars waken and shadows fall.
Draw nigh the wall, thou scarred, embattled man,
Set on thy brow the carcanet of faith,
And thou shalt hear the solemn chant without,
"King of all burning thought and barrowed death,
Lord of the pathless and pavilioned plan,
O Life, we hymn thee ever, thy devout."

The Philosophers' Shears

How much of our belief in God has become not a "hearsay" that we hold but a conviction that holds us?—*Bowne*.



Democracy is faith in humanity, not faith in "poor" people or "ignorant" people, but faith in every living soul—*M. P. Follett*.



We can share our joys with other men, only God can share our griefs.



A moralist without humor is an enemy of mankind.—*Spaeth*.



To be friends with God we must indeed lengthen our step. To be friend of men God must shorten his step.—*McConnell*.



Doctrines are constant, conceptions of doctrines are changing.—*Bowne*.



Infallibility of statement in the Scriptures is not so important as inexhaustibility of meaning and life.—*McConnell*.

Our Contributors' Page

It is a pleasure to add HERBERT ALDEN YOUTZ, Ph.D., to the list of our contributors. Dr. Youtz was Professor of Theology at Auburn Seminary but has recently transferred to the Graduate School of Theology of Oberlin. In addition to contributions to the leading theological magazines he is the author of the widely read volumes, *The Enlarging Conception of God*, and *Democratizing Theology*.



WILBUR HARRY LONG makes his first venture in philosophic publication with this number. From the quality of this contribution we predict that it will not be his last. He is assistant in philosophy at the University of Southern California.



JAMES MAIN DIXON, L.H.D., F.R.S.E., is the chief mainstay and reliance of the editor and needs no introduction to our regular readers. To others his work is the best introduction to the man.



EMORY S. BOGARDUS, Ph.D., is widely known as a writer on sociological matters and is head of the Department of Sociology in the University of Southern California. He is the author of several books much used as texts, among them being, *Introduction to Sociology*, *Americanization*, and *Social Psychology*.

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Manuscripts and communications should be addressed to THE PERSONALIST, University of Southern California, University Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Los Angeles. Stamps for the return of manuscripts should be enclosed.

To the Gentle Personalist

WE HAVE been frequently importuned to state a platform for **THE PERSONALIST**, a brief account of what is meant by the term personalism. What might properly be called the personalist's creed?

¶ It is far from our purpose to be drawn into divisive statement of dogma so often fatal to harmony. No doubt every personalist has an interpretation as individual as himself and his needs. Still to those who are strange to the term is not some statement due?

¶ Might a brief statement run like this:

I BELIEVE in personality as the power of self-consciousness and self-direction.

I believe in personality as the World-ground, the ever-creative source of all things, immanent yet transcendent.

I believe in personality as the fundamental reality of life, man's highest possession, the source of all creativity, the perfect realization of which is his supreme goal.

I believe that human personality is fully realized only as it comprehends and gives itself to the will of the Infinite Personality, or God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

¶ We are certain that this statement will, with consideration be improved upon. To the person who sends us the best credo we will give a year's subscription to **THE PERSONALIST**, contest to close October first.

¶ Send in your formulation of personalistic belief.

The Personalist

VOLUME II

APRIL, 1921

NUMBER 2

A MISSING WORLD

HERBERT ALDEN YOUTZ

OBERLIN THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

PART I

The story of the discovery of the planet Neptune brings a thrill to everyone with a developed scientific sense. The orbits of some of the known astronomical bodies were observed to be eccentric, and Uranus made a wobbling path for which the formulas of gravitation could not account. The scientists agreed that the cause of the eccentricity was some huge undiscovered power in the astronomical universe. Leverrier began a mathematical study of the aberrations of the planet Uranus, and reduced his findings to a formula. He ascertained the point in the heavens and the time at which a planetary force would cause the observed disturbance. The observatories turned their telescopes upon that calculated point and at the designated moment the hitherto undiscovered planet moved into view. "They detected the silent footsteps of Neptune as he trod the solitudes of immensity."

In the world of human society today we are witnessing a disturbed condition without precedent in history. Political governments are being overthrown, monarchies are

being democratized, economic schemes of every degree of radicalism are being advocated to replace the social order that has failed. There is a welter and chaos of bolshevisms, socialisms, industrial workers of the world, communisms, and radicalisms of every sort which seek the end of bringing order out of the social chaos, of bringing peace and justice and stability out of the social distress which grips the whole world. Surely there is no problem which engages the attention of thoughtful people today which is comparable to this vast social problem. It is THE HUMAN PROBLEM today! The point where insight and discovery and experimentation and invention and sound theory will count most in education today is not in the laboratories of biology and chemistry and physics, but in the social laboratories where leadership shall study and master the facts and the powers which really control personality, individually and in groups, and offer solutions that go to the bottom of the problem. The great world-movements of society today are not going on rhythmically, with the steadiness of a law-expressing evolution, but with threat-enings and clashings and chaos and revolution. The ominous wabbling of the organized social orders as they with difficulty keep the orbits assigned by the social theorists, old and new, *suggest that there is a missing world of power* with which social theorists ought to reckon.

My attempt today is to demonstrate and locate the "Missing World." Though it is not so much a new world that I am seeking,—I am not a real discoverer. I am rather attempting the humbler task of showing that the moral world is not a mythical world, but a real world of the first magnitude of power. I hope to point out afresh, with some appeal to your conviction, that some of the wabbings of our scholarly explanations in the fields of social leadership, can be accounted for, and some of our scientific observations in the fields of the social sciences

must be corrected and restated, when the true magnitude of the moral fact is recognized. If the vital conception of morality which lies at the heart of the ethics of Jesus can be grasped in its implications and made the underlying theory of all social remedies, it will introduce steadiness into the social order. As an astronomer dealing with social constellations, I want to show that the moral world is a real world, as real as the world of economics or eugenics.

I want first to make you feel and know that I am dealing with a scientifically observed fact, and not with a fairy story. One thing that gives stability and impressiveness to scientific explanation is that the scientist makes us feel that he has the universe behind him, he is dealing with a cosmic fact from which there is no appeal. I covet that secure and confident buttressing of an ethical emphasis which I want to submit. So let me, with unskilled hands, outline the action of the cosmic drama that the ages have played in world-making. The evolutionary process is continuous and the curtain is never rung down between the acts. Indeed there is only one act from the beginning until now, with many shifting scenes. But for a purpose which will appear I will sketch the familiar drama in five acts.

There is first the act in which the inanimate worlds are produced as a titanic stage for the later action. From star-dust to planets, by cosmic cauldrons and furnaces, by hammering and welding, by moulding and the compressing power of world-weights, the inanimate worlds are shaped. By volcanic fires and glacial ice, by the age-long sculpturing of the elements and the incessant whirling of the potter's wheel, worlds are prepared and flung into systems in space.

This cosmic action works according to definite laws that know no deviation or shadow of turning. It is silently

working on today, and to the end of time will work, NATURE, the relentless architect of the theatre or stage of the universe.

The second act introduces life, a new fact in the cosmic process. But in its primitive estate, life in the form of lowest stages of vegetation is almost indistinguishable from the inanimate world from which it springs. From this elementary beginning it evolves into the majestic and elaborate flora of the world. It is nature, the cosmic fact in a new aspect of its evolutionary task of world-making. The force and the laws are the given terms of the equation, and the equation is an infallibly determined as the shaping of the geologic rocks.

In the third act of cosmic world-making animal life is introduced, beginning at the stage where it is hardly distinguishable from the plant-life, and growing into complex and giant types. This animal life, too, however much it transcends the lower forms, is expressed in terms of physical equations and elemental needs that link it to the cosmic action and make its reactions a continuation of the determinism of world-making. Food and reproduction and defence almost wholly exhaust the primitive instinctive animal needs, and with life expressed in such an elemental equation, the cosmic forces determine the solution infallibly. This race must die and this shall live by the law of the survival of the fittest in the environment which nature supplies. The whole history is exhausted in that struggle.

The next act in the evolutionary creative process is the appearance of primitive man. He is little more than a glorified animal. He lives chiefly in terms of his appetites and passions and instincts. He is linked to the animals by all of his elemental physical needs. The equation of his life in the physical side is wholly expressed in animal terms of food and defense and procreation, and his cosmic

environment solves the equation with the same mathematical inevitableness as it does that of lower animals. The only difference in the primitive man to distinguish him from the animals is his power of forming ideals and shaping tools, thus taking the first step in furthering or defying the cosmic action about him and within him. He has a little pitiful margin of mastery that the animal does not have.

And the last step in the cosmic process is the act in which civilization appears and a man with developed ideals and disciplined mastery takes his place in the world. By his whole physical organism and its laws he is as much a part of the cosmic ongoing as any product of the process. But his advances over preceding types of life is measured by two things. First, his *thinking* capacity gives him the power to form conceptions, ideals, and to invent means of utilizing or reversing the cosmic action. He can prevent and cure disease, and he can invent aeroplanes and radiographs. And, second, a new endowment has come, the power of an imperative *ought* by means of which a man selects his worthiest ideals and erects them before his mind and acknowledges their authority and thenceforth fashions his own destiny. He has become a moral actor, an agent who brings a form of energy to every given moral situation and knows that he must fight the cosmic action that confronts him at that point or degrade himself. The romance of life appears to a man at the point where he perceives that he too is a creator, pitting his energy against the cosmic energy, with a chance to conquer! Nor do I forget the fact that a man is tied by the laws of heredity and environment as by iron chains to a cosmic process that grinds on with relentless necessity. I refuse to be terrified by the abstract logic that is always trying to show that freedom and necessity are mutually contradictory. It is the scientifically observed facts that I am hold-

ing before you. *First*, a man is the helpless victim of necessity in the elemental laws that bind him to the cosmic process and absolutely determine all the features of his natural constitution. And, *second*, a man does carry an inner power of initiative, of recovery, of creativeness, of self-determination, of achievement, of inherent nobility and worth which must be taken into account in any classification that explains him. You can classify Christ with a chimpanzee and justify your classification. But if you do not see the utter futility of that kind of scientific analysis in the face of the infinitely significant size of Jesus' personality and spiritual worth and power, you are not one of the kind of scientists that advances science. I have sketched the cosmic processes of world-making because I want to make it perfectly clear to my own mind and yours that I am facing the fact of the heavy chains of necessity and animality that bind men at every stage to the cosmic processes. On the other hand, I wanted this background of rigid scientific reality on which to exhibit the other fact, namely, that a man carries an inner power by means of which he can at certain points defy or modify or control the cosmic power. Both powers are equally facts,—the cosmic power and the personal power.

It is small wonder that the great ethnic philosophies, brooding over the mysteries of human existence, have again and again been oppressed by the determinism of life and have denied the reality of freedom. For thousands of years India has groaned under the Buddhistic doctrine of Karma, necessity, or lying supine under the Brahmanic belief that all choice is illusion or evil, and absorption into Nirvana the only peace, has sought the mocking goal of self-extinction! No wonder that thoughtful Greece has given us the notion of a Fate which pursues and taunts and from which there is no escape. It is the determinisms of life that have lain heavily upon the

thoughts of men; and their philosophies have brooded and grappled with them in the dark, and the fact of life's necessities has outweighed all its hope and ambition. Endless processes, cycles of existence, or a predetermined extinction or suffering or happiness,—that is the substance of the faith (or unfaith) of countless millions,—philosophies which are inductions upon the determinism of life!

Now the mental mood of today has outgrown the picturesque Greek philosophies of the goddess, Fate, driving her triumphal car with the race of men chained to her wheels. Nor are we of the western civilization afflicted with the dreamy Indian philosophies of Nirvana and Karma. One cannot help feeling that for millions of men and women these hopeless, fatalistic views of life have defeated the noblest developments of personality and kept the race on the sordid levels of cosmic existence, uncheered, unmotivated, unblest by any dynamic outlook.

The mental mood of today has outgrown these forms of fatalism, but we have a new type of deterministic philosophy which it seems to me is a peculiar menace to faith and hope and reason and the finer spiritual achievements of men; I mean the philosophy of naturalism,—naturalism, our modern form of philosophic scepticism of spiritual values and of their rational foundation.

Naturalism is the type of thinking which shapes all of its methods in terms of natural science conceptions. It is the type of thought which sees and feels the determinisms of life, understands the universality and unity of law and the exact equations of physical and mechanical life. Coming from the laboratories of natural science with a wonderful formula for explaining reality, it endeavors to carry through, in every district of personal life, the mental ideals and processes and limitations of the purely scientific method. The result is the naturalistic philosophy.

The naturalistic way of thinking of life and the world

is best understood by tracing its natural history. We are living in an age of triumphant, fruitful, beneficent science. Natural science in all of its branches undertakes to describe the laws of cosmic processes in the various fields. It rehearses the processes of world-making and discovers the mathematical laws of the processes. Recalling our sketch of the five stages of cosmic creation, we may enumerate the appropriate science for describing each stage. The sciences of geology and astronomy and mineralogy, aided by the sciences of physics and chemistry, are engaged in writing the history of the first act of creation. These sciences come from their study with absolute evidence that cosmic forces working according to law are the only factors in the problem. The sciences of botany and agriculture and forestry, with their kindred sciences, find the same facts and forces, working according to inviolable laws, in writing the history of the second act of creation. Tracing the evolutionary process into the field of animal life, zoology and biology with their cognate branches of science write the history of the third act of cosmic creation. The formulas of the whole animal basis of life are as predetermined and iron-bound as the scientific descriptions of any field. And thus triumphant scientific method passes to the fourth act of cosmic creation and writes the history of primitive man according to the formulas of the animal world, a creature of climate, environment, of instinct and appetite and of his own slight power to resist the stronger life about him. The survival of the fittest is the cosmic formula still. Determinism is the language in which science writes the history of primitive man.

And thus we come to the last chapter which is being written now, the history of civilization and the human conscience. And thoroughgoing naturalism says that this whole chapter, too, is written in the books of the scientists.

Consciousness and conscience are only an extension of the cosmic creation into the higher evolutions of life. It is all simply a part of the relentless process that we have been describing from the beginning; force is working according to law, and determinism is the levelling ideal which reduces all cosmic creation to one fixed formula. This is naturalism, the modern form of philosophic scepticism which finds no place for affirming the independent worth and power and permanence of the spiritual and the moral. They are all but aspects of that relentless cosmic process. The pedigree of mind is matter; and the destiny of love and righteousness and heroism and character is the destiny of any dream,—and even dreams have their laws that bind them to the cosmic process as their cause! The modern scepticism that is saturating the life of today is more hopeless and enervating than the ancient scepticism, and it has none of its loveliness and dreaminess. It is likely to be positive and dogmatic. It is uncompromising and “scientific,” and will not allow even a poetic burial for high human hopes!

And the strength of naturalism is the incontrovertible nature of the facts on which it is based. A man is bound up in the cosmic process as definitely as is any animal. His natural history is indistinguishable from that of any animal. Moreover, the biologist can trace in minutest steps the story of the evolution of mind, of consciousness, of conscience, of morality, or religion. The instincts and the impulses of the lower life are transmuted into the facts and powers of the higher life of men, and can be viewed in one unified process. The animal habit becomes the tribal custom and later the developed conscience. All of our highest powers and capacities are linked by processes to the earlier stages and the lower animal powers. Mind itself is inseparable from brain. It is all one process, parts of one fact. The cosmic fact is the one power

in the universe. All else is illusion, a sugar-coating of the pill of life which we must perforce swallow. But a really scientific mind will resolutely dispel all illusion. He rejects the sugar-coat and rests his life and belief upon rigid cosmic determinism. It is not hard to see why naturalism is the intrinsic creed of the laboratories, why a multitude of the finest students and leaders of life are sceptical of spiritual values!

It is at this point that I ask you to fix your scrutiny once more upon the facts from which we must make an induction and reach conclusions out of which we can build social sciences and philosophies of life. All that the natural scientist says of the rigid determinism of human life by the cosmic power is true, AND ONE OTHER INCREDIBLE FACT IS TRUE! Wherever men of intelligence and conscience enter the cosmic stage, you have an actor and not a thing or a puppet. This fact, personality, which is geared into the cosmic process on the one hand, has on the other hand a new type of power to pit against the cosmos. The cosmic process goes on, but a man measurably controls it and directs it and makes it work his purposes. And a man thus initiates and directs and achieves new forms of power, literally a new world, with which the cosmic power must reckon.¹ That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; afterward that which is spiritual. A developed man is a new, self-directing, spiritual force, and not merely an aspect of the cosmos. This is the fact with which naturalism does not reckon. Personalism is a competing philosophy with naturalism. Shall we construct our philosophies out of all the facts, or only from some of them?

To be continued.

¹Cf. L. P. Jacks' stimulating volume of essays "The Alchemy of Thought"; especially chapters IX and X, entitled, respectively, "Is there a Science of Man?", and "The Manipulation of Man."

BERTRAND RUSSELL AND SPECTACLES WITHOUT EYES

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During the great war the Allied intelligence officers discovered that a very strange and unaccountable scratching might be heard intermittently in the wireless receivers at the Eiffel tower station in Paris. Such sounds, unlike the customary "static" scratches, seemed to emanate from the great stations at Madrid and Noyen, and became known as the "Noyen-Madrid buzz." The intelligence department could make neither head nor tail of it; yet experience and good judgment told them that some kind of communication was taking place between enemy Germany and neutral Spain. By accident a phonographic reproduction of the sound ran down, and, as it did so, gave the clew to the mystery. Running very slowly, very rapid dots and dashes were distinctly discerned. By proper contrivance it was discovered that the German secret service was talking by wireless between Noyen and Madrid at the rate of four hundred words a minute. From this time the French knew what military information was getting into Germany, and saw to it that false rather than true, knowledge was sent to Madrid, to be innocently transmitted to the German headquarters behind the Entente lines.

Life is the great code message, the foreign language, the supreme cipher letter of mystery which we as philosophers are to translate and decipher into meaning. Experience is the conversation with the Infinite which we are to interpret into human symbols. Or you may liken

it, if you choose, to a poem, or a drama upon the stage of being, or a symphony, or a painting. And here it is, and for our *interpretation*. Philosophers differ in two fundamental matters, namely, as to *what* experiences of life they will interpret, and *how*, or by what means they will interpret them. Some see the mechanism only: they see the stage trappings and the machinery of the drama; they see the white paper and black ink of the poem; they find in the symphony perspiring "bandy-legged creatures" in dress-suits who scrape "horses hairs on cat's bowels," as Dr. Cabot has said; the painting, to them, means so much paint daubed on so much canvas in such a manner. Nature and life and even man is so much machinery. Such men we might call spiritual inebriates,

"Deaf to the Vision calling,
And dead to the lash of the Dream."

They know nothing of

". . . a moment when the music's rapture
Bade soul take what never thought could capture."

In philosophy these are the men who talk much about mathematics and "Analytic method" and "science." Theirs is the world of *process*, and not even process at its best, for they deny the power of appreciation of nature which comes only in the moment of synthesis. The world of value they do not claim to know, and, although, perhaps, admitting the possibility of the "mystic," or human or "emotional world, as they are wont to dub it, claim it has no significance for philosophy, that is, ultimate truth. In the world of human life we have men much akin to them, namely, the sensualists. A man once remarked to me, as we stood watching a wonderful sunrise behind Mt. Ranier, "Yes, it reminds me of a good bottle of Ranier beer!" We know such men. You cannot argue about

values; you can only experience them. Perhaps the scientist would have seen atom dust and a whirling sun, but I was hearing "a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and Life," I was catching something of the "glory of the sum of things." To me the awful majesty and beauty and grandeur of that crisp silent autumn dawn mingled with the thought of

" . . . the vast silence that covers
Broken nations and vanquished leaders."

Yes, and with Tennyson,

"To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above,
And veileth love, itself is love."

This first type of man and philosopher goes by various names, "analyst," "realist," "naturalist," "mechanist," "materialist"; but by nature the tribe are all of a kind. They see the ink and paper, the stage machinery, the catgut and horse hair, the picture frame, the telegraph dots and dashes, the paint and canvas—and that is all. They are the "prosaists" of the world, and their god is *process* and *machinery*, sensation and mathematics. Theirs is the impersonal method. Theirs is the grand Idol-worship of the ages.

The other class of man and philosopher sees something more in the universe than its stage-machinery, and the paint, and the paper and ink, and the catgut; they see more than the picture-frame, more than the *process*. To them there is *value* and *meaning* in the code letter of life, and in the cipher message of the Infinite Reality. To them the Universe contains hope and life and beauty and love and righteousness, and bears a meaning capable of expressing and responding to the deepest qualities of man's personality. They see

"The unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattlestall."

They investigate and believe in the truth-value of the wonder and power found "written in the sanctuaries of man's soul, even as all thinkers in all ages, have devoutly read it there." They are the living men of the world who proclaim to us the world of *value* and *spirit*, humanity and personality. Theirs is the personal method.

Mr. Bertrand Russell belongs to the former class. He is a philosophic "prosaist," as anyone may discover who will take the trouble to read his volume "Logic and Mysticism." He might be characterized as a logical atomist and an absolute pluralist. He denies that there is any whole composed of the many things in the universe.

¹"The world may be conceived as consisting of a multitude of entities arranged in a certain pattern. The entities which are arranged I shall call 'particulars.' The arrangement or pattern results from relations among particulars. Classes or series of particulars, collected together on account of some property which makes it convenient to be able to speak of them as wholes, are what I call logical constructions or symbolic fictions. . . . The sun itself and the eyes and nerves and brain must be regarded as assemblages of momentary particulars."

The particulars are not like bricks, but like musical notes. Things are no more substantial than the rôle of a trombone. Such fails to explain just why there is, in such a system, any music of interaction, teleology, harmony, and order among the atomic notes. He admits the fact of personality and freedom, but fails to tell us how he can come by such astounding facts as these in such a universe as he proposes.

This system of ethereal atomic particulars and relations as the basic reality of the universe are the result of

¹Pp. 129-130.

certain postulates by Mr. Russell regarding the nature of truth, philosophy, data, method, and logic. ²"The essence of philosophy as thus conceived," he says, "is analysis, not synthesis. . . 'Divide to conquer' is the maxim of success here as elsewhere." Philosophy ³"becomes indistinguishable from logic as that word has now come to be used." He announces "the irrelevance of human passions and of the whole subjective apparatus (personal method) where scientific truth is concerned," this kind of truth being the only kind of truth there is. Ethical values are taboo:

"It is my belief that the ethical and religious motives, in spite of the splendidly imaginative systems to which they have given rise, have been on the whole a hindrance to the progress of philosophy, and ought now to be consciously thrust aside by those who wish to discover philosophical truth. . . . It is, I maintain, from science, rather than from ethics and religion, that philosophy should draw its inspiration."

In ethical systems,

⁵"What is valuable is the indication of some new way of feeling towards life and the world, some way of feeling by which our own existence can acquire more of the characteristics which we must deeply desire. The value of such work, however immeasurable it is, belongs with practice and not with theory. Such theoretic importance as it may possess is only in relation to human nature, not in relation to the world at large. . . . The scientific attitude of mind involves a sweeping away of all other desires in the interests of the desire to know—it involves suppression of hopes and fears, loves and hates, and the whole subjective emotional life, until we become subdued to the material, able to see it frankly, without preconceptions, without bias, without any wish except to see it as it is, and without any belief that what it is must be determined by some relation, positive or negative, to what we should like it to be. . . . Now in philosophy this attitude of mind has not as yet been achieved. . . . Until we have learnt to think in ethically neutral terms, we have not arrived at a scientific attitude in philosophy; and until we have arrived at such an attitude, it is hardly to be hoped that philosophy will achieve any solid results."

²Pp. 113. ³Pp. 111. ⁴Pp. 97-8. ⁵Pp. 109 and 44.

The benefits of this impersonal and disinterested attitude are many:

"The desire for a larger life and wider interest, for an escape from private circumstances, and even from the whole recurring human cycle of birth and death, is fulfilled by the impersonal cosmic outlook of science as by nothing else. To all these must be added, as contributing to the happiness of the man of science, the admiration of splendid achievement, and the consciousness of inestimable utility to the human race (!)."

Such "inestimable utility," it later appears, consists in prolonging the happy agony of hanging over the jaws of an eternal abyss of death into which each of us must sooner or later tumble pell-mell and headlong.

Of course "scientific method" lands us in the wildest skepticism:

"Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned today to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day," etc.

If not quite beyond doubt, no philosophy can hope to stand which questions

"That Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcomes of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins."

Mr. Russell has to scratch his head when he thinks of human personality and freedom:

*Pp. 45. *Pp. 56-7. *Pp. 47-8.

"A strange mystery it is that Nature, omnipotent but blind, in the revolutions of her secular hurryings through the abysses of space, has brought forth at last a child, subject still to her power, but gifted with sight, with knowledge of good and evil, with the capacity of judging all the works of his unthinking Mother."

We may close the lovely picture with this final burst of imaginative oratory:

¹⁰"The life of Man is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach, and where none may tarry long."

It's all perfectly easy—"as easy as lying," says Hamlet to good old Polonius. "If you blow in my flute," says Mr. Russell, "you will play flute music, and with this we have a beautiful demonstration that there is no hope in life—since flute music is truth." Logically, you see, we are enjoying a fine merry-go-round ride on Mr. Russell's hobby-horse of "scientific method." In this wise: you agree to admit that the true method of getting ultimate reality is a method which excludes the possibility of finding God, immortality, or hope. Then, by brilliant deduction, we arrive at a neat categorical proposition that there is no God, no immortality, and no hope in life, as per following demonstration:

Major premiss: All is hopeless and futile and meaningless.

Minor premiss: The universe and the world and life are part of the all.

Conclusion: The universe and the world and life are hopeless, futile and meaningless.

One can, for example, demonstrate by his own method that no ethical Mr. Russell exists. By scientific method all one can observe is physical process, for we have, by hypothesis, abandoned all "subjective" method. We cannot find any personality in Mr. Russell, for where are we

going to find it with a yard measuring stick, and as long as one is only permitted to use one's eyes? With such we can see only so many yards of suiting, so much flesh, so much hair. Therefore there is no Mr. Russell. We have proved that he does not exist, because we have forced the spectator to accept by axiom as the correct method that method by which we can never find him. It is by similar process that Mr. Russell proves the absence of spirit and purpose and God and love from our universe. He belongs to our first class of philosophers; he too is a process devotee, and a worshipper at the shrine of the great mechanical idol.

We do not have space to criticize at length. It must be sufficient to notice the following facts: 1. His scientific method is pure postulate; 2. His summary of scientific facts as skeptical philosophical truths is rabid misrepresentation, in which he covers up his own guesses by dogmatic assertions; 3. By postulate theory is not related to fact; 4. By postulate the passion to know is of more validity than the other passions of man and can run counter to all of these other fundamental passions; 5. By postulate what you see with your eyes is the fundamental reality, the material being the cause of the psychic; 6. Material data are the final and only data for philosophy; 7. His philosophy and method is merely a rehash of threadbare naturalism; 8. Frivolous talk about an inhuman and alien world, man's unthinking Mother, etc., is pure gratuitous gush; 9. Man and human personality are produced by "Nature" in some process similar to which the prestidigitateur is able to pull three dozen Japanese lanterns, two dozen fresh eggs, and six rabbits out of an empty hat. Mr. Russell's proof reminds one of Lewis Carroll's Snark-logic:

"Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:
Just the place for a Snark: I have said it thrice:

That alone should encourage the crew.
What I tell you three times is true."¹¹

May we suggest the following concerning the use of logic and abstraction in the truth-getting of philosophy? Logic can never make us see a barn door. We have to open our eyes and look at it. "I can't see a thing," exclaimed Jones. "Why not?" demands Brown, in alarm. "Because," the former rejoins, "I have my eyes closed!" Logic can never make us see beauty in the world, nor love behind the universe. We have to open our souls and hearts and grasp it. Both the sense world and the value world are processes of direct apprehension of reality, and both are forms of perception. Logic can never tell you that your mother's eyes are blue, nor that the heart of your little daughter is pure and innocent, nor that a friend is noble and deep in personality. Can it give us a sunset, a melody of pine trees, mingling with the incense of Sierra forests, the eloquence of sleeping hills, the understanding pressure of a hand or of mere silence, the overmastering conviction of love stricken over a silent form in the casket, the perception of God in human consecration and resignation, or in the human face, the wild throb of life at dawn, the crosses in Flanders, Jesus Christ nailed to a tree overlooking Jerusalem? Logic can give us no experience at all; it can criticise. But it can never take away the values of reality which are not abstractly argued over, but are perceived in the moment of apprehension of reality. Logic, we insist, can give us no experience. It can not give us the colors of the spectrum, nor the tones of a chord, nor the sweetness of honey, nor the aroma of a rose. Neither can it give us a painting, a symphony, a sacrament, nor an altar's incense. Color, tone, beauty, nobility, love, resignation,

¹¹Mr. P. E. B. Jourdain saw it first. *The Philosophy of Mr. Bertrand Russell*, Chr. 1918, p. 91.

character, faith, consciousness of the presence either of a friend or of God—these come by perception—by our grasping reality, not by arguing about it. Then why must we infer that abstract logic and naturalistic method, so incompetent in the world of highest revealed creation—Man—can explain and find the heart of the universe or reality, which certainly must be as great as its most perfect creation? As a matter of fact, realism goes back on every tenet of thought, and all the achievement of the past history of philosophy. It denies the work of Kant, puts relation in place of substance or being, and rids us altogether of Cause. The new realism is really related to free verse, cubism in art, and anarchy in ethics. It is anarchy in philosophy. It is the bull-in-the-china-shop of thought.

No one denies the validity and necessity of cold facts. Only some of us insist upon the equal validity and necessity of the rest of experience—warm facts. Cold facts are the quantitative abstract relations of the external universe. Warm facts are the qualitative appreciation of value in reality. Scientific knowledge gives us the form or skeleton or vesture of reality. The value knowledge of personal experience gives us the values or the meaning of reality.

The materialist or realist, depending upon the sense eye in perception, examines the skeleton of reality, and thinks he has found the vital life or center of things. He proceeds impersonally and carefully measures by quantitative standards. He deals with a process in reality, but confuses thing or entity with process or mode. *He gets about as close to the heart of the universe by his methods as the tailor gets at the heart of the poet or thinker or lover or world statesman when he measures him for a suit of clothes. Tape line and numbers are of some value, but they can never give us metaphysical truth.* Realism makes a place for everything in the universe except the

only thing we are absolutely sure of, namely, man himself. The realist is a social menace because his system would make social life impossible. Realism is unscientific in the final sense, because it refuses to recognize the great mass of facts and values in human experiences. It refuses to recognize the validity of epistemological processes of the human being which are deeper than quantitative sense perception. The realist if consistent would make a poor citizen, husband, father, and friend. He would make a poorer inspired prophet, and a seer. The facts of epistemological processes and genuine values revealed in fiction, poetry, drama, music, painting and in personal life he rejects in toto. Toward real life, then, his best foot forward is merely a case of lame inanity and stupidity. The person who has interest in life is therefore disqualified from becoming a philosopher. The real investigator for our science, then, is a dead carcass,

"A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth."

This type of philosophy arises partly because of the spiritual poverty of the investigator; just as we catch no meaning in a fine painting or poem or symphony save as we have the meaning in ourselves, and because of our spiritual keenness, grasp the mood and feeling and thought of the artist. In other words, we are responsive to the artist. Similarly, to the one for whom the world has no significance of beauty, nobility, depth nor value, the facts of *real* man in the real world, the convictions of life, the ordering of nature, have no meaning. "Eyes have they but they see not; ears have they but they hear not." It was against this type of person and philosophy that Carlyle thundered his polemics:

"Thought without reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous. The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship) were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mechanique Celeste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observations with their results, in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful."

And again :

"Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot rede; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words. . . . Be not the slave of Words."

And again :

"Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational University; in the highest degree hostile to Mysticism; thus was the young vacant mind furnished with much talk about Progress of the Species, Dark Ages, Prejudice, and the like; so that all were quickly enough blown out into a state of windy argumentativeness; whereby the better sort had soon to end in sick, impotent Skepticism; the worse sort explode in finished Self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents become dead."

Then, too, this type of mind results from an over-emphasis upon the naturalistic method of science. Men become so engrossed in their facts and method of investigation of experience that they lose all power of seeing any other. Too frequently the universe becomes to the physicist merely a matter of atoms and motion, or vibration. And to the chemist too often the universe becomes merely a great pot of chemicals mixed into various drugs and compounds. The biologist likewise has his temptations, due to his limitations, and the narrowness of his life and outlook upon the world. The psychologist also tends

to lose the vital meaning and warmth and worth and mystery of personality in the heap of states of consciousness, sensations, visceral stimuli, synapses, neurone discharges, and so forth. The great law of atrophy applies to men and the heart and soul of man as well as to the rest of him. Darwin, you remember, the great naturalist, a man earnestly desiring truth, and a marvelous monument of integrity in investigation, complains that in his later life poetry, drama, music had no charm for him, and that he was dead to all the finer and qualitative values of life. In Arnold's poem *Empedocles on Etna* he puts into the mouth of this ancient sage the same sad story of spiritual forces and values lost through neglect:

" . . . I alone
Am dead to life and joy; therefore I read
In all things my own deadness.
Oh, that I could glow like this mountain!
Oh, that my heart bounded with the swell of the sea!
Oh, that my soul were full of light as the stars!
Oh, that it brooded over the world like the air!
But no, this heart will glow no more: thou art
A living man no more, Empedocles!"

There is one monstrous ghost which haunts philosophy, and it can never be driven away. It is the psychological law of apperception, which asserts that we see things not as they are, but as we are. The day is beautiful, if we have beauty within us; it is gloomy, if our spiritual tongues are coated. It is noble and deep and brim full of value, if we have these values within ourselves; it gives meaning if we have the code key within us. And so reality is just what we bring to it. Is the universe a cattle-stall and sepulchre and temple of death in which man is an outcast, and only the atom is at home? It is, if you are willing to accept the conclusions of the spiritual dyspeptic, and, too often, the moral moron. But is that final truth? Well, I cannot agree to believe that it is.

Truth, if we are to find it anywhere, is to be found in the final convictions and judgments of men of vision and character, spiritual delicacy and human sensitiveness, as well as of intelligence and encyclopaedic information. Reality is not only the picture frame, it is the picture; not only the paint and canvas, but the spiritual message of an artist; not only a body, but a soul beneath; not only the catgut and horse hair, but a symphony so deep and noble and appealing as to bring hope and love and enthusiasm for life and to-morrow to all of us who have eyes and will see.

The age is again mostly surface and little root, and we plunge along at a terribly swift rag-time stride. And the age has its valet-philosophy in a new realism and naturalism. Idealism must take the sword of a keen rationalism in defense of the final thing in life, namely, values. Any separation of theory and practice must fail; for by what authority can it be shown that theory has any validity when it is built up without practical foundations? And who will arise to assert that intellectual theory and living man can exist apart without the latter eventually suffering thereby in social disaster?

“Great qualities are trodden down
And littleness united
Is become invincible.”

WELLS VERSUS KIPLING

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The expert novelist and dabbler in theology, Herbert George Wells, has come out in a new phase as a world historian; and his two portly volumes, "The Outline of History," have much literary charm and are being widely read. Undoubtedly they will command more consideration than properly belongs to them, as he appeals to a public which is tired of war and militarism and open to pacifist propaganda. Brought up with the traditions of the laboratory and of scientific individualism, and aloof from the brotherhood of university life, he has added to this critical attitude towards life an altruistic sentimentality, a sympathetic interest in suffering humanity, which helps him towards the understanding of great movements. He has made universal history interesting. Such summaries of human history have been worked out by continental writers since the days of Hegel, who was leader among those who regarded the world in terms of mind. This is distinctly the view of Mr. Wells, who tells us in a closing chapter that "All human history is fundamentally a history of ideas. Between the man of today and the Cro-Magnard the physical and mental differences are very slight, their physical necessities, pestilences, changes of climate, and the like outer things may deflect and distort the growth of human history, but its living root is thought."

Practically this lands us at once in the abstraction universe of Rousseau's eighteenth century; a world with an inadequate sense of the value of personality; with no place

for revelation or the working out God's Spirit through persons and the nation. Without an ideal personality which satisfies the cravings of the civic heart, no nation can survive. Practically French nationality owes its beginnings to the saintly personality of Louis IX, to whom Mr. Wells makes only two cursory references: one recording his death by enteric fever in Egypt, where the historian intimates that he was a foolish intruder; the other mentioning that he sent out "abortive" missions and relics to Asia. Naturally he does not name the Chevalier Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach; nor Sir Philip Sidney, the pattern of English manhood in those wonderful Elizabethan times. Nor does William Shakespeare seem worthy of mention! In fact Mr. Wells is a belated eighteenth century sentimentalist, with no seeming final cause for the past except that it has raised the standard of living and of creature comforts and given us nice books to read. His psychology is the outworn psychology of the individual, the utilitarian conception of life. Character, which means the working out of ideals in the nation, so that a common heightened life, to which religious and patriotic hymns give expression, is a necessity, he ignores; in the name of a humanism which first and last regards the human being through the cravings of his stomach and inquisitive brain. This is kindly and grand-motherly enough, but such an attitude does not interpret human nature nor history.

In an essential way, life is to be valued by its supreme moments. The London audience which gathered to hear the first presentation of Handel's *Messiah*, in the year 1741, and, breaking through their national dislike of emotionalism, rose spontaneously when the strains of the Hallelujah Chorus burst upon them—setting an example that has since been followed—had one of these supreme moments. And the American audiences which sat spell-

bound, seventy years ago, when that supreme artist, Jenny Lind, sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," making the words real, reached a high water mark in their individual lives. But this was possible only through their common and shared national and religious life.

Here is the tribute of George William Curtis:

"Jenny Lind went beyond all her rivals in touching the heart with her personality. Certainly no public singer was ever more invested with a halo of domestic purity. When she stood with her hands quietly crossed before her and tranquilly sang, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' the lofty fervor of the tone, the rapt exaltation of the woman, with the splendor of the vocalization, made the hearing an event, and left a memory as of a sublime religious function."

It is a trite remark that the Evangelical movement of the eighteenth century, with its great revival of religious enthusiasm in a world that had gone over to rationalism and scepticism, saved England and Europe. And yet Mr. Wells, treating of history and civilization makes no mention of the supreme figure of John Wesley; nor of Charles Wesley, prince of hymn-writers. Others would relate the whole century to John Wesley's career, stretching as it does through all but the last decade. His personality is behind the greatest Protestant church of this country; his brother's hymns are sung everywhere today as he would have had them sung. Without the Christian life which they, and others like-minded, organized in class-meeting and chapel, the wave of American civilization which in the nineteenth century passed westward over the Rockies, and kept home life sweet from ocean to ocean with prayer and praise, would have weakened and died away in anarchy and rottenness.

Mr. Wells is highly respectful to religion as a ameliorating force in civilization; he patronizes it. The engaging personality of Gautama Buddha, founder of a great world

religion, has seized hold upon his fancy; and his extended tribute to Buddhism as a wonderful influence for good in the Asiatic continent, is one of the best sections of his survey. So long as he can focus such movements in the past, and vivify what has been hitherto dreary printed matter, he is at his best. But Buddhism today, still a missionary force, does not appeal to him. A recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Paul Hutchinson, dealing with "The Future of Religion in China," declares that "It is impossible to deny the validity of the spiritual experiences which have come to Buddhist saints. Even today the sympathetic searcher will find within the monasteries a few sweet and simple spirits, the purity of whose lives and the ardor of whose religious passion might well be copied by many Christians." The same is still more true of Japan, which is sending out Buddhist missionaries of a devout and sincere type. Practically that type for which Mr. Wells, with his intense anti-militaristic creed, has no use—the combination of saint and warrior—is at the heart of Japanese nationality. The Japanese *samurai*, whom Mr. Wells so strangely underrates, had a touch of the religious mystic in his make-up. Here is Mr. Wells's odd and unworthy summing up of Japan, during the period when the *samurai* was dominating affairs and uniting the nation:

"For two hundred years Japan remained outside the main current of history. She lived on in a state of picturesque feudalism enlivened by blood feuds in which about five per cent of the population, the *samurai* or fighting men, and the nobles and their families, tyrannized without restraint over the rest of the population. All common men knelt when a noble passed; to betray the slightest disrespect was to risk being slashed to death by his *samurai*. The elect classes lived lives of romantic adventure without one redeeming gleam of novelty; they lived, loved and murdered, and pursued fine points of honor—which probably bored the intelligent ones extremely. We can imagine the wretchedness of a curious mind, tor-

mented by the craving for travel and knowledge, cooped up in these islands of empty romance."

Yet this was the time when all the highways were made to center at Yedo (Tokyo), which became a great and cultured city. This was the time when the lacquer industry, which has borrowed the name of "japan," was brought to perfection; it was practically non-existent before 1650. Today the most exquisite bit of art that the hand can take up to examine is a tiny Japanese lacquer-box. So with pottery; it was not brought to any perfection till the beginning of the nineteenth century, and today a Satsuma cup or vase is the delight of the connoisseur. The silk industry, which almost died out, again flourished; and exquisite fabrics were woven. Indeed that striking weakness of our modern industrial life, the absence of delight in the work itself, was never so gloriously absent anywhere as in the isolated Japan of the early nineteenth century. The modernized Japan of today seems to have lost more than she has gained.

It was the living Buddhism in the country, the actual devoutness of the people, that impressed Kipling when he visited Japan some thirty years ago. Brought up himself in surroundings where art and religion were mingled in a common ideal, he recognized the same union in the island empire. This explains the stanzas of his "Buddha at Kamakura":

"O ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when 'the heathen' pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the Soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

And so later, in his native India which he knew so well,

he went on to portray the Buddhist seeker after truth in his "Kim"; heading the several chapters with stanzas from the poem on Kamakura.

The great Protestant theologian of modern times, who knew the vital meaning of his Old Testament so well—a record whose mission is to tell the world for all time how great is the blessedness of the *nation* whose God is the Lord—is not mentioned by Mr. Wells. He often mentions Machiavelli, whose name, indeed, appears on the title of one of his novels, "A Modern Machiavelli." And yet the great statesman and writer, John Morley, once a passionate Positivist, declared before the students of Oxford University at the close of the last century, when speaking as a Romanes Lecturer, that the issue before the political world at that time was between Calvinism—nationality and righteousness—and a cynical Machiavellianism. He spoke prophetically, for the spirit of Berlin was Machiavellian to the core and lighted the flame of war. Mr. Wells mentions neither John Calvin, nor his *Christianae Religionis Institutio*. So highly does Professor Monroe, who holds the chair of Government at Harvard University, esteem the book, that he is preparing an edition for modern needs. One of the editorial helpers of Mr. Wells, whose frequent Notes enliven the pages of the two volumes, Mr. Ernest Baker, happily protests against the strange omission. "If I were writing a history of democracy," comments this scholar, "I should deal first with democracy in religion, which is Calvinism, founded by a great Frenchman at Geneva, and then with democracy in politics, which is the French Revolution, inaugurated by another great Frenchman at Geneva, Rousseau. (The parallel of the two is striking—both typical exponents of the French genius, in its ardent logic and its apostolic fervor which gives in a burning lava to the world the findings of its logic.)"

Kipling, with a world survey as wide as Mr. Wells, and canons of criticism that go further and far deeper, gives Calvin his just tribute in his wonderful "M'Andrew's Hymn":

"From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God—
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—my "Institutio."

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs and mine:
"Law, Order, Duty an' restraint, Obedience, Discipline."

The poet, whom Mr. Wells unjustly terms a glorifier of Empire, is really a glorifier of the righteous and self-governing nation. His collection of poems, entitled "The Five Nations," has to do with what had merely been called "colonies" heretofore. The poem addressed to Canada, at the time of the passing of the Canadian Preferential Tariff in 1897, begins with the lines:

"A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own!"

So unfair on the other hand is Mr. Wells to Canada, that he refers to the pacific character of the Canadian frontier as if the credit belonged to our republic alone: "If a Europeanized Great Power had been in the place of the United States, Great Britain would have had to fortify the Canadian frontier from end to end—it is now absolutely unarmed—and to maintain a great arsenal in the St. Lawrence." Surely the tribute is equally due to Our Lady of the Snows. The ideal nation seems to the poet to be such a peaceful commonwealth as Canada or New Zealand, for here is his apostrophe to Auckland in his "The Song of the Cities":

"Last, loneliest, loveliest, apart—

On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles."

Mr. Wells's definition of a nation will be found in his strangely unsympathetic study of W. E. Gladstone, the Christian statesman: "We may suggest that a nation is in effect any assembly, mixture, or confusion of people which is either afflicted by or wishes to be afflicted by a foreign office of its own, in order that it should behave collectively as if it alone constituted humanity." No wonder that he fails to appreciate "The White Man's Burden." Indulging in one of the sneers at brother craftsmen which so often defaces his pages, he condemns the phrase and all the idealism it conveys: "With a hypocritical pretence of reluctant benevolent effort the European mind prepared itself to take up what Mr. Rudyard Kipling called "The White Man's Burthen"—that is to say the loot and lordship of the earth." No wonder Bernard Shaw gets angry with him: "Take all the sins which Mr. Wells ascribes to his colleagues, multiply the total by ten, square the result, cube it, raise it to the millionth power and square it again and you will still fall short of the truth about Wells. I never met such a chap. I could not survive meeting such another."

Kipling, with his high regard for character as the last and best thing in life, is not open to this dictatorial weakness. Character, he emphatically declares at the close of a recent survey of the world situation in the *London Times*, character above all is what this world of ours needs. "No man," says that able critic, Mr. O. W. Firkins, in a recent study of the poet in *The Weekly Review*, "seems freer from the littleness of dictatorship. This imperiousness is sometimes associated with a high and proud humility of which the august "Recessional" is the deathless wit-

ness and example." Education, Mr. Wells's panacea for the ills of life, gives us mere intellectual inquisitiveness and arrogance; character, leading up through saintly lives to the great exemplar, furnishes us with the real bread of life.

DOGMA¹ IN SCIENCE, RELIGION AND LIFE

THE EDITOR

Next after our pride in being scientific comes perhaps the companion boast of being undogmatic. In our thinking we have established the two ideas scientific and dogmatic as contradictories. We lay the supposed superiority of science to what we deem its undogmatic character. We carry the distinction into many realms connecting lack of dogmatism with all our thoughts of progress, of mental breadth and of advancing civilization. We often lay claim to it ourselves as a personal possession, and assume a mental superiority because of our supposed freedom from all dogmatism whatsoever. The feeling thus indulged is not perhaps dangerous so long as it only increases our snobbery and atmosphere of pendency, but it unconsciously creeps into all our attitudes and becomes also a disregard for institutions, a revolt against law, a fundamental carelessness toward the rights of others.

By our self-styled "free spirits", Bohemians, intellectual faddists, and purveyors of world panaceas in general it has taken on the characteristics of a cult whose ritual of intellectualism is a mere jargon of swelling words giving the appearance without the content of knowledge. Thus is acquired a superficial superiority with which to browbeat and intimidate the benighted ones who still dwell in the darkness of settled principles and reasonable suppositions. This condition is made possible by the common aversion to being thought unscientific. The average man prefers being called devilish to being called unscientific.

¹Any settled opinion or conviction; an accepted principle; maxim, or tenet."
—*New Standard Dictionary.*

One might with less danger of unbrage call him a profiteer, a grafter, a heretic, or a wanton—"Unscientific" is the term that stings, and festers in his soul.

The popular assurance of the absence of dogma in modern science, religion or irreligion, and life would be less perfect if the general run of people or even the leaders of our various new philosophies could be induced for even the shortest time to endure the tests of reflection and criticism. Their unwillingness to do this—their assumption of superiority to all previously accepted rules of the intellectual game shows that they themselves are in the truest sense, though unconsciously, dogmatic.² They are like the man, who went to school to learn that literature was divided into prose and poetry and that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. Theoretically abrogated, dogma is practically and uncritically accepted. Lacking criticism, we are the victims of a crude and illogical dogmatism.

We have no desire to resurrect from the grave of a dead past that unthinking dependence upon dogma which we think of as having characterized other periods. We aim to show that a certain measure of dogma is necessary in science, religion and life and at the same time to warn against any withholding of dogma from reasonable criticism, and advancing knowledge.

We approach the problem of science first, because the assumption that science holds any place for dogma is the most subject to dispute. Strictly speaking and in theory we should call upon science absolutely to rid itself of all presuppositions and principles whatever and to confine itself strictly and empirically to the observation of phenomena. This simon-pure situation is often claimed for science as its distinguishing characteristic, yet how far

²Dogmatic: Philosophy characterized by dogmatism, opposed to critical.
—*New Standard Dictionary*.

from it is any helpful and tenable system of science becomes apparent upon reflection. We justly accuse theology of too often identifying religion with theories about religion. Is it not well before passing final verdict, inasmuch as dogmatizing seems to be a common and much worked human trait, to ask if science has ever done exactly the same thing. To our horror we discover science has done just that in assuming as fundamental principles the independent existence of time and space, continuous energy, and the transmission of light by means of a material ether. Similar reasonable but so far unprovable hypotheses will possibly on reflection be found in a like class of dogmas such as natural selection, the conservation of energy, evolution through "race experience" and others. If the break-down of dogma in religion has had disastrous effect upon the religious faith of the common man, what astonishment may we expect in the man of the street who in the future shall learn that the scientific hypotheses which have been taught him as of equal standing with empirical knowledge have suddenly decamped. Just as the theological dominance and certainty of dogma was greatest and most unreasonable before its hour of greatest testing, it may be that the arrogance of some of our so-called scientific assumptions are the marks of an approaching fall. The danger does not lie in the possession by science of certain dogmas—the danger exactly as in theology is in the refusal to hold those dogmas or hypotheses as tentative, provisional, answering to reason perhaps so far as we now can judge but not final, the refusal to submit them to criticism either of logic or of life. That spirit has been the bane and cause of misunderstanding both in science and religion.

Some dogma in science is necessary if science is to be correlated, its different phases welded into a system. If nothing more were to be assumed the scientist must make

this fundamental yet pure assumption, that we live in a correlated universe, and that causes however unknown act uniformly. Without this he could not proceed at all yet this assumption is as dogmatic as the theologians assumption of a world of moral relations proceeding from a morally active ground. Every time he passes by analogy of reasoning to new discovery he has perhaps unconsciously set forth some possible hypothesis, he has gone beyond science in the interest of science and the value of his hypothesis must be judged by the results. In the end his theory must submit to the pragmatic test. Furthermore, however useful it may be for the moment in providing a reasonable account of things it must stand not only the test of today's knowledge but of all future discovery before it can be taken as finality, and this can be only with the coming of perfect knowledge. At its best science can be but an approximation to the truth.

There is at the present time great outcry against dogma in religion. The clergyman is rare who dares announce a series of doctrinal sermons. But impatience with ancient dogmas is strangely attended by an unquenchable thirst for new and bizarre dogmas, especially if these be characterized as in anyway scientific. So long as modern spiritualism put itself forth as religion it was a joke. Adopted as a possible field of scientific research the gullible and the uncritical "cry for it." Nevertheless, despite the jumble of dogmas and the discredit which is thereby cast on all dogma, dogma is necessary to true religious thinking. Unless we can assume that our world is one of moral relations—of moral cause and effect—of uniformities of moral sequence—of true adaptations to each other and to the system of things, we can get on neither religiously nor morally. Theology is not the matter of indifference that is popularly supposed. There are certain fundamental pre-suppositions like freedom and moral ac-

countability which are the basis of our whole social structure. Without practical belief in them the whole building would dissolve as the fabric of a dream. Certain fundamental suppositions such as justice and equal rights though highly supposititious and debatable and never more than approximated lie at the root of our political institutions. When those dogmas fade out of the popular faith any political institution is doomed. So long as religion is able to maintain the distinction between goodness and wickedness, the reality of sin and of virtue and a theory of law relating thereto theologically known as judgment; so long as it can by the assumption of God set forward a reasonable system of moral relations between man and his world of associations so long it can build itself positively into the service of humanity. When these and other great fundamentals are gone it becomes as weak as water, for no service it can then render can possess any meaning. With the passing of faith in religious values all political and social institutions, as well as the church, will be at an end. The institutions of Greece were built upon a sublime spiritual consciousness voiced in her art and her great dramas. Rome owed her triumphs to the religious values of Stoicism. The Jewish prophets were the illumination of the dark night of Israel. Just as it is impossible to weave the cloth without warp so civilization must needs depend for its power upon the warp of widely accredited moral ideals. These ideals are necessarily dogmatic. They are to be justified as the best moral working hypothesis for life.

The place of dogma in life scarcely needs discussion. Already it is apparent that man's unconquerable tendency to intellectualize his world will drive him to some hypothesis concerning it. His hypothesis is his effort to understand it, to visualize it and his relations to it. He does not yet understand the full system of relations of which he is

a part, but unless he makes some rational connections concerning it he could scarcely endure for a single day. Even the act of eating is in a sense a venture on faith. His dealings with his fellow-men cannot go on in any considerable and successful scale without the dogma of belief in the general honesty and integrity of his fellow-men. He surely could direct his life to no goal, achieve no ambition far seen along the horizon dim of dreams were it not for his dogmatizing tendencies. Out of his dogmatizations things come to pass that were undreamed by others and are translated into fact. But always it is the play of the double forces like the manifestations of two worlds that lead him on. If he wearies of dreams and dogma and starts to live his life without them he is prone to become dogmatic simply in another direction and usually with a fiercer dogmatism than he had ever known before. He is dogmatically undogmatic. What he really does is to exchange one set of ideals for another. He shows an incurable tendency to faith. If it be not faith in the Faith then it burns with fiercer glow as a faith in Unfaith. He cannot be an unbeliever. And this is well, for skepticism merely cancels itself. It can never form the foundation of science, religion or life.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR¹

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Scholarship has three primary sources. In the first place scholarship may be the fruit of the creative impulses of a genius. There is here and there an individual in whom inventiveness, aesthetic ability, or penetrating analysis seem to run wild. Perhaps the individual possesses a prodigious memory, and an uncanny disregard for conventional thinking, or an unusual versatility in classifying and organizing ideas.

In the class-room such an individual may recite brilliantly without much preparation, ask new and perhaps embarrassing questions of his instructor, or clear up the muddled thinking of his classmates with impatient lucidity. To the life of the world such a person may contribute a Miltonian epic, a Malthusian doctrine of population, a Marconi system, or a theory of fourth dimensions. The born genius of the type that I have described is likely to be scholarly in some one direction, but in other ways to be impracticable, visionary, perhaps impetuous, or even a crank. He may consent to the burning of a Servetus, suffer the spells of insanity of an Auguste Comte, or even fall into the drunkard's grave of a Poe. Nature has been generous to him and he in turn often spends his godlike abilities lavishly wherever his fancy may lead.

In the second place scholarship has its chief source in a stimulating mental environment. An individual may inherit ordinary mental ability, but be blessed with parents

¹Address delivered before the Scholarship Society of the University of Southern California.

who nourish him in an atmosphere of high aspirations. If he be responsive, he concentrates his average ability in specific undertakings. Noting his earnestness and his devotion to duty, his teachers show a special interest in him, and give him the training he needs in order to transform his ordinary mental energies into extraordinary achievements. Circumstances may be kind, freeing him from the daily struggle for bread and butter. In other words, as a result of the aspirations of his parents, the encouragement of his teachers, the kindly ministrations of society, and the mental stimulations of his environments as a whole, an individual with an ordinary mind may attain to the rank of scholar. If he so succeeds, he is likely to be better balanced, less erratic, more democratic and social than the born genius. The environment genius is less brilliant, more methodical, and more dependable than the born genius.

In the third place, scholarship can be traced to the individual's own initiative and determination. A person may inherit normal ability, but he may not have parents who give him special encouragement. He may be hindered by serious economic handicaps, but despite these adverse circumstances, he sets his mind toward an intellectual goal. He pushes on past one mental milestone after another. He passes other persons in the race, talented persons perhaps, who have stopped to indulge in mental loitering. He finally reaches the rank of scholarship. Sometimes, he has to pay too high a price, for example, he may sacrifice his health. All things considered, however, the hard work genius deserves higher praise than the born genius or the environment genius. He has exhibited admirable determination in the face of obstacles which cause most persons to turn back. He truly knows the value of scholarship.

In all three types of scholarship to which I have made

allusion, the underlying trait is concentration of attention, or better still, as Lester F. Ward puts it, focalization of psychic energy. In the case of the born genius, nature has focalized the individual's psychic energies for him along definite channels. In regard to the environment genius circumstances have been largely instrumental in focalizing and directing the individual's energies. With reference to the hard work genius, it may be said that the individual has risen to the high plane where he focalizes his own energies, and, moreover, chooses the direction in which they are focalized.

The task of focalizing psychic energy is becoming increasingly difficult. In our day of speed and jazz and noise, it is almost impossible to focalize one's psychic powers. In this day of parades, fashion shows, movie films, and fleet automobiles, it is more and more difficult to command one's own resources and direct them in line with definite purposes. Telephone wires are increasing in number and reach, newspapers are expanding in size, social organizations with their persistent obligations are multiplying. Life in a metropolitan city is almost a continuous problem of deciding what not to do next and of explaining why. Where are people to get the time and opportunity in which to focalize their mental abilities upon the pressing public questions of the age? The hard work genius, with eyes blind to the attractive extravagances of the hour, and with ears deaf to the mad roar of get-rich-quick whirlwinds, the hard work genius, I repeat, holds in the swing of his mental processes the solution of perplexing national problems and of world confusion.

Wherever true scholarship is found, whether with the hard work genius, the environment genius, or the born genius, it manifests standard attributes. (1) It is democratically human. It is not pedantic. The scholar is not the grind, the bookworm, or teacher's pet. If scholar-

ship was once a sign of the cloister, it can not longer claim such a relatively harmless distinction. Even the American Scholar whom Ralph Waldo Emerson described so well in 1837 has changed materially. The American Scholar of today is throbbing with more life, more interest in daily human affairs, more democracy than the Scholar of 1837.

Scholarship gives no one a right to feel superior to his fellows. Scholarship entitles no one to engage in a mental dress parade. It justifies no one in playing "smart tricks" on his fellows. It betrays its own inner nature if it opens the gates to exploitation. There was an age—perhaps we are still in it—when superior mental ability was used to extract wealth from one's fellows without rendering just returns, or to gather power and honor as means of securing selfish praise. Let us unite to destroy all such undemocratic and anti-human purposes to which scholarship has been put.

Scholarship is altruistic. If it leads to individual success alone, it is a failure. Society has become so bewilderingly complex that a few powerful but independently minded individuals cannot alone maintain it. In 1917, trained railroad leaders in the United States admitted their failure and participated in a uniform governmental control of the railroads in order that men, provisions, and ammunitions might be moved speedily across the continent and over the Atlantic. In 1920, we find almost hopeless freight delays and congestion, and that railroad representatives, according to press dispatches, are asking for unification through Federal control. At any rate, a small number of able but independently minded persons, much less a single leader, such as a Senator Lodge or a President Wilson cannot efficiently manage the social processes of a whole nation.

The solution lies not in establishing all-powerful pater-

nalistic and highly socialistic governments but in socializing the abilities and attitudes of individuals who compose the nation. The highest development of the railroads, for example, will not come through Federal control or ownership, but through developing a generation of railroad leaders who, though private owners, will find their highest satisfactions not in competing for profits but primarily in rendering service to all the people.

The teaching profession, the medical profession, the ministry, the judiciary are illustrative of altruistic scholarship. The profits standards, however, still rule in many phases of life. They even insist that scholarly-minded persons shall hedge in discussing certain phases of current human activity. But what shall it profit a nation if it raise a generation of leaders who are bent on individual success alone when in so doing it is necessary to create an all-powerful paternalistic government in order to keep these same individuals from eating each other up? Why not train a generation of socially-minded persons who will find their greatest joys in living justly, harmoniously, and constructively with one another.

The world of today demands altruistic scholarship, a scholarship which judges individual success by the way which that success helps or hinders national progress, a scholarship which is not content with the attainment of vocational or professional ends but which also demands consistent public service, a scholarship which is prepared to save democracy itself.

The nation and the world are staggering beneath heavy loads. The chief cause is not in radicalism, as such, or in reactionism, *per se*, but in the antecedents of radicalism at its worst and of reactionism at its worst, namely, in a selfish narrow-mindedness. Little, local minds still hold prominent positions of leadership in the ranks of both capital and labor. In times of national crises, such as war,

the profiteer blazenly flaunts his ill-gotten gains and the autocratic labor leader calls ill-advised strikes. In the days of peace, conditions are slow to improve. Despite the best educational system in the world and the most modern universities, must the majority of our people sit supinely by while a few selfish minds, a small minority rule the majority with an era of prices unnecessarily high?

Our minds are smaller than our nation's problems. Our visions have not expanded as fast as our national issues. Small-minded leaders are unable to cope with the gigantic difficulties of the day. There is a *real* need for large-minded men and women, for persons with minds large enough to grasp the significance of current national questions, large enough to encompass these problems, large enough to solve these issues unstintingly and unselfishly. If our colleges and universities do not train men and women for these tasks, where shall we turn?

If the nation, then, to say nothing of the world, is to be saved, the American Scholar of today must focalize an increasing proportion of his mental energies upon public welfare. He must dedicate a considerable degree of his powers to the re-making of the social structure called civilization and of the individual attitudes of which this structure is made. Whether he be a hard work genius, an environment genius, or a born genius, he cannot do better than assist in the task of making over local selfish minds into democratically human, altruistic, and optimistic minds.

Current Thought

MYSTICISM AND ART

There are on many hands evidences of weariness with the usual scientific and materialistic explanation of life. J. M. Thorburn in the *Monist* for October points out the inadequateness of life and art which does not fall back on mysticism. Yet he declares the contrast of art "with science as in some way antagonistic—is like the unreal contrast of genius to the patient and laborious work out of which the swift illumination arises, and which is after all, the only sod that it can spring from." He recalls the measure of truth in the contention of Guyau and Ruskin that "great art could only be produced under the influence of some religious or ethical motive; and that what really mattered was the intensity and sincerity of that motive."

THE RELIGIOUS BREAKDOWN OF THE MINISTRY

This is the title of an article by George A. Coe in the January number of *The Journal of Religion*, which comes in fine new form as Vol. 1, No. 1, being a combination and continuation of the *Biblical World* and the *American Journal of Theology*. Dr. Coe's article will doubtless provoke discussion more or less acrimonious from both sides. To us the source of criticism seems to be not in a non-ethical note so much as a failure to preach the distinctive doctrines which Dr. Coe considers the true ones. Here there is opportunity for a vast difference of opinion. It appears that true doctrine during the war would have been pacifism though Dr. Coe does not so distinctly name it and for the present the true ethical faith is indicated as a radical industrialism. As we do not believe that pacifism represents the gospel of Jesus Christ and as we believe that industrial radicalism needs to be tempered with a sense of even-handed justice we failed to discover the religious break-down of which Dr. Coe complains. We rather felt that a righteous indignation against the unholy acts of Germany was a religious emotion and we admired the moral leadership of the hosts of men in

the pulpit who had the religious insight to declare as many of them did upon the first invasion of Belgium, the moral necessity of doing what we could to prevent the reign of injustice, crime and devastation. This, was at the very moment our secular leaders were advising an immoral mental neutrality. As to the clear note needed at the present hour we believe the most important one is not any arraying of class against class but the simple insistence upon the golden rule and its application to both labor and capital. This will please neither side to the controversy, but disagreement makes it no less opportune.

IS THERE A LAW OF HUMAN PROGRESS?

This is the question put by Victor S. Yarrow in the January number of the *International Journal of Ethics*. In spite of the reactions of war and a wide-spread pessimism he concludes that we are making progress. This progress is not, however, he holds, due to an abstract "law" either of environment or heredity, but rather to the aspirations and ideals of the human spirit itself. He says: "What we call Progress is simply a general and vague term for a variety of healthy, beneficial, constructive tendencies and movements that make for a better society." And all these movements are natural and inevitable. They are not in conflict with human nature. They could not well be and persist. They are not confined to negligible groups. They are thoroughly representative and typical of human nature.

To this consideration of the subject should be added the article by Wesley Raymond Wells in the January *Monist*, entitled, "Natural Checks on Human Progress."

IS THE SOUL INHERITED OR CREATED?

This is one of the questions discussed by Gerald H. Rendall in "Immanence, Stoic and Christian," the leading article in the January *Harvard Theological Review*. The discussion not only discloses the difference between Christian and Stoic conceptions but also points out the indebtedness of the one to the other. His handling of the doctrine of immanence in such manner as to retain a doctrine of freedom is most interesting and illuminating. Mr. Richard Lempp also provides an article of current interest on "Church and Religion in Germany."

GERMANY AND ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR

One should turn from Lempp's article in the *Harvard Review* directly to the leading article in the *Yale Review*, "Germany since the Revolution" by the author of "J'Accuse" if he is to see both sides of the picture. The truth probably lies between the positions of the two opponents. Following this, he should read Dean Inge's remarkable summary of present religious conditions in England entitled "Religion in England after the War" in the same number.

A NEW GLIMPSE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

There has scarcely been a better number of the *Yale Review* for there is still another article sure to create a wide-spread interest, giving as it does an intimate account not to be found elsewhere of Robert Louis Stevenson's days in Samoa by W. E. Clarke.

MYSTICISM AND RELIGION

In days which threaten to remove mysticism from its due place as essential to religion it is wholesome to have the mystical side represented as is well done by Dr. James H. Leuba of Bryn Mawr in the *Journal of Philosophy* (formerly *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Method*) for February 3d. In the same number is another valuable article on Philosophy in France by Dr. Wendell T. Bush.

A TRIBUTE TO DR IVERACH

All friends of theistic philosophy and personalists in general will welcome the account of the life and work of Dr. James Iverach of the United Free Church College of Edinburgh which appears in the *Expository Times* of November. Our readers will recall Dr. Iverach's warm tribute to Bowne which appeared in the initial number of *THE PERSONALIST*.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF PERSONALISM

Many personalists have asked the question, Why is personalism unpopular? Knowing the very great position held by Bowne in the mental lives of his students, his wide influence at the present hour through his training a host of present day religious leaders and the wide-spread recognition he received among scholars abroad, they have often wondered at the relative neglect accorded him among philosophers at home. The article by Dr. Brightman in the January number of the *Methodist Review* sheds a flood of light upon the question.

Notes and Discussions

THE EASTER VESPERS AT ST. NICHOLAS

St. Nicholas stood old and gray in the lowering afternoon of a French Easter. The byzantine figures of its portico had weathered the storms of more than seven hundred years. Its ancient tower watched the Templars riding forth to guard the pilgrim roads to Palestine for their one chapel still stands dishonored and neglected not far away. Within,—the service had begun but there was a vacant chair near the door, one of the kind used either for sitting or kneeling. As the congregation was at prayer the overseas man slipped into the vacant place, next which knelt a woman in mourning and beside her a little boy. As the service progressed the stranger felt a childish hand pass adoringly along the Sam Browne belt, and a moment later the tiny form had found the protection of his arm.

I know not what was in the heart of the boy, who clasped with joy the new franc piece the overseas man had intended for the offering, but the heart of the man was miles away and his thoughts were of his own. The mass went on its sing-song course, but neither the flaming candles of the altar nor the voice of the priest nor the responses of the choir, could divert attention from the deeper communings of the spirit that had come to the man out of this little flash of comradeship and confidence, the confidence of a little child. It was as if this fellowship stood for all fellowship. It mingled with the thought of devoted friends and family so far away and with the consciousness of Him "for whom all the families in heaven and earth are named."

Is it not always so? Are not our moments of deepest comradeship also our moments of deepest intuition? Is it not hard to find God alone? Surely the best there is in us comes to bloom out of these human fellowships. If we are to be at home with God at the end of the trail will it not be because we have brought some other soul with us along the way of spiritual adventure. To save one's own soul and that alone must be thought well-nigh impossible for that would be to come with empty hands.

The service reached its climax and ceased. The people, radiant with absolution streamed forth, and with them the man. The benediction which lingered in his heart was not of the black-frocked priest but of the child. The vespers had not been in vain. "A little child shall lead them."

"THOSE TERRIBLE (FREUDIAN) FEARS"

A valued subscriber writes:

"I have just read your criticism of psychoanalysts. You have achieved a fine *logical* appreciation of your case against them. It is to be regretted that you do [not?] have an equally good *psychologic* understanding of what they are driving at. But of course those fears, those terrible fears which everywhere in the article (especially pp. 31-33) you manifest would not permit. It is inevitable that such fears should preclude a sympathetic understanding of the aims, theory or practice of psychoanalysts.

"I am sending you some reprints which cannot help you overcome your fears, but may show you something of the workings of a mind which is a little less influenced by fear than your own.

"With my subscription and greetings I send you good wishes for the new year and remain,

"Most cordially,

"_____."

We differ with our genial friend in this that if we have fears we are not conscious of them. We stand on our own feet, have no obsessions save the ones natural to philosophers, eat three meals a day, and so long as we can face the world squarely, paying our debts, and doing our Christian duty by our fellows, shall continue to have no fear of man, king, potentate, ecclesiastical authority, or devil. We do aim to fear God who is the only party to whom fear is due, and this not from any dread of what He may do to us, but from a dread of sin itself and its unmaning and dwarfing results for time and eternity. We expect to keep reasonably clear of fears as long as with this program in mind we keep out of the hands of the psychoanalysts. We would be less than human if we were not beset by certain ugly temptations, entrance into which would undo us, but so long as we repel them they have no power over us. We know of no assistance to this perpetual conquest of

the lowest that can in any degree compare with prayer, not to a psychoanalyst but to God himself. We believe in making our confession where there is help and not to one as weak as ourselves who might if ill-disposed make the confession the opportunity for blackmail.

The editor of Blackwood's writes in the January number, reviewing Mordell's recent book "The Erotic Motive in Literature": "Lombroso believed that all literary men were mad; Herr Freud seems to believe them incestuous. Herr Freud does not use the same jargon as Lombroso, and his conclusion is not quite the same. But gossip, of doubtful accuracy, is the foundation of both methods, and for folly there isn't a pin to choose between them. . . . "Incest motive"! that is the pith of the whole matter. Herr Freud and his scholars are obsessed by perversity. They detect vice, unconscious if you will, in all the decent relations of life. To Mr. Mordell, for instance, Cowper's poem, "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture," is "the best example of the Oedipus Complex to be found in English literature." Thus, to serve no decent purpose, the pupils of Herr Freud crawl like slugs, leaving a filthy trail behind them, over whatever is noble and comely in poetry and prose," and, we would add, in life also.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The first gathering of the professional philosophers in Southern California took place during the Christmas holidays at Claremont. Representatives from Pomona College, Occidental College and the University of Southern California were present. Three papers were read and discussed: "Personal and Impersonal Groups," by Professor Wieman of Occidental, Dewey's "Reconstruction in Philosophy," a review, by Professor Williams of Pomona, and "The Pseudo-science in Psycho-analysis," by Professor Flewelling of the University of Southern California.

A short business meeting served to provide a tentative organization of the Philosophical Association of Southern California. A permanent organization will be established at the next meeting, to take place in June at the University of Southern California.

Those present at this initial meeting were: Professors Ewer, Williams, Nichol and Dennison of Pomona, Wieman of Occidental, Long, Dixon, Todd and Flewelling of the University of Southern California. . . .

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN, *Secretary*.

Along the Bookshelf

THE ORIENT IN BIBLE TIMES, by ELIHU GRANT, Professor of Biblical Literature in Haverford College. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1920. Pp. VIII and 332.

There has long been need for an account of the general historical and political conditions in the Orient of Bible times. This need is met in a surprisingly concise and readable way by Dr. Grant. Heretofore the information has not to our knowledge been available except by the circuitous path of many references and syntheses. This setting of the matter not only collates the material giving valuable bibliographies as it goes along, but sets it out so clearly that the book will be of value to all classes of readers. We welcome the volume as putting into the hand of the average Bible student the collateral information necessary to the deeper understanding of the Bible itself. To the beginner it offers a fascinating text book on the subject, while to the scholar it provides a convenient guide and handbook. We recommend it as worthy of purchase by all Bible students. The binding, typography, and illustrations are of a very high order.

BERGSON AND PERSONAL REALISM. By RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Southern California. The Abingdon Press, New York, 1920. Pp. 304.

Professor Bowne once remarked that he had often thought of writing a history of philosophy, but that if he did so his aim would be primarily critical and constructive rather than historical. He would make the systems of the past the occasion for the exposition of his own fundamental ideas. Somewhat the same purpose seems to have been in Dr. Flewelling's mind as he wrote the book above mentioned. This book is not a systematic exposition of Bergson's philosophy as a whole, but rather a critique of some of its fundamental ideas from the personalistic standpoint. The main thesis of the book is that Bergson's philosophy of change is inadequate and inconsistent, in so far as it falls short of a true personalism.

That Bergson is headed in a theistic direction is evident, but there is much of the impersonalistic that still clings both to his phraseology and his concepts. And to point this out and show how the most fruitful and original ideas in his philosophy find their logical and natural completion in personal idealism or "personal realism," as the author terms it, and in it alone, is the chief purpose of the volume.

This is a new approach to Bergson and gives to Dr. Flewelling's book a distinctive character. Other books on Bergson, such as those by Miller and by Ruhe and Paul, have dealt with his religious ideas, but none of them have discussed in the same critical and constructive way the relation of his philosophy to the personalistic type of thought. Dr. Flewelling shows that such characteristic Bergsonian concepts as "duration" and "pure memory" either imply or are practically synonymous with "personality." He also makes it clear that the "elan vital" can fulfill the function attributed to it by Bergson only as it is raised to the personal plane. The discussion of Bergson thus leads up to the exposition of "personal realism," which forms the latter part of the volume. Here the author develops the idea that the fundamental categories of thought can be understood only in the light of personal experience. It is personality that explains the categories rather than the categories that explain personality. In the last chapter an interesting distinction is made between "individualism" and "personalism." Individualism is selfish. It expresses itself in the "doctrine of Superman developed at the expense of the many and without moral regard," and so is antithetical to "personalism which contends for the inalienable cultural rights of all men."

The book is written in the lucid and chaste style characteristic of the author, and is a welcome addition alike to Bergsonian literature and to the literature of personalism. At times the criticisms passed upon Bergson seem a little severe, and the author confesses that they may appear to some as "hypercritical." One also misses to some extent those positive expressions of sympathy with the idealistic drift of Bergson's thought that might have been expected from a personalist. But this is probably due to the definite purpose which the author set himself. His task was to apply the plummet line of personal idealism to the Bergsonian philosophy, and to judge it by that standard. It is in the light of this avowed purpose that we are to understand such a judgment as that with

which he closes his discussion of "the philosophy of change." "Any philosophy," he says, "which is unclear in its definition of personality and its relation to fundamental being is unclear in all. It furnishes an illustration in philosophy of an analogous truth oft quoted in another realm, that he who is guilty of the breach of one commandment is guilty of all." If this were taken as a final estimate of Bergson's philosophy it would seem unduly severe, but as a criticism from the strictly personalistic point of view it loses much of its sting, and may be regarded as justified. The author feels that there are in Bergson's teaching "elements of danger which are easily overlooked by reason of the winning charm and contagious enthusiasm of the philosopher." To point these out he consequently regards as his special task. And this purpose he has carried out in an eminently successful way. At the same time he has given us a compact and interesting introduction to, and exposition of, his own philosophical position.

ALBERT C. KNUDSON.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL ETHICS. By JOHN M. MECKLIN, Professor of Philosophy, University of Pittsburgh. Harcourt, Brace and Howe, New York, 1920. Pp. IX—446.

The last twenty years has seen the rapid growth of a new field of thought known as social ethics. The discourses on the subject of ethics preceding the beginning of the present century were distinctly individualistic. They accented not only the conduct of the individual, but they treated the individual as a psychological entity, more or less apart from his group life. They tended to overlook the highly significant fact that the social environment into which an infant is born is an inheritance from the past through the medium of an organic and continuous social process, and that the nature of this social process cannot be inferred from either individual psychology or from the study of heredity, but chiefly from sociology. This enveloping social environment, as Professor C. H. Cooley would say, is a powerful factor in stimulating and directing the growth of the individual's distinctive "but quite rudimentary capacities and tendencies."

Social ethics has been defined in various ways. There is as yet no common agreement regarding the exact field that social ethics covers. Professor Mecklin has made an important contribution to

the definitive phases of the subject by making the nature and functions of the social conscience the central core of the social ethics. He then proceeds to make an exhibit of the effects of a vigorous social conscience when it attempts to make over current social phenomena, such as the home, school, church, private property, the machine process, business enterprise, urban life, even democracy. Social ethics, according to our author, is the social conscience at work in a democracy.

The social conscience is "that body of comprehensive ethical norms that are integral parts of the moral sentiments of the members of the group" (p. 119). This set of ethical standards function almost automatically in the settlement of ethical issues; they insure the continuity and the integrity of the life of the group. The social conscience resides in individuals but functions socially. Two things are essential to the operation of a vigorous social conscience, namely: (1) a high degree of enlightenment of the members of a group; and (2) a dynamic group situation (p. 123).

The need for a vigorous social conscience today is evidenced by the fact that people are moving about with all "the wasteful, headlong stupidity of a herd of stampeded cattle." Professor Mecklin is right in doubting whether society has reached the stage where as an entity it is either entirely rational or moral. The need is urgent for the members of the human race to become sovereign moral creators, creating a social conscience that is at once enlightened, dynamic, and vigorously at work.

The function of social institutions, such as the home, the school, the state, is to furnish settled modes of behavior and relatively fixed forms of valuation, for the purpose of disciplining individuals (p. 203). The rise of serious moral and social problems takes place when conflicts occur between the social conscience, institutions, and individual selves (p. 211). There is ever a need that the traditional group morality be raised to the level at the given time of the morality of the emancipated individual selves.

Professor Mecklin is essentially correct in declaring that Americanism is suffering from too many class consciences and from the underdevelopment of a fundamental, nation-inclusive social conscience. For example, the labor-group conscience is opposed in many ways to the business-group conscience, but as yet there is no general social conscience that is vigorous enough to deal effectively with both the labor-group and business-group consciences.

As an institution the family is in grave danger, because we are stripping it of its religious sanctions and permitting the machine process to disintegrate its ancient bonds, without making compensations for these losses (p. 227). A careless attitude is being assumed toward the church despite its rôle as a conservator of values, its ministry of comfort, and its moral and spiritual inspiration (p. 271). The school is being socialized, but without considering that socialization may or may not involve moral excellence (p. 284). Private property as an institution is useful but can survive only if it is adapted in all its ramifications intelligently to the needs of the community. The machine process is irreligious, producing irreligious beings. Scientific management fails if it secures only the increased efficiency of the worker without arousing the increased interest of the laborer in his work. Profitism is a causal factor in radicalism. Industrial democracy will not be achieved until both labor and capital have attained a common social point of view. "The most dangerous moral anarchist of all is the unenlightened, powerful and stubborn reactionary" (p. 370).

In this virile contribution to social philosophy, Professor Mecklin is thought-provoking, and in the main, sound in his sociological principles. While cherishing the best social values of the past, he takes a position on the frontier of the present, seeking new social values, and new ways for attaining old values. While at times he is formal in his reasoning, he never strays far from experience. The concept of socialization is hardly accurate, for he rates it in terms of social efficiency. Socialization is a spiritual process involving the development of personalities who feel, think, and act together in enlightened ways and in the spirit of good will.

EMORY S. BOGARDUS.

MORALE, *The Supreme Standard of Life and Conduct*. By G. STANLEY HALL, LL.D., President of Clark University. Daniel Appleton and Co., New York. Pp. IX & 377.

LEADERSHIP, *A study and discussion of the qualities most to be desired in an officer, etc.* By ARTHUR HARRISON MILLER, Major, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. Army. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1920. Pp. XIII & 174.

MAN AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By WILLIAM A. MCKEEVER, LL.D., University of Kansas. George H. Doran Co., New York, 1919. Pp. X & 250.

The subtitle of President Hall's book, the supreme standard of

life and conduct, is very significant. It is a big claim to make for morale. One doubts that the book will ever hold the high place that Dr. Hall has hopes for, because in it there is no foundation laid for a new ethics nor for any new principles in sociology. What is still more important, the book is a disappointment when it is seen that for Dr. Hall the great stress is on the physical, the purely materialistic in life. The organization of material is a little loose and scattering and the writing is either too hastily done or else not carefully revised in some places.

He holds that the war itself revealed the bankruptcy (as he puts it) of the old criteria and that our human standards and values must now be subjected to a redefinition. He uses "Morale" with psycho-physic connotation in its individual, industrial, and social applications. He says in his preface and first chapter that our ideals of conscience, honor, and morals generally have not accomplished all we have hoped for, and so why not try the standard of morale as more fitting for the conditions of modern life.

Dr. Hall asks is there any chief end of man, any goal or destiny supreme above all others and then answers that the war revealed in its true perspective and its real scope this goal—to keep ourselves, body and soul, and our environment, physical, social, industrial, etc., always at the very tip-top of condition. This super-hygiene is best designated as Morale. In another place he says Morale is best defined as the cult of condition. "Psycho-physic condition is the most important factor in any and every kind of success. Men slump morally, financially, in their creeds, and even into ill-health because they lose condition. In this way this has always been recognized, for the oldest and most universal form of greeting is 'How are you feeling?' and 'I hope you are well'—are the tides of life running high or low today—as if this was a thing of prime concern. When we awake after a sound and refreshing sleep with every organ in tune and at concert pitch, and thank whatever gods we believe in that we are alive, well, young, strong, buoyant, and exuberant, with animal spirits at the top-notch; when we are full of joy that the world is so beautiful, that we can love our dear ones, and can throw ourselves into our work with zest and abandon because we like it; when our problems seem not insoluble and the obstacles in our path not insuperable; when we feel that our enemies are either beaten or placated; in a word, when we face reality gladly and with a stout heart even if it is grim and

painful, and never doubt that it is good at the core and all evil is subordinate to good, that even if we are defeated and overwhelmed in a good cause all is not lost; when we feel that we live for something that we would die for if need be—this is Morale. Morale is thus health."

He seems not to see that there is a side of morale which cannot be dealt with in the mechanical and disciplinary methods which he says can be used to train it. One can very successfully cultivate the physical expression of morale, that is, providing the training is not done in too obvious a way, but it is a very different matter when it comes to training the spiritual side of morale. Never can we apply the machinery of propaganda to the spiritual morale as Dr. Hall would have us do, for to do so would crush it utterly.

Throughout the entire book Dr. Hall's plans simple revert to this—he seems to think of us all as so much raw material devoid of feeling and reactions unless experts put them in us, devoid of any high aspirations, initiative, capability of progress, etc., unless certain agents of morale appointed by certain wise people—psychologists, I guess, since they seem to be the only people who already have desirable qualities in sufficient quantity.

Dr. Hall makes the same mistake in his plans for morale that the German nation made during this past war when she supposed that the soul, or however else we designate the seat of morale, could be controlled by scientific management.

NELLIE E. VAWTER.

Major Miller's discussion of morale in his work entitled *Leadership* is entirely from the practical standpoint of experience, but so well has he analyzed the elements which comprise it that his book will be invaluable to men who in anyway aspire to leadership of other men. It is significant that while not neglecting the physical side of morale he gives due emphasis to the moral qualities of faith, courage, truthfulness, and honor.

Dr. McKeever's *Man and the New Democracy* makes an important contribution to the same general subject. After considering the question from the standpoint of society at large in which he discusses creative democracy, work as a means of salvation, religion as a part of democracy, and a changed conception of loyalty he turns to the individual. He says: "And just as it was urged in the earlier part of this volume that a true democracy can only be

grown, and that is to be accomplished through the righteous development of the young, so with the spiritual democracy from this time forward to be proposed; it must be grown in the hearts of our adult generation, and that as a part or an aspect of our ordinary daily routine of duties. We must be born again. The times demand it. Our desire to harmonize with the new world democracy makes it imperative that we reorganize both our conscious and subconscious types of thought."

Thus he concludes most fundamentally and hopefully that the reorganization of the world for the new democracy must come from within. It depends on moral and spiritual self-mastery by the individual. We believe that this standpoint cannot be successfully controverted. Dr. McKeever has done a service to society to set forth thus clearly the elemental principles of true democracy.

THE LEBANON IN TURMOIL. By J. F. SCHELTEMA, M.A., Ph.D. Pp. 203. Yale Oriental Series, Researches Vol VII, Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

EDUCATION IN ANCIENT ISRAEL to 70 A. D. By FLETCHER HARPER SWIFT, Professor of Education, University of Minnesota. Pp. XII & 134. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE APOCALYPSE OF JOHN. By ISBON T. BECKWITH, Ph.D., D.D., formerly Professor of the Interpretation of the New Testament in the General Theological Seminary, New York, and of Greek in Trinity College, Hartford. Pp. XV & 794.

* * *

To the student of the Near East question this research volume of the Yale Oriental Series offers invaluable information. While it details the contemporary account of the massacres of 1860 and the European diplomacy that attended them it throws a flood of light upon the present situation in Palestine and Armenia. It is "A contribution of great subsidiary importance directly to the history of the Lebanon and the whole of Syria, indirectly to the history of the Christian Churches in the Semitic Orient, not only by reason of what it explicitly states and the thus far unknown details it furnishes, but also on account of what it implies to whoever knows how to read between the lines."

The value of the book is doubled by the inclusion of an intro-

duction and conclusion written by Dr. Scheltema. Concerning the repetition of history in the present situation, he writes: "The jealousies which prevented until now its general breakdown, its complete spoliation favorable or prejudicial to this Power or that, are again in full swing at this very moment. Trying to steal marches upon one another in the application for their own profit of the ideal of the "parallel co-existence" of the Christian communities subject to the Porte in Asia, as formulated by Gortshakoff in his famous memorandum of 1867, we see the comrades in arms of yesterday falling out over the spoils. Indeed, new alliances for common action against a common enemy can abate and divert but never automatically eradicate old rivalries. Suspicious envy, picking out its accustomed pattern of contention on the official display of fraternal affection, indicates clearly that we are still confronted with the *damnosa hereditas* of European diplomacy at its worst, defined by Mr. John (now Lord) Morley as 'that shifting, intractable and interwoven tangle of conflicting interests, rival peoples and antagonistic faiths that is veiled under the name of the Eastern Question.' "

One should scarcely speak on the Eastern question without knowledge of the facts given in this book.

* * *

In Professor Swift's *Education in Ancient Israel*, one finds in the convenient limits of a single volume a continuous and complete account of Jewish Education. He begins by asking "What are the fundamental characteristics of Hebrew religion and morals, what part did education play in the development of the religious and moral consciousness of that race whose conceptions were destined to dominate the spiritual life of a thousand alien peoples and whose literary monuments have for centuries served as primer and final text for Christendom? What were the institutions, who were the teachers, what were the methods through which this national consciousness and its heritage of doctrines and ideals were stimulated, fostered, preserved and transmitted?" These questions he answers in a discriminating way, adding at the end a very complete bibliography of the subject. All in all it will prove a valuable book for the student of Jewish life and religion.

* * *

If Dr. Beckwith's book were to have the wide reading that it deserves there would be less of ignorant and hearsay interpretation of the Book of Revelation. As in other portions of the scripture bizarre and unusual interpretations are most often the results of a profound ignoring if not ignorance of the historical and theological settings and aims of the scripture in question. This is more notably so with the Apocalypse of John inasmuch as without these facts it is practically uninterpretable. The author writes: "Its meaning must be sought for in the light thrown upon it by the condition and circumstances of its readers, by the author's inspired purpose, and by those current beliefs and traditions that not only influenced the fashion which his visions themselves took, but also and especially determined the form of this literary composition in which he has given a record of his visions. . . . Like the other books of the New Testament, the Revelation, while containing truth for all time, was immediately occasioned by a concrete, practical purpose for the Church in the age in which it was written. The primary purpose of the Apocalypse was to help the Church to meet the conflict then and afterwards."

"The contents of a prophetic message are determined by the circumstances, the needs, and the dominant religious conceptions of the age to which it is addressed; for the message is always designed to accomplish God's work in a particular historical situation. It is true that underlying all prophecies are certain truths regarding the character of God and his will which are in themselves independent of historical circumstances. But these are always apprehended by the prophet through the media of the conditions of his own time. Such limitations are not only a necessary result of the limitations of all human agencies employed by God; they are also essential for the very purpose of the prophet's mission, which is to arouse God's people to their religious duty in the special emergency arising, and to assure them of God's good purpose for his kingdom of the future. . . . In the New Testament also the same law holds as elsewhere regarding the contents of prophecy—the topic to which a prophetic utterance relates is determined by existing conditions and beliefs. Now the gaze of the apostolic Church was turned intently to the future and the Lord's return, its outlook was eagerly eschatological. Therefore its fortunes, its struggles, fears, and hopes were viewed from the standpoint of its eschatological expectations. The elements of its eschatology were

however in many instances suggested by Jewish apocalyptic ideas belonging to the times in the midst of which Christian expectations took form. Thus it comes about that there appear in Christian prophecy factors which, however much modified, are a product of Jewish eschatology. . . . It is important to observe, that these factors constitute not a form or symbol but the actual contents of the respective prophecies. They are the historical element, that which is furnished by contemporary thought and experience. And as such they are to be distinguished from the great spiritual truths of God's eternal purposes in the world, his mighty control of the movements of human society, to work out his gracious will for the sons of men. These latter are the elements of permanent meaning in the prophecy. The former, as springing out of the accidents of contemporaneous history, as the media through which our prophet seizes his divine revelation, may safely be regarded as circumstantial and transitory. . . . The central significance of prophecy is found not in the prediction of coming events of history, but in revealing the truth of God." In this treatise we have a careful scholarly and exhaustive consideration of the subject. No leading historical method of interpretation is overlooked. There is discussion from every standpoint that has any reasonable claim to credence. There is no pressing forward of any preassumed theory. The chapters on the eschatological hope and the general characteristics of apocalyptic literature are of unusual value. This full and fair discussion is followed by a valuable commentary on the text itself. As knowledge is the best corrective of the multitudinous unwarranted millennial theories that are just now misleading so many this book ought to have an instant and widespread sale.

A STUDY OF POETRY. By BLISS PERRY. Houghton-Mifflin Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

This discussion of poetry, covering nearly four hundred pages, is thoroughgoing and judicious. While showing appreciation for some of the brilliant work of the new free verse school, Professor Perry regards the movement as essentially a passing fad. "Much of the New Verse is Euphuistic," he tells us, "not merely in its self-conscious cleverness, its delightful toying with words and phrases for their own sake, its search of novel cadences and curves, but also in its naive pleasure in rediscovering and parodying what the ancients had discovered long ago." He regrets the tendency to

over-subjectivity and morbid sensibility, the display of singularity and silly nudity in contemporary verse. "If the revelation of personality unites men, the stress upon mere individuality separates them, and there are countless poets of the day who glory in their eccentric individualism without remembering that it is only through a richly developed personality that poetry gains any universal values." The book is arranged in a way to make it available for systematic teaching in the classroom.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

Books Received

Space and Time, by Moritz Schlick, Professor of Philosophy at Rostock University: translated by Henry L. Brose. Pp. X and 87. Oxford Univ. Press, N. Y.

Kostas Palamas, *Life Immovable*, translated by Aristides E. Phontrides. Pp. IX and 237. Harvard Univ. Press, Cambridge, Mass.

An Introductory Logic, by James Edwin Creighton, Sage Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Cornell University. XVI and 520. MacMillan Co., N. Y.

The Inner Witness of the Fourth Gospel, by Rev. Lawrence Keister, A.M., S.T.B. Pp. 379. The Otterbein Press, Dayton, Ohio.

The Ground and Goal of Human Life, by Charles Gray Shaw, Ph.D., Professor of Ethics New York University. XII and 593. New York University Press, N. Y.

Fugitive Essays, by Josiah Royce. Pp. 429. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

The more important of these books will be reviewed in future numbers of **THE PERSONALIST**.

Activism, by Henry Lane Eno, Research Associate in Psychology, Princeton University. Pp. 208. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J.

The Acquisitive Society, by R. H. Tawney, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Pp. 188. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, N. Y.

The Principles of Natural Knowledge, by A. N. Whitehead. Sc.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Applied Mathematics in the Imperial College of Science and Technology. Pp. XII and 200. Cambridge University Press, N. Y.

Relativity, by Professor Albert Einstein, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin; translated by Professor Robert W. Lawson, M.Sc. Pp. XIII and 168. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

Proposed Roads to Freedom, by Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. XVIII and 218. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

Mind Energy, by Henri Bergson, Member of the French Academy, Professor in The College De France; translated by H. Wildon Carr. Pp. X and 262. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

Moral Values, by Walter Goodnow Everett, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Brown University. Pp. XIII and 439. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

L'Etat de Guerre and Projet de Paix Perpetuelle, by Jean Jacques Rousseau, with introduction and notes by Shirley G. Patterson. Pp. liv and 90. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

The New Light on Immortality, by John Herman Randall. Pp. VII and 174. MacMillan Co., N. Y.

Up-to-Date Books

The New Orthodoxy

By Edward Scribner Ames. \$1.25, postpaid \$1.35. The author makes a plea for humanized faith. Those who are dissatisfied with the scholastic faith of protestantism will find *The New Orthodoxy* a most welcome statement of the new point of view in religion.

The Problem of Democracy

Edited by Scott W. Bedford. Paper; \$1.50, postpaid \$1.65. This volume includes papers on the following subjects: *A Working Democracy*, *Democracy and Our Political System*, *Organized Labor and Democracy*, *Democracy and Community Organization*, *Religion and Democracy*, *Bolshevism and Democracy*, and *Democracy and Socialism*.

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Our Contributors' Page

Our readers are already pleasantly acquainted with JOSEPHINE HAMMOND, late Professor of English at Reed College, through her article on Amy Lowell in the October number of *THE PERSONALIST*, as well as for her contributions to other Reviews, her pageants and plays. The October article called forth wide comment and we feel that the present essay is even better. It will be followed by another on Lord Dunsany.



DR. BRIGHTMAN is the successor of Dr. Bowne in the chair of philosophy at Boston University and is already widely known for his work. He has previously contributed to *THE PERSONALIST* and has been from its inception one of its most enthusiastic supporters.



MR. J. E. TURNER of Mossley Hill, Liverpool, England, is also an old acquaintance of our readers. We feel ourselves especially fortunate in securing his reactions to the Gifford Lectures on Personality for this number.



All readers of DR. YOUTZ' previous article in the April number on *A Missing World* have been waiting with interest for the final installment. It is a source of regret that the capacity of our magazine is still so inconveniently small as to compel the division of long articles.

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Manuscripts and communications should be addressed to THE PERSONALIST, University of Southern California, University Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Los Angeles. Stamps for the return of manuscripts should be enclosed.

To the Gentle Personalist

WE MUST beg the forbearance of our readers in not presenting with this number the promised articles on The Ring and the Book and The Word of Words. They will come along next time however and we will try not to repeat the mistake of promising more than our limit of space will allow.

I BELIEVE in personality as the power of self-consciousness and self-direction.

I believe in personality as the World-ground, the ever-creative source of all things, immanent yet transcendent.

I believe in personality as the fundamental reality of life, man's highest possession, the source of all creativity, the perfect realization of which is his supreme goal.

I believe that human personality is fully realized only as it comprehends and gives itself to the will of the Infinite Personality, or God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

We desire more responses on the personalist's *Credo*. We did not intend our own statement to be final. Will you not help us? For the best *Credo* we will send free a year's subscription.

The Personalist

VOLUME II

JULY, 1921

NUMBER 3

I.

PLAYWRIGHTS OF FANTASY: JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

LATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, REED COLLEGE

Sometimes, in this or that playhouse, set in the glare of Piccadilly or Broadway, the blinding incandescence fades, goes out,—and into the dusk pale glowlights drift, with scent of bracken, sweet brier, and the ‘airs that have nodded over banks of violets.’ And with the woodland scents and fireflies troop in the impish Little Folk, agrin at us—august Olympians. Agrin, they prick and poke and jeer and jibe until our coats are wrongside out, our starches limp, our modes awry, our camphorated sensibilities jiggling to the mockery of Puck. But when the raillery would mount to scorn, to lash and flay, a baby crows, the elves scamper to deliver their neglected dew-drops, and we are left with a shy, grave Scot, hunched before a fire—a mild fire—of coals. Faced with worn and homely things, unaccountably—we weep.

The silent Scotchman smokes, and we—admonish our tears. Only the bored Futurists, as might be expected,

slip from the dear and silly theatre back to their primeval caves. We simpler folk try to recapture our flourishes, our poses, but the root of the matter is in the Charmer, and the cleansing tears come. If his pipe is drawing well, he may send a twinkling smile out to us whom he so bedevils, and he may—for he knows the tatters of our self-importance need pinning—he may spin an epilog:

After all, there's much that's sound and tender in the stiffest man, and—havers—there's much that's unco canny and enchanting in a woman's guile! But mark you now [his pipe is active] of all precious things the most cherishable are the dreams and desires of children, and of their mothers, and of those grown-up children, the artists—the artists that have suffered defeat. Of nice children, I mean, and of the nicest mothers, to say nothing of the lovely women who should be mothers but aren't. Freud is the fashion, I know, but I go on thinking there's religion as well as scavengery in dreams. Man has a reach as well as a past: at least it's natural for a Scot to stretch. [He goes back to his pipe.] What are we all but children, crying for ice-cream cones of gold. . . . [The coals go out.]

On such a night, one critic rhapsodizes in dithyrambs, and one, submerging his sorrow in green chartreuse, writes only this: *More Gold Gained By Cornering Cobwebs!* But mortal mortals go out into the night illuminated with the discovery that back views are as significant as front elevations, and that laughter is divine. When these things happen the chances are—a Barrie play is making its bow to a jaded world.

For twenty years Sir James Matthew Barrie has been popular in the English and American theatres. Critics have lauded and dispraised him in almost equal measure. *The Manchester Guardian*, writing coldly anent his latest play, *MARY ROSE*, complains: "Sir James continues to make fairyland safe for suburbia, but he does not contribute seriously to dramatic literature." On the other

hand, Professor Phelps, torridly enflamed, out-Pucks Puck and puts a girdle round the earth in *less* than forty minutes! In a recent North American Review he swings full-circle: "J. M. Barrie is the foremost English-writing dramatist of our time, and his plays taken together make the most important contributions to the English drama since Sheridan. He unites the chief qualities of his contemporaries, and yet the last word to describe his work would be the word eclectic. For he is the most original of them all. He has the intellectual grasp of Galsworthy, the moral earnestness of Jones, the ironical mirth of Synge, the unearthly fantasy of Dunsany, the consistent logic of Ervine, the wit of Shaw, the technical excellence of Pinero." It only remains for some diligent classifier to add—the *insouciance of George Cohan* and the *imperturbability of Billy Sunday*—but this way lies floriculture, not criticism. It may be taken for granted that Sir James is usually employing the infinite pains of genius to be himself—not any made-up daisy, not even Daisy Ashford. The borrowed Voice of Cassius, the Cobwebs, the Puck, the Rosalind and the Nodding Violets, to say nothing of the old French Cinderella and the Italian Harlequin, have, in Barrie's hands, Apocryphal twists, inimitably of Barrie's shaping.

Barrie's gifts are so considerable, his artistry often so potent, that we gain little by wrapping him in Joseph's coat. His plays, frequently well-devised and well-executed in terms of the theatre, have little of the inwrought tightness and precise calculation characteristic of Pinero's work. His themes, his characters, seem always more important to Barrie than his plots: to mate with the solid *Crichton* we have the thin *Alice-Sit-By The-Fire*; for the bulk of *What Every Woman Knows* there is the attenuation of *Quality Street*; for the unity of *Dear Brutus* we have the discursiveness of *Peter Pan*, the frailness of *A*

Kiss For Cinderella. His wisdom, on the other hand, transcends Galsworthy's, for he is more often humanist than moralist. Earnest he is, tragically earnest, but he is rarely obvious and platitudinous in the manner of Jones. And surely it is idle to cap him with the wit of Shaw—he has none of it, but rather a deep-founded yet luminous humour, which pervades his work. Since this is his most abundant gift—the one that makes him kin to those whom Meredith has defined, “The Humourists of a high order have an embrace of contrasts beyond the scope of the Comic poet. . . . their strokes are world-wide, with lights of Tragedy in their laughter”—and because it is the gift that sets him stages above Shaw in some of his interpretations, it would be ungracious not to point comparison. Great tenderness tempers his ironies, so, although his ability to see and to present the ironical incongruities is a very great ability, it has little of the bite of sardonic bitterness characteristic of Synge's revealments: it is this excess of tenderness that leads Barrie into the shallows of sentimentality, shallows that never saw Synge's reflection. Despite lapses into this excess, Truth is admittedly Barrie's mistress, and he usually succeeds in achieving the logic of his matter; he pursues this logic, however, in highly fantastic and illogical ways, with methods quite opposed to Ervine's direct developments. Again, although he uses Fancy's shape, it is indiscriminating to say he has the “unearthly fantasy of Dunsany.” He never, like Dunsany, builds the Other world for its own sake. Fantasy, in Dunsany's hands, swings us to the stars to face unchanging abstractions: *Man is lowly, the Gods are mighty.* But Fantasy, as conceived by Barrie, brings us always home to firesides, where men and women, however lowly, vain, simple, weak, ridiculous, are important.

It is because Barrie, beneath the cloud-capped towers of his dreams, has this profound interest in human char-

acter, and divination, too of the costly struggle of human living, and because many of his plays have implications of latent pain and blank misgivings, that he may, with appositeness, be called a playwright of tragedy as well as one of fantasy. Many of his themes are pregnant with the sorrows of our race: the infinite yearning of the childless; the bitter woe of those who lose their children, in life or death; the anguish of those who would never grow old and who yet would know all human joy—impossible union of opposed desires; the terror of those who, having once made the Public laugh, are swept away to the dust-heap of forgetfulness; the deeper unhappiness of personal mastery struggling to subdue itself to the exactions of circumstance; the pitifulness of those who can never learn—"The fault, dear Brutus, is in ourselves, that we are underlings": these are the tragic themes that come to us masked as comedies. Three times, only, has Barrie been starkly serious in the medium of his plays: once in *THE WILL*, an unimportant, poorly built sketch; once in *OLD FRIENDS*, an unpleasant, inconclusive portrayal of hereditary tendencies in an alcoholic family; and once in *HALF AN HOUR*, a masterpiece of sustained suspense and vivid characterization. Incisive, poignant, this brief play gives earnest of success, should Barrie ever choose to project a tragic theme of larger dimensions in tragic terms. Perhaps no public could be found for such an effort: we quail before the heroic, and shun the contemplation of our woe.

But if we do not rise, save in our mechanics, to the sublime, neither do we wallow, unprodded, in our complacencies. The Comic Spirit is abroad above us. "It has the sage's brows, and the sunny malice of a faun lurks at the corners of the half-closed lips drawn in an idle wariness of half tension. . . . Whenever men wax out of proportion, overblown, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate, whenever they offend sound reason, fair

justice, are false in humility or mined with conceit, the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter."

Something of this Spirit is in Barrie when he looks "humanely malign" at *John Shand*, *Lord Loam*, *Lady Mary*, and *Sir Harry Sims*. It may be that Sir James, following his native sense of humour, and the beckoning of his friend and mentor, Meredith, works with the belief that the Comic Spirit, in our civilization, may be ampler, truer, than the Tragic. At any rate, it is from the hood of Fantasy that his Realities gravely regard us.

Fantasy has become a familiar of our complicated, self-examining days. In form it ranges from pure fancy to cynic involution: "so full of shapes is Fancy that it alone is high fantastical." Not since the Elizabethan conceits has drama been so garbed in motley. If at one point fantasy has floated into the pale ether of symbolism, at another it has dipped into tonic wells of ironical criticism. Strindberg, Rostand, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Synge have paced with it variously, Lord Dunsany has gone up the mountain with it, Barrie has danced and wept with it. Possibly the finest poetic note so far drawn from it for our English stage is the creation—*Peter Pan*. Fancy's Child is *Peter*—the play a bubble blown to shine in the sun: iris dyes flash from the bubble because of the tears it holds:—glorious though *Peter's* tree-top freedom may be, the deep pity is he can never know the greater glory in the bondage of being Mrs. Darling's son. One sweet captivity he will have—one refuge from his inhuman freedom—he has been caught and will be held, I believe, in our English heritage. And yet—critical honesty demands the yet—the play seems hardly to equal the high imaginative achievement of the elfin Boy. It is related, however, that once, when the play was in rehearsal, Mr. du Maurier

leaned to Mr. Frohman to remark of the last scene,—
“That is the finest scene in the play.” “It is the finest scene in *any* play,” the manager answered stoutly.

When Barrie’s skill in execution mates the rare quality of his divinations, we have plays of enduring insight and charm. *The Admirable Crichton*, *Dear Brutus*, *What Everywoman Knows*, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, *Half An Hour*, and *The Twelve-Pound-Look*, stand four-square to the winds of time. Other plays, product of lesser virility and skill, wobble. The early *Professor’s Love-Story* tip-toes; *Quality Street* pirouettes and minces; *Alice-Sit-By The-Fire* slumps; *A Kiss For Cinderella* loses a slipper and limps; *Little Mary* is faintish; *Barbara’s Wedding* falls flat; and *Der Tag* never stood up. Perhaps it is excess of gentleness that counts heavily at times against this artist whose very gentleness is the chiefest element of his strength. At such times we have the lurking wish that the sturdy Doctor Samuel were by to shake his stick at *Sentimental Tommy*. But since it is fineness which makes Barrie—with his clarifying humour—wise and mellow, we need not disdain it. Save for sheer artistic ends and verity we had best not quarrel with our bounties: one humanist is rich finding among the inflated and the bigots. Mr. John Wallace, writing of a visit to Barrie, happily analyzes the playwright’s dominant quality: “If to each man belongs a special quality as to each a special look, Barrie’s would be tenderness. In the most ordinary conversation, one feels that he runs more than half-way forward with a mind eager to help articulate the fine, to crystallize any fragment of life’s abiding good, or to give an extra spin to any bit of gayety that illumines or refreshes.”

Sir James expends most of his tricky spleen on the lordly and the flabby: it is over the mothers of men and

over wistful children that he throws the mantle of his grave tenderness.

That the Legend of Good Women should not depart wholly from us, it is perhaps just as well that there was born to Margaret Ogilvy, in Kirriemuir, Scotland, in 1860, a son—a son who was to create, in dear memory of his mother, shrewd and lovely women in her image, and who, to her greater glory, was to create more bubble-blowing children like herself.

“‘What woman is in all his books?’ my sister would demand.

“‘I’m sure I canna say,’ replies my mother determinedly. ‘I thought the women were different every time.’

“‘Mother, I wonder you can be so audacious! Fine you know what woman I mean.’

“‘How can I know? What woman is it? You should bear in mind I hinna your cleverness.’

“‘I won’t give you the satisfaction of saying her name. But this I will say, it is high time he was keeping her out of his books.’ And then as usual my mother would give herself away unconsciously. ‘That is what I tell him,’ she says, chuckling, ‘and he tries to keep me out, but he canna; it’s more than he can do!’”

Margaret Ogilvy died before her son’s plays were acclaimed, but, although she was no longer by to read, to protest, to chuckle, and to approve, her spirit is vivid in more than one of them. Not a little of her lives in *Mrs. Dowey*, the Old Lady Who Shows Her Medals—“blue was always my color”: her youth is in *Dear Brutus*—the young Margaret of the artist’s dream is none other than the “little girl in a magenta frock and a white pinafore, who comes toward me through the long parks, singing to herself, and carrying her father’s dinner in a flagon.” And they who now are puzzling over the meaning of Barrie’s latest play, *Mary Rose*, will do well to look for its key in the story of Margaret Ogilvy and her cherished christening robe. “Hundreds of other children were christened in

it also, the lending of it among my mother's glories. It was carefully carried from house to house, as if it were itself a child; my mother made much of it, smoothed it out, petted it, smiled to it before putting it into the arms of those to whom it was lent. . . . And when it was brought back to her she took it into her arms as softly as if it might be asleep, and unconsciously pressed it to her breast: there was never anything in the house that spoke to her so eloquently as that little white robe; *it was the one of her children that always remained a baby.* . . .” And at her end, when something there was she wanted, it was decided after long parley that she craved the robe. “It was brought to her, and she unfolded it with trembling, exultant hands, and when she had made sure that it was still of virgin fairness her old arms went round it adoringly, and upon her face there was the ineffable mysterious glow of motherhood.” That glow had never faded in her and she was seventy-six when she died. How many times in fancy had she visited *The Island That Likes To Be Visited*, and how often she had yearned to have her children back as babies in her arms. May it not be that *Mary Rose* is just the usual eternal mother who wishes her dreams and her babies to be just dreams and babies? Barrie's homely yet exquisite *Mary* is not unworthy to be placed near to that other Mother who lives among the Roses of Chartres, virginal yet maternal. Many such women there are: in painting one, Barrie is no more mystical than were the builders of Chartres—only, to borrow Henry Adams' term, “luminous in the sense of faith.” Of Mr. Sludge, depend on it, there is not a trace!

If in *Mary Rose* we have the Margaret Ogilvy who dreamed and yearned for time to bide, in *Maggie Wylie* we have the Margaret who could laugh and laugh, who had a way with her, and who knew, of course, *What Everywoman Knows*. It will ever remain one of the de-

lightful and compensating coincidences of our recent literary history that just when Mr. Shaw, at number *ten* Adelphi Terrace, on the Victoris Embankment, London, was outlining his Futuristic *Ann Whitefield*, in MAN AND SUPERMAN, as a liar, a bully, and a ravisher of man, Mr. Barrie, in great good humour, was preparing, at number *three* Adelphi Terrace, to turn *his* funny-bone into that (to outward seeming) 'wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous' *Maggie Wylie*. Married out of hand by one of the thriftiest bargains ever driven by her inarticulately adoring father and brothers, *Maggie* cherishes the Parliamentary infant, *John Shand*, becomes his successful second thought, saves him masterfully from the beguiling finishing of *Lady Sybil*, and breaks the ice of his frozen wit at the very end of the play.

"'Oh, John, if I could only make you laugh at me,' says *Maggie Wylie* to *John Shand*, overwhelmed by the tragedy of a man who has found himself out. 'It's nothing unusual I've done, John. Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that.'

"'I can't laugh, *Maggie*. And yet I think you are the drollest thing in creation.'

"'We're all droll to those that understand us,' continues *Maggie*, 'and I will tell you why—Eve wasn't made out of Adam's rib as is generally supposed; she was made out of his funny-bone.' (A terrible struggle is taking place in John. He creaks. Something that may be mirth forces a passage, at first painfully, no more joy in it than in the discolored water from a spring that has long been dry. Soon, however, he laughs long and loud. The spring water is becoming clear. *Maggie* claps her hands. He is saved.)"

Both *Ann* and *Maggie* run true to form and pursue their mates, and both are quite unabashed in this very natural process, but while *Ann* chills and tires us with her nudities and torrents of discourse, *Maggie*, squeaking but

now and then, engages us with the eloquence of her reticence, and lures us with promise of hidden treasure, boxes within boxes, like any other Chinese puzzle, or like the *one* kiss lurking on *Mrs. Darling's* lips impossible to catch.

“ ‘What is charm, exactly, Maggie?’

“ ‘Oh, it’s a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don’t need to have anything else; and if you don’t have it, it doesn’t matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all, and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none.’ ”

So saying, *Maggie* proceeds, with her mole-like movements, to make earthquakes in the garden of *John Shand's* complacencies, and all the while the peace of her presence is like the lull on evening waters. But *Ann*, bondwoman to her maker, and reminiscent of a long Xantippish line, has tactics no more subtle than the motor-horn she suggests. Capture *Tanner* she did, but when he gets ready to follow another motor-horn, will *she* know, as did the wily *Maggie*, that he can’t elope *before* the Laundry-Day? Perhaps, all along, it is this Laundry-Sense that gives *Maggie* advantages over *Ann*. And I am inclined to think that Barrie wishes to suggest that with the Twelve-Pound-Look and this Laundry-Sense no woman need fear the vagaries of the Life-Force: with these she can let go or hold on as she will.

Sybil. Mrs. Shand, I think you are very kind to take it so reasonably.

Maggie. That’s the Scotch way. When were you thinking of leaving me, John?

(Perhaps this is the Scotch way, too; but *Sybil* is English, and from the manner she starts you would say that something has fallen on her toes.)

John (who has heard nothing fall). I think, now it has come to the breach, the sooner the better.

Maggie (making a rapid calculation). It couldn’t well be before Wednesday, that’s the day the laundry comes home.

Not all women rise to *Maggie*: there are many cats and kittens, and only now and then a lioness. One other there is in Barrie's world, the wee and gallant *Mrs. Dowey*—Missis only by her own courtesy and imagination:—"I never had a man nor a son nor anything. I just call myself Missis to give me a standing." And to give herself a standing in the Great War, or rather in the eyes of her charring cronies during the Great War,—they having sons in action, (*Mrs. Twymley's* son a prisoner in Germany, *Mrs. Mickleman's* son in a French hospital, and even a son at Salonaiky—or is it Salonikky!—for *The Haggerty Woman*, that interloper of the lower *ton*, not *bon* like them, who finds herself at their tea-party down the area steps *not* by invitation but by her limpet power of attachment) she (this is the arch criminal, *Mrs. Dowey*) *creates* a son (he quite unaware)—one *Kenneth*, of the Black Watch, six feet-two, with hairy legs and a pretty style in letter-writing.

Mrs. Dowey, relentlessly: Do your letters begin "Dear Mother?"

Mrs. Twymley: Generally.

Mrs. Mickleham: Invariable.

The Haggerty Woman: Every time.

Mrs. Dowey, delivering the knock-out blow: Kenneth's begin "Dearest Mother."

And even as she takes her brave, blank letters (passed by the Censor) from her breast, down the area steps comes *Kenneth*, all she dreamed him, and—Retribution. How she faces him; how he glowers (a great chunk of Scottish swagger); how he rages; how she cozens him and flirts with him; how finally he dubs her Mother and adopts her; how the frail, worn, childless woman blooms through five rapturous days; how the best merino, the new astrakan jacket (gift of the new-born and envy of *Mrs. Twymley*, *Mrs. Mickleman*, and the Limpet), and the bonnet, Excel-

sior, not forgetting the chiffon demanded by all real soldiers, go to the theatre and come home in a taxi, after a supper with champagne wine ("to them as doubts my word—here's the cork!") only Barrie could tell, and he tells the beautiful, absurd, pitiful tale so truly, so finely, the breath of its life would mist a mirror.

And when at the end the *Old Lady* shows her medals and *Kenneth's* real letters, and when she folds them neatly in her black gown—the gown she has worn four or five Sundays, now, since her son—*her son*—was killed in action—when, with the famous champagne cork and his bonnet, she quietly puts them away, we, watching, touch the massive tragedy of the war through this wisp of a charwoman. And when, picking up her mop and pail, the faded, obscure, bereft, yet rich old *Mother Dowey* goes out her area steps to carry on, the whole fell grandeur of the Strife sweeps by, as weighty with tragic burden as any 'scepter'd pall of Pelops line'. In our reading of human living, despite our brutalities, we have come a long way from the 'tale of Troy divine' to this bit of significant insignificance.

It was in 1902, some time before the production of *WHAT EVERYWOMAN KNOWS* and many years before the *Old Lady*, that Barrie, leaving his novel-writing and his 'magerful' Scots, surveyed the air of London society, and "took the Countess in to dinner." Finding the Butler the lordliest of the Lords, he made him hero of what is, perhaps, the finest of his plays, *THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON*.

"It would not be good taste to describe Crichton, who is only a servant; if to the scandal of all good houses he is to stand out as a figure in the play, he must do it on his own, as they say in the pantry and boudoir. We are not going to help him. We have had misgivings ever since we found his name in the title, and we shall keep him out of his rights as long as we can. Even though we softened to him he would not be a hero in these clothes. To be an

indoor servant at all is to Crichton a badge of honor; to be a butler at thirty is the realization of his proudest ambitions. He is devotedly attached to his master, who, in his opinion, has but one fault, he is not sufficiently contemptuous of his inferiors."

In the household of the attudinizing radical, *Lord Loam*, *Crichton* is the perfect servant: when *Lord Loam* gives body to his theories and assembles his retainers for the monthly drawing-room gathering, gagging his family and dependents alike with the nostrum of enforced sociability, *Crichton* protests the sorry farce with vigor, for he loves the natural thing and hates the artificial. He is insistent his masters keep their state even as he, for duty's sake, must maintain established precedence in his pantry. In Mayfair this is the natural order.

Ernest (chuckling heartlessly): The servants' hall coming up to have tea in the drawing-room! No wonder you look unhappy, *Crichton*.

Crichton (under the knife): No, sir.

Ernest: You don't approve of his lordship's compelling his servants to be his equals—once a month?

Crichton: It is not for me, sir, to disapprove of his lordship's radical views.

Ernest: Certainly not. And, after all, it is only once a month that he is affable to you.

Crichton: On all other days of the month, sir, his lordship's treatment of us is everything that could be desired.

And then, to point the theme that according to men's natural differences, leaders and followers there must ever be, and personal superiority, circumstances conspiring, will always prevail over the mediocre, *Barrie*, with dextrous fantastic somersault, wrecks, on a desert island in the Pacific, *Lord Loam*; his languid daughters, *Lady Mary*, *Agatha*, and *Catherine*; his nephew, *Ernest* the Honorable; the usual young clergyman, *Terherne*; the admirable Butler; and one of the Odds and Ends, one *Tweeny*, a

slip of a maid, her manners deplorable, her speech vulgar—"I'm full of vulgar words and ways, and all the time we was being wrecked, I was praying to myself, 'Please the Lord it may be an island as it's natural to be vulgar on'"—but with heart of gold gilding *Crichton's* image.

The *Butler* begins at once the process of becoming a Man. He it is who directs, as he builds a hut, the cutting of bamboo, the gathering of fuel, the cooking of supper, the immersion of *Ernest's* head in a bucket of water—his epigrams proving out of place on an island where Nature riots. But, against the emerging Master, the Old Order for a time holds its ground.

Lady Mary: No work—no dinner. When did you invent that rule, *Crichton*?

Crichton (loaded with bamboo): I didn't invent it, my lady. I seem to see it growing all over the island.

Lady Mary (determined to have it out with him): You are not implying anything so unnatural, I presume, as that if I and my sisters don't work there will be no dinner for *us*?

Crichton (brightly): If it is unnatural, my lady, that is the end of it.

Lady Mary: If? Now I understand. The perfect servant at home holds that we are all equal now, I see.

Crichton (wounded to the quick): My lady, can you think me so inconsistent? I disbelieved in equality at home because it was against nature, and for that same reason I as utterly disbelieve in it on an island.

Lady Mary (relieved by his obvious sincerity): I apologize.

Crichton (continuing unfortunately): There must always, my lady, be one to command and others to obey.

Lady Mary (satisfied): One to command, others to obey. Yes. (Then suddenly she realizes there may be a dire meaning in his confident words.)

Crichton! (She stares in his face and then hurries from him.)

Crisis comes when *Crichton* rebukes *Lord Loam* for losing a hairpin, and when he suggests trousers for the ladies.

Lord Loam: This question of leadership; what do you think, *Crichton*?

Crichton: It will settle itself naturally, my lord, without any interference from us.

Lord Loam: It settled itself long ago, *Crichton*, when I was born a peer, and you, for instance, were born a servant.

Crichton: Yes, my lord, that is how it all came about quite naturally in England. We had nothing to do with it there, and we shall have as little to do with it here.

Lady Mary (determined to clinch the matter): In short, *Crichton*, his lordship will continue to be our natural head.

Crichton: I dare say.

Lady Mary: But you must *know*.

Crichton: Asking your pardon, my lady, one can't be sure,—on an island.

This is too much. *Crichton* is haughtily accorded a month's notice. Assertion grows in him—he cannot leave his work—it is they must leave him. They go, but *Crichton* has the supper-pot, and natural man must feed. The night falls, the pot boils; back steal his subjects, conquered. “*Lady Mary* only is absent. Presently she comes, and stands against a tree, her teeth clinched. One wonders, perhaps, what Nature is to make of her.”

She has some admirable qualities: Nature makes much of her, and so does *Crichton*. But power daunts even while it attracts her. Two years Nature has sway, always with the aid of the inimitable *Crichton*. The colony labors, *Crichton's* genius grows in splendor, electric lights are a bagatelle. Perhaps the once perfect servant (now the Governor) dreams of kingship—at least his robe is regal. *Tweeny*, still cherishing his image, is wooed by the once lordly *Loam*, and by the once elegant *Ernest*. (She cooks superbly.) Being pure gold, she, however, has suffered no sea-change. Only a great dread shadows her, as she watches the Governor's dawning love for *Lady Mary*—now plain *Polly*. But *Crichton*, ruling in exalted state,

may make choice as he will. This is the natural procedure on an island.

(He does not seem to notice who is waiting on him to-night, but inclines his head slightly to whomever it is, as she takes her place at the back of his chair. Lady Mary respectfully places the menu-shell before him, and he glances at it.)

Crichton: An excellent soup, Polly, but still a little too rich.

Lady Mary: Thank you. (Her movements are so deft and noiseless that any observant spectator can see that she was born to wait at table.)

And then the Governor stoops.

Crichton: Dear Polly, I have learned to love you; are you afraid to mate with me?

Lady Mary (bewitched): You are the most wonderful man I have ever known, and I am not afraid.

Now comes the last step in the process of making the *Butler* a Man: he has ruled, he must serve again. When he might let the long-looked-for ship slip by, he remembers the others, flashes his lights, and so loses forever the woman he loves. "There is none to salute him now unless we do it."

Of course *Lady Mary* thinks she can play the game gamely—that, back in London, she can wed *Crichton*, but, once back, the natural order of Mayfair asserts itself. *Ernest*, writing the memoirs of the escapade, "pays the butler a glowing tribute in a footnote." Here, as later in *Dear Brutus*, Barrie follows this theme relentlessly—circumstances matter little, personal qualities are fairly constant. *Lord Loam's* household resumes its London manner: only *Crichton's* perfect effacements produce embarrassments. But it is *Crichton*, the always admirable, who saves the family from tempest in a last scene of consummate artistry. *Lady Mary*, relinquishing herself to the

pale ardors of *Lord Brocklehurst*, has yet the wit to recognize one better than herself in *Crichton*.

(Crichton announces dinner, and they file out. Lady Mary stays behind a moment and impulsively holds out her hand.)

Lady Mary: To wish you every dear happiness.

Crichton (an enigma to the last): The same to you, my lady.

Lady Mary: Do you despise me, Crichton? (The man who could never tell a lie makes no answer.)
You are the best man among us.

Crichton: On an island, my lady, perhaps; but in England, no.

Lady Mary: Then there is something wrong with England.

Crichton: My lady, not even from you can I listen to a word against England.

Lady Mary: Tell me one thing: you have not lost your courage?

Crichton: No, my lady.

(She goes. He turns out the lights.)

Rumour has it that Barrie changed this perfect ending in a recent London production to please something less sturdy than the artistic verity he serves here: but the printed play stands with only this for its parting gesture. Much has happened since Barrie conceived this beautifully fashioned play, and the *Lady Mary* and the *Honorable Ernests* have hobnobbed with companions and conditions less admirable than butlers and fantastic islands. Some there are that believe, so upturn is our social order, that human nature, too, is undergoing vast changes. (Even Barrie fumbled with the proposition in *BARBARA'S WEDDING*.) Modes change, and it is possible to forecast that some day servants as a race will be a thing forgot, but such change in custom will not alter the basic truism in *THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON*: leaders and followers we emerge, leaders and followers we go through life—circumstance runs in and out, character endures. And beauty and quality grow from noble character, wherever placed.

"This is the wonder, everywhere—
Not that vast mutability which is event,
The pits and pinnacles of change,
But man's desire and valiance that range
All circumstance, and come to port, unspent."

If *Crichton*, marrying *Twenny*, retires to the management of an Inn, what an Inn it will be! And yet—the dark thread of the loom comes uppermost—there's something rotten in the state when *Crichton* rules in Harrow Road and *Loam* in Parliament.

Full-bodied creation, pregnant fable, laughter, compassion and a style—these dispensations Barrie has brought to our stage and to our literature. Nor is the tale of gifts complete until we add an artistry, often of distinction, an adroit handling of the resources of the theatre, a wireless conveyance of impudent *bonhomme* to the hydra-headed audience, and an abiding concern for our most powerful and most neglected art, the art of the play. It is interesting to lift from its thirty years' obscurity an early paper of Barrie's on THE COMING DRAMATIST.

"That we should have no living playwrights to speak of is assuredly remarkable, for the demand is great. Mr. Irving has, no doubt, done more for the stage than any other living man, but only in the way of showing that Shakespeare in magnificent upholstery needn't spell bankruptcy. By far the healthiest sign of the stage would be the appearance of new playwrights of distinction, but Mr. Irving seems to have given up looking for them. Obviously they are hard to find, but the actor or manager who discovers even one will have done better for the stage than those who revise Shakespeare to the end of their days."

Whereupon, having pointed out the folly of revising Shakespeare, the canny Scott hied to the *Forest of Arden*, had a 'crack' with sweet Master Will—(Barrie standing on his head, no doubt, to show how *he* was going to outbid the upholstery!)—and came trooping back with *Dame*

Quickly and *Rosalind*, a *Rosalind* grown fat and confessing to 'forty and a bittock': with *Puck*, a *Duck* with a touch of *Punch*, silver-haired, ruffled and gaitered, and merciful though tricky, possessed of a country place hard by The Enchanted Wood, and in the Peerage as *Lob, Goodfellow*. *Prospero* is nowhere visible, but the *Island*, the *Wreck*, and the *Sea-changes* came duly: yet who but *Prospero*, a sly Scotch *Prospero*, could make plain the nobleman beneath *Crichton's* livery! And if *Ariel* be not of the crew, whence comes this *Boy Of The Air*, doomed never to know the joy in sorrow? Staying only long enough in the fields of olden fancy to pick *Cinderella* from the ashes and *Harlequin* from the *Clown's* revenge, Barrie hurried *Rosalind* to the footlights to take her cue:

"The stage is waiting, the audience is calling, and up goes the curtain. Oh, my public, my little dears, come and foot it again in the forest, and tuck away your double chins."

And the public, without committing itself too largely, has gone as far as it can with its high heels and rheumatic hearts: on the whole it is a nice public, and waves its handkerchiefs when that is the thing to do.

With his heritage of Scottish character and English fancy, Barrie has made himself into a distinctive playwright. When his career is fully appraised, critics of fair temper, although recognizing the tenuity and mildness of some of his production, will surely acclaim the opening scene of *WHAT EVERYWOMAN KNOWS*, the father and daughter scene of *DEAR BRUTUS*, as well as that play's superb last act, the second act of *PETER PAN*, the sweep of *THE TWELVE-POUND-LOOK*, the achievement of *THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON*, the adroit building of *HALF AN HOUR*, together with many a feat of skillful scaffolding in that most difficult of mediums, the fantastic play. Much

fine craft of the stage, as well as poetry and humanity, is in the work of Margaret Ogilvy's son.

As the play draws to its end, critics buzz.

"'The triumph of sugar over diabetes,'" says the Aristophanic Mr. Nathan.

"Moonshine, all moonshine," say the Vitalists. "Where is the REVOLUTIONIST'S HANDBOOK, and where is THE UNDERWORLD?"

"Ah, that Mother theme, now—a clear case of EDIPUS COMPLEX, say the Suppressionists.

Barrie the Pantaloon smiles and cries: "'Oh, what a lark is life!'" What matter, then, the heartbreak in his eyes as he turns from the footlights: ("Ring down the curtain quickly, Mr. Prompter, before we see them all swept into the dust-heap!") What matter—since he knows—so surely as the day comes round another baby will crow and crow!

THE TASKS CONFRONTING A PERSONALISTIC PHILOSOPHY

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PART I

We are living in an age which I am convinced is one of reviving interest in philosophy, but also one in which a clear conception of the function of philosophy is conspicuous by its absence, except, perhaps, among the absolute idealists, who have always been *zielbewusst*, and a group of English personalists, of whom James Ward, Sorley, Pringle-Pattison and Rashdall are the chief representatives. The mathematical logicians, the realists, the instrumentalists, and the rest, do not seem to have put their fundamental philosophical problem into definite question form. Are personalists any better off? What are the tasks confronting a personalistic philosophy in America?

The first problem, and from a practical standpoint, the most serious one, is what I may call the problem of the school, or the problem of the Bowne tradition. We may as well frankly face the fact that the great work of Bowne is at once an inspiration and a problem; an inspiration, obviously,—a student whom Bowne could not inspire with *amor intellectualis* was fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. And also a problem and for two reasons. First, because the prestige of Bowne among impersonalists is not great; and if we are to perform our function as thinkers we must speak a language that they can understand and will listen to with respect. Secondly, because any one who is the follower of a master or of a tradition in philosophy will be conscious of the multitudes wagging their heads and crying, "Epigone, epigone."

With reference to the first of these problems, it is our task to show that impersonalists were mistaken in their estimate of Bowne and of personalism. With reference to the second, the situation is one in which it is easy, at this stage of the development of the personalistic school in America, to make foolish and fatal blunders. There is undoubtedly a prejudice against "schools." Creighton in his recent amusing article on "Philosophy as the Art of Affixing Labels" (*Jour. Phil* 17 (1920), 226) says that "one gets increasingly the impression that the great masters, from Plato on, are not dominated by the interests of 'schools,' but keep close to the literal ideal of philosophy as love of wisdom, and effort after insight." Royce's posthumous *Lectures on Modern Idealism* is even more energetic on the subject. "Hardly anything," he says, "is more injurious to the life of scholarship in general, and especially of philosophy, than the too strict and definite organization of schools of investigation. The life of academic scholarship depends upon individual liberty. . . . A philosophy merely accepted from another man and not thought out for one's self is as dead as a mere catalogue of possible opinions. The inevitable result of the temporary triumph of an apparently closed school of university teachers of philosophy, who undertake to be disciples of a given master, leads to the devitalizing of the master's thought, and to a revulsion, in the end, of opinion." (p. 233).

That there is a danger in all schools and traditions we may heartily agree, one that we minimize at our peril. Royce's wise words may well be taken to heart by realist (both neo- and critical), and instrumentalist, as well as by personalist. Allegiance to a philosophical or other tradition in any such fashion as to hamper individual initiative or free creativity would be calamitous so far as the intellectual life was concerned. "Ein jeder sollte nach

seiner Fassung selig werden." But I challenge the implications of Creighton's position. His whole article, with its attack on schools and labels, is, naively enough, an assertion of the preeminence of his own, the neo-Hegelian, Bosanquettian variety, school; his mood is that of a new gospel, "The logic of the concrete universal, the new Kingdom of God, is at hand." Where would the history of philosophy be but for the conscious allegiances of the great masters to their predecessors? Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus; the scholastics; the revivals of antiquity at the Renaissance, the English empiricists; the Cartesians, including Spinoza, Leibniz, and the schoolman of schoolmen, Wolff, who carried it to extremes, but yet performed no mean service to his age; the Kantians, the Hegelians, the Lotzeans. How can one survey the history without seeing that it is no record of the individual insights of unique individuals, but the cooperative labor of free men not too free to learn from others? Eclecticism has always been regarded as on a lower intellectual plane than the acceptance of some unified system; and the attitude that has nothing to learn from the past is on a still lower plane. I do not see that we need apologize for having convictions, or for believing that Bowne's fundamental insights are a permanent contribution to philosophical opinion, related as they are to Berkeley and Leibnitz, Kant and Lotze. At any rate we may escape Santayana's scourge, "How, then, should there be any great heroes, saints, artists, philosophers, or legislators in an age when nobody trusts himself, or feels any confidence in reason, in an age when the word *dogmatic* is a term of reproach?" (*Winds of Doctrine*, p. 21).

The personalistic school has, then, perfect right to be loyal to its own insights, to acknowledge, with pride and gratitude, its debt to Bowne, in short, to be a school; but it must avoid the pitfalls that beset the school. Bowne must

not be erected into the St. Thomas of Methodism. The open-minded temper must be preserved. The problems of philosophy must be attacked in new ways, and confidence in the possibility of philosophical progress must not falter. The relations of personalism to all contemporary movements of thought and life must be investigated, and vigorous polemic against all forms of impersonalism continued as need arises. The remainder of the present paper will be devoted to a discussion of specific tasks.

If personalism is to assert itself as a permanent factor in the thought of today, it is of prime importance that its representatives should be productive scholars. Without literary productivity, little influence; and without scholarship, literary activity may do more harm than good to the cause. I am not pleading for an encyclopaedic scholarship; no one has read everything, or has worked through every problem with equal thoroughness. Nor am I pleading for a technical scholarship more interested in formal accuracy than in vital meaning. But it is a fact that no philosophy can win or can maintain the respect of the thinking world without a basis in sound scholarship. Philosophy is more than a reciting of sound opinions; it is an interpretation of life in the light of all that logic and history and insight can furnish. Eucken, in spite of his turgidity, and James Ward, for example, have won a hearing by the sheer force of their scholarship. The interest of personalists in life has perhaps tended to produce in some an underestimate of the functions of scholarship. Of Bowne this was not true; and it need not be true at all. There is no incompatibility between serving the needs of human life and seeking to fulfil the high ideal of scholarship. It does, however, require a longer vision, a profounder faith in rationality and in the essential reasonableness of all persons in that society of which the Supreme Person is head and which is the universe. That service

which looks for immediate practical results may not, in the end, be so useful to humanity as that which loyally serves a more remote ideal. The kind of idealism which the life of a scholar like Bowne or the late Hinckley G. Mitchell embodies, is precious, and not precious only, but indispensable to the existence of a philosophical school.

Let these remarks not be misunderstood. They are not a plea to substitute *Gelehrsamkeit* for insight, voluminous reading for contact with life and reality. The German ideal which makes scholarship largely a matter of imper-turbable patience in mastering detail is not the whole truth about scholarship. But, if the remark that Rudyard Kipling puts into the mouth of Kim that the more you know the better off you are is true of anyone, it is certainly true of those who aspire to scholarship in philosophy. Only those who have examined the evidence are entitled to an opinion in any matter; how much more subtly true is this in the high emprise of philosophy!

Thus far I have urged the rights of the school, and the need of productive scholarship in the school. I should like next to discuss the need of work on the unsolved problems of philosophy. "Unsolved problems"—what a vast field! There are two possible attitudes toward unsolved problems in philosophy. It may be asserted (as the neo-scholastics, the neo-realists and the absolute idealists almost seem to assert) that substantially no problems are unsolved, save matters of detail. On the other hand, it may be asserted that all problems are unsolved, and that in the nature of the case all that we may hope to do is to formulate the problems, leaving them forever as problems. Of these two attitudes the second is, of course, nearer to the truth than the first: I am sure that the neo-scholastics, the neo-realists and the absolute idealists would resent my classification of them in the first group. Only an absolute mind could know absolute truth with absolute certainty.

It may be that our mind is, in some respects, absolute; but one always wonders what the elephant (or tortoise) is standing on. None the less, the second is one that it is both impossible and unreasonable to maintain. If all problems are equally unsolved, then human life is in hopeless confusion. Bad as things are, they are not so bad as that. Some thoughts must be treated as truer than others; coherence must be regarded as truer than incoherence; some ideals as more worthy than others. Some of the problems about the fundamental structure of thought and reality must be regarded as either actually solved or at least as on the way to solution. Such an attitude as this seems to be the proper one for personalism to assume. Suppose we accept all of the basic epistemological and metaphysical theses of personalism, or at least the great majority of them, as reasonably established, it would be the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that the only task of a teacher of philosophy was to impart those theses, to indoctrinate his students in the body of established truth, the new orthodoxy, much as a teacher of mathematics indoctrinates his students in the mathematical tradition. This mistake would lead to a stagnation of philosophical thought, a narrowing of interest, and a problem-blindness that would be fatal to further development. And the result would be almost equally fatal if the only addition to the indoctrination were to be polemic against opposing views; for there would still remain the peril of those same consequences. A great philosophical individual, like Bowne, may with impunity make his life-work consist of just such indoctrination and polemic; a philosophical school, relying on intellectual and spiritual weapons alone, cannot remain vital without a keen sense of unsolved problems, of ever more pioneer work to do.

It is not my purpose in this connection to attempt any catalogue of the unsolved problems which still remain for

a personalist. A few specimens may, however, be mentioned. The last word has not yet been said on the problem of freedom. The mind-body problem, the problems arising from abnormal psychology, the problems of social philosophy, including the relations of the individual to society and to the universe, are a nest of difficulties which must be faced. To pretend that final solutions have been found for them is folly; and the list given only scratches the surface of the situation. In order to give direction to the present discussion, let us turn our attention to four specific kinds of task that personalists must undertake if they are to do justice to the intellectual needs of the present. These four are first, historical investigation; secondly, systematic construction; thirdly, what may be called practical construction, although this is really only an aspect of the preceding; and fourthly, self-criticism.

First, then, we must give ourselves to historical investigation. We are living in an age whose historical consciousness is weak; an age dominated by science and hostile to tradition. Neo-realism, as I have elsewhere tried to show, may be flatly described as anti-historical in spirit. Even Bowne was less sympathetic with the study of the history of philosophy than he might have been, and James was less so than Bowne. For a large number of contemporary philosophers, indeed, the history of philosophy began with William James, so that all thought is divided into the two categories: traditional (before James) and modern. This attitude is the source of amusing historical errors, such as that committed by *The Introduction to The New Realism*, which attributes to Toland the authorship of the stirring words, "If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" When Toland penned that quotation little did he dream that his pages would ever fall under the eye of readers who would need to be told that St. Paul was the author of

the words! But it is not such slips, which anyone in a careless moment might commit, that are the true basis of the case against indifference to the history of philosophy. Thorough indifference is the mother of complete ignorance; and complete ignorance of the history would reduce thought to barbarism; subject the present to all the errors that the past has lived through and overcome; deprive the present of all the insights that have made the past great; and make it impossible to understand the whence or the whither of contemporary currents of thought. Acquaintance with the great minds of the past, even though they may have been in error, is an intellectual and spiritual stimulus that no person of culture, to say nothing of philosopher, can afford to lose. It is a foe to intolerance. Superficial knowledge of the history may indeed tend to scepticism; a profounder knowledge sees a rational meaning in the whole development. As Bacon sagely remarked, "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's minds about to religion." The personalist should be the first to recognize these facts, because the history of philosophy, especially the history since Locke and Descartes, is on the whole in favor of the major contentions of personalism.

Just what should be the method of historical investigation in the hands of personalists? Neo-realists have called for a separation of philosophical research from the study of the history of philosophy, although the very first section of *The Neo Realism* is an account of "The Historical Significance" of their system, which obviously violates their own dictum. It seems to me that this is positively a vicious demand, which, if yielded to would ultimately result in turning historical studies into dry bones and research into a sort of disciplined immaturity. If philosophical insight is the goal, it is imperative that philosophical research and the study of the history of philosophy be

not separated. With all his *a priori* manufacture of the course of history, Hegel was the founder of the history of philosophy; and without some sort of a philosophical theory as guiding thread no reading of the history will result in other than a mystic maze. It would appear to me, then, that personalists should study the history both in order to develop a personalistic philosophy of history, and also as a means of testing and interpreting the historical systems and personalism itself. Here is a set of tasks almost inexhaustible and full of rich reward to whoever will undertake them.

Secondly, there is need of systematic construction. Here the tasks are more numerous and more baffling than in the historical field. I shall pick out five specific types of construction that are perhaps most needed: namely, a personalistic psychology, a logic, a new facing of the epistemological problem, a fresh treatment of the relations of science and philosophy today, and last, and perhaps most important, a personalistic philosophy of value. The very forbidding character of this last elicits one comment at the start: the solving of these problems is obviously the work of a school. The times of encyclopaedic scholarship have passed once for all. The Aristotles and the Leibnitzes and the Herbert Spencers no longer flourish; in fact, Spencer himself was the decay of the type. Scholarship must be largely a credit transaction; no one individual can be an authority in all fields, or in many fields. That this is a limitation is perfectly evident when we consider the narrowness which results in the interests of a philosopher like John Dewey, who, with a remarkable amount of learning, is nevertheless restricted in all his thinking by the dictates of his biological approach. While no one can reasonably be censured for not being a Dr. Pangloss, learned in everything, it behooves every specialist to become as broadly acquainted with the work of other specialists in every

field as is possible. The need of a genuine and philosophical attitude, the point of view of interest in and respect for every genuine interest of the human spirit, never was so great as it is in these days when no one individual can possibly be acquainted at first hand and thoroughly with any considerable number of those interests. Therefore if intellectual work is to be done on a wide range of difficult problems, it cannot, under the conditions of modern knowledge, be adequately done by any one individual. It is obviously the task of a school. The neo-realists, the critical realists under Drake, Streeter's group in England, all show this philosophical tendency. I am not at all sure that cooperative volumes are the only way, or even the best way, for a school to work. But any frank envisaging of the situation will convince one that cooperative specialization is the need of the hour in philosophy; not for personalism alone, but for every factor in that "strife of systems" that seems destined to continue for some time.

To Be Continued

WEBB'S GIFFORD LECTURES ON PERSONALITY

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To the readers of this *Journal* the subject of Professor Webb's recent *Gifford Lectures*¹ is of special interest. Those who have perused his earlier volumes will be assured in advance of his competence for his important and difficult task; here, as before, they will find the fruits of accurate scholarship, of wide reading, and of sincere and able thinking. The intellectual atmosphere, during the last few decades, has been on the whole rather unfavorable to the personalistic standpoint and conceptions; the establishment of *THE PERSONALIST* is indeed in itself, from one point of view, some evidence of this, for it indicates that while Personality certainly demands exposition and attestation, it also needs to be defended; and the anti-thetic thought tendency appears under two principal forms, one basing itself mainly on facts, the other on principle. The first regards the spiritual content of our actual experience as being no more than transient and accidental, and argues therefrom to its patent inadequacy to constitute any ultimate category; while the second takes its essential finitude, even were it beyond criticism in all other respects, as the ground for its rejection; thus *e. g.* Mr. Bradley—"a person to me must be finite, or must cease to be personal."²

¹*The Gifford Lectures*, 1918 and 1919. Vol. I. *God and Personality*; pp. 281. Vol. II. *Divine Personality and Human Life*; pp. 291. By C. C. J. Webb, Oriel Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion, Oxford. Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London. The Macmillan Co., New York.

²*Essay on Truth and Reality*, p. 449. But cf. also p. 471.

And unfortunately both the general level of thought and the ordinary religious consciousness, still deeply influenced by the scientific materialism of last century, which either disintegrated mind into an atomic series or evaporated it into an epiphenomenon, have on the one hand ignored the weighty philosophic qualifications of such criticism, and have further somewhat exaggerated the value of intellectual methods and conclusions when contrasted with the distinctive content of religious experience in itself. It is obvious that this phase can have no permanence; it is merely the inevitable and (in some degree) beneficial reaction from an earlier romanticism and unreal sentimentalism; and already, most strikingly perhaps in the philosophy of Bergson, a vigorous protest is to be heard against the intellect; a protest however that again may prove to be too extreme in its condemnation, for to no element in experience, such *e. g.* as intuition, can predominance be assigned; rather is experience a balanced and co-ordinated whole, and it may prove to be one of the chief merits of Personalism to maintain its emphasis of this truth.

Perhaps the most valuable feature in the volumes before us is the consideration of the naturalistic and absolutist depreciation of the concept of Personality; more particularly of the latter, because it excludes Personality in favor of what it regards as a higher and more inclusive category; here the author's treatment of the problem cannot fail, I think, to leave an indelible impress on the course of future discussion. At the same time I cannot help feeling, with all due deference to Professor Webb's judgment, that the form in which his *Lectures* have been finally presented must prevent their proper value from being fully appreciated. If I may employ a vulgarism, they seem to lack "punch"; and in these hurried and casual days "punch" is a quality not to be lightly dispensed with.

The *Lectures* appear to retain the form in which they were originally delivered; and the result is that the cadence, the *nuances*, the digressions and asides which add so much to the effect of a lecture now appear as involutions and obscurities which to some extent hinder the reader from getting to the heart of the argument, because he has himself to supply what the actual hearers received from the speaker. This is of course merely a personal impression which may easily be erroneous. I hope that it is; but the light of the author's thought does appear as though dispersed by a spectroscope rather than focussed by a lens; and while the resultant speculative spectrum has many and peculiar merits, still it makes it more than ordinarily essential to grasp, from the outset, the writer's central standpoint.

This is best done, in my opinion, by first studying *Lec. IX* in the first volume.³ Here Professor Webb accords to the religious consciousness, considered in its relation to philosophy, a status that is fundamentally distinctive and (on that account) wholly independent. But this independence does not mean estrangement, much less antagonism or contradiction. To employ a diplomatic analogy, both religion and philosophy are sovereign states; but their autonomy, once it has received due definition and recognition, implies co-operation, since they are after all manifestations of one unitary experience. As standing in this relation, then, each serves the other and has much to learn from its fellow; and the more complete and intimate their connection becomes, the more do they tend to an identity in principle and purpose even while retaining to the full their characteristic natures; so that their identity is never that of uniformity or of absorption but rather of diversity—it is at once a unity in duality and a duality in unity. Religious experience, therefore, so long as it is

³*Religion and Philosophy.*

substantiated and regulated by its own criterion,⁴ is self-sufficient and needs no *imprimatur* from Philosophy; and the same may be said, but more guardedly, because they constitute to some extent a border state, of the articulate expressions of this experience. It is at these crucial points that danger threatens, both from without and within. For if self-sufficiency loses humility it becomes the crassest of egotisms; and if our religious formularies seek primarily for logical consistency and philosophic finality rather than for spiritual reality then we turn to the worship of gods false and treacherous. Hence the perils of creed-making, indispensable though that may be; and in so far as historic theology sought to weld together Christian experience and Greek philosophy, it attempted the impossible; while the sure instinct of the Church found in the letters of an obscure and persecuted Jew, emotional, alogical, obscure, but (in the religious sense) positive and real, an eternal and infallible classic.

We have here then the governing principle of Professor Webb's treatment of his varied problems. "A religion . . . can no more ignore or evade the criticism of Philosophy . . . than Philosophy can without self-mutilation ignore the testimony of religious experience to the nature of that ultimate Reality which it seeks to apprehend as it truly is. The religious experience reveals in the ultimate Reality something which apart from religious experience is not there discoverable. This may be properly called Personality."⁵ This raises two further questions—Wherein lies the distinctive nature of religion? and How can its expression be most truly related to the content of Philosophy?

With regard to the first, it must be said, to begin with, there is no special pleading; Professor Webb has care-

⁴On this subject *cf. Lec. X—Divine Personality.*

⁵Vol. I, pp. 216, 240.

fully observed his terms of reference; "apologetic is not the business of a Gifford Lecturer."⁶ He recognises unreservedly that the concept of Divine Personality is almost exclusively Christian, and gives an exceedingly valuable exposition of its history, in which he emphasizes the comparative lateness of its development in the form of the Personality *of* God, together with the importance of the distinction between this and Personality *in* God. But in spite of these considerations "it is just in proportion as we interpret our relation to God as a *personal* relation . . . that our religious experience will prevent us from being overborne by the dialectical difficulties . . . that beset the attribution of personality to the supreme Reality. To nothing less than Personal Spirit can Personal Spirit without loss of self-respect render homage."⁷

If then we accept this as being of the essence of religion, there remains the question of its bearing upon those philosophic concepts which, for various reasons, repudiate Personality as being a category essentially incommensurable with ultimate Reality. Space forbids any detailed consideration of Professor Webb's treatment of these fundamental issues, which occupies the latter part of his second volume; but the problem of God and the Absolute must be referred to, however briefly and inadequately. On this point Professor Webb is perfectly definite and direct; so definite indeed that it seems necessary to suggest that there is some risk of his fully developed position being misunderstood by those who are more eager for dogmatic results than for reasoned finality.

"The problem of Personality in God," then, "is the same as that which is expressed in asking—'Is God the Absolute?' Religion can not, when once it has reached the stage at which the question has become intelligible, give

⁶*Ibid.*, p. 142.

⁷*Ibid.*, pp. 213, 214, Vol. II, p. 81.

any but an affirmative answer to the question whether God is the Absolute. The statement, in which recent philosophers of very various schools have concurred, that 'God is not the Absolute' must, if seriously taken, make nonsense of Religion."⁸ None of the arguments for a finite God, either in the case of Mr. Bradley, Dr. Rashdall or Mr. Wells, whatever may be their philosophical force, are sufficient as against the deliverances of distinctively religious experience itself. This aspect of Professor Webb's position is fundamentally important; he confronts these adverse contentions not with counter principles themselves likewise philosophical, but rather with the concrete content of spiritual experience.

What then is his justification for this procedure? It is "that the object of religious devotion can not, when once the question is raised, be held to be less than the Ultimate Reality."⁹ No less than this, nothing lower or more limited, can yield satisfaction. For the soul seeks finality, surety, safety; not an ignoble and selfish safety *from* the storm, but the assurance of safety during its worst rage and wreck; so that neither "things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate" it from its haven and its home; and this no finite God can give, but only One who holds all things in the hollow of His hand.

Very finely and truly then, Professor Webb maintains that "Religion is always the experience of a direct personal relation to the Highest."¹⁰ But as against this, or (perhaps better) together with this, this "ultimate reality does not mean that in the personal relation . . . we apprehend the whole of its nature. If we may ascribe Personality to God, it must be only in a sense which will admit of a great

⁸Vol. I, pp. 213, 154, 153.

⁹*Ibid.*, p. 143. Cf. p. 219.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 190.

difference between what we call Personality in ourselves and what, for want of a better term, we call Personality in him."¹¹ So long, that is, as our "direct personal relation to the Highest" is conserved beyond possibility of question—and this implies again that the "personal relation" is reciprocal—there may be as much more within the Divine Nature as thought believes itself justified in asserting; as with Spinoza, even an infinite number of attributes. This position is little (if indeed at all) removed from that of the great protagonist of Absolutism, Mr. Bradley—"The genuine claim of the religious consciousness is the ground on which everything here must be based. It is solely by an appeal to the religious consciousness that the question as to God's personality must be answered. But if we go further and take personality as being the last word about the Universe we fall into serious error."¹²

"Solely by an appeal to the religious consciousness," then, it is agreed; and what is its reply? It depends entirely on the extent to which the religious consciousness takes itself sincerely and seriously; shall we say, as seriously as philosophy has always taken itself? For certainly nothing less will serve; and if, in the case of the saints and the classics, this test can be faced, what of the general religious consciousness? Is that seeking to shelter itself behind some philosophy, or even behind its own past? Or is it content to express its true self and nothing further? In the measure that it does so, it may find the answer, both to itself and to Philosophy in Browning:

So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself."

Ep. of Karshish.

¹¹Vol. I, pp. 146, 128.

¹²*Essays*, pp. 449, 451. Cf. the striking reference to Hamerton, p. 450.

One further question still remains. If, with Professor Webb, we identify God with (or equate Him to) the Absolute, what meaning has this latter word? Obviously the reply can only be in general terms; and then the Absolute is the Universe or the Whole—considered *i. e.* as a true Whole with all that that implies. Professor Webb employs the phrase “a single ground of all things, or an all-inclusive unity”;¹³ but what, in detail, is the nature of this ground or unity is beyond the power of thought to conceive. This is not the place to develop this subject, except in its relation to Professor Webb’s own treatment; I shall therefore make but one suggestion. It is impossible to envisage the Whole in itself; the utmost we can do is to see everything as in its place within the Whole, and (conversely) the Whole as expressing itself in and through all things; and the degree to which we succeed depends on how far we merge ourselves within the Whole, and (again) regard the Whole as active in and through ourselves. So far as we remain self-centred, so far is the Universe for us fragmentary or discordant; for the not-self reflects the self. But further, when a diversified Whole—and it is generally agreed that there are degrees in reality—manifests itself in each of its elements, what is thus manifested must be—obviously, I think—the Highest rather than the lowest; and thus we are led to the concept of Perfection as pertaining to the Whole; a true Whole, we may say, or a really all-inclusive unity, must be Perfect; for nothing less can be either a Whole or a Unity. This may appear to ignore evil and error, suffering and pain; and, a still more serious difficulty, the independence and conflict of will; but, just as these are overcome by the highest types of Religion, so they may be, I think, by Philosophy. Can we, then, find a religious parallel to philosophic Perfection? I think we may, through the transition from

¹³Vol. I, p. 236.

Wholeness to its moral and religious analogue, Holiness. Holiness may be defined as supreme Moral Perfection, worthy (as such) of religious worship—in fact the only thing that is really worthy of man's worship at all. Professor Webb declines to identify Religion with Morality,¹⁴ and in this many would agree with him; to a great extent it is, of course, a question of definition and terminology. But Religion has, and must have, its foundation in morality—I mean of course in actual moral experience, not merely in moral theory, which is in itself nothing but one subdivision of philosophy. At the root of all the deepest and most lasting religions, no matter what fantastic or even repellent forms these may have taken in their outward and social manifestations, lies man's consciousness of his moral imperfection and his consequent separation from the Highest; and we entirely misinterpret religion when we study its historic rites and ceremonies apart from their connection with this underlying moral experience which is, in spite of any crudeness and unregulated emotional force, in principle one and continuous throughout the whole of human experience. In our intellectual age we are prone to forget that, from its very nature, the more rationally this experience expresses itself, the more shallow it becomes; for its very passion itself defies all regulation. But when religion is severed from it, it withers and dies; even mysticism ends in mere mystery and mistiness. Religion is concerned, therefore, not with personal intercourse as merely personal, for this can occur between individuals all alike in being morally imperfect, but primarily with a unique type of intercourse—with worship; and then the only Being that the morally imperfect can worship is the morally Perfect; *i. e.*, Holiness. Thus we are carried beyond the principle that “to noth-

¹⁴Vol. II, p. 111. “Religion is not merely another name for Morality.” But *cf.*, Vol. I, *Lcv. IV.*

ing less than Personal Spirit can Personal Spirit render homage";¹⁵ we must say something more than this;—to nothing less than Holy Spirit can we render homage and worship. And while we may speculate about Wholeness, we dare not speculate about Holiness. For that presses upon us far too intimately and closely; it is not something static, aloof, remote, which we may contemplate and enjoy in cool abstraction; nor is it something merely immanent in us, passively sustaining us even while it transcends us; rather is it dynamic, active in its self-realization; and then it eternally judges us (as indeed all else) and condemns, or redeems; so that we worship it, or defy it.

In the end therefore Philosophy and Religion share a common content and converge to one goal. Religion, while it retains sincerity and humility, may repose in confidence on its own foundations; while Philosophy, free from dogmatism and intellectual pride, awaits the fuller light that will not fail it. But here, as always, the poet has said all that need be said.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be;
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster.

¹⁵*Cf.* note 7, *ante*.

A MISSING WORLD

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PART II

The old personal philosophy made man a miracle. The new scientific philosophy makes him a mechanism. The philosophy of the future must view a man as creative spirit intelligently leaguering himself with the Cosmic Forces which bring worlds into being. The new world which is being born is a spiritual world, greatest of all planetary forces, which alone can bring stability and harmony and peace into the universe.

The new fact, then, is a new form of positive energy in the universe building a new world of spirit, organizing a new Causal Principle destined to challenge and sometimes to defy or control the cosmic energy. We can forecast the majesty of the Moral World that is forming by studying the history of the earlier stages.

1. First there is the progress which civilization itself is making in building up a world in which neither the ideals nor the energy are furnished by the cosmic process. Let me quote here the words of Huxley, great scientist that he was, protesting against the Naturalistic fallacy.² "The history of civilization details the steps by which men have succeeded in building up an artificial world within the cosmic. Fragile reed as he may be, man, as Pascal says, is a thinking reed: there lies within him a fund of energy, operating intelligently and so far akin to that which pervades the universe, that it is competent to influ-

²From T. H. Huxley's Romanes Lecture, 1893.

ence and modify the cosmic process. In virtue of his intelligence, the dwarf bends the Titan to his will. In every family, in every polity that has been established, the cosmic process in man has been restrained and otherwise modified by law and custom; in surrounding nature, it has been similarly influenced by the art of the shepherd, the agriculturist, the artisan. As civilization has advanced, so has the extent of his interference increased; until the organized and highly developed sciences and arts of the present day have endowed man with a command over the course of non-human nature greater than that once attributed to the magicians. The most impressive, I might say startling, of these changes have been brought about in the course of the last two centuries; while a right comprehension of the process of life and of the means of influencing its manifestations is only just dawning upon us. We do not yet see our way beyond generalities; and we are befogged by the obtrusion of false analogies and crude anticipations. But Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, have all had to pass through similar phases, before they reached the stage at which their influence became an important factor in human affairs. Physiology, Psychology, Ethics, Political Science, must submit to the same ordeal. Yet it seems to me irrational to doubt that, at no distant period, they will work as great a revolution in the sphere of practice."

2. But the supreme form of energy by which a man enters into the drama of world-making and becomes a Force in competition with the Cosmic Force, is when as a Moral Actor and Creator he comes upon the cosmic stage and builds "cities that have foundations" and Social Orders that transform the cosmic and the animal basis of human life and give stability to the high, spiritual things of the world. When we can conquer Greed and Passion

and Selfishness and control and rule his world in terms of love and self-sacrifice, what shall we say of the power of the new world? Let me quote Huxley again in protest against what he scornfully calls "the ethics of Nature."³ "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it. It may seem an audacious proposal thus to put the microcosm against the macrocosm and to set man to subdue nature to his higher ends; but I venture to think that the great intellectual difference between the ancient times with which we have been occupied and our day, lies in the solid foundation we have acquired for the hope that such an enterprise may meet with a certain measure of success."

Naturalism as a sceptical philosophy of life loses its standing when you take account of all the facts, the personal facts and the cosmic facts. When you realize that personal creative Force is actually introduced into the cosmic creative process and has its independent history and independent goals of achievement, and its own power of interference and mastery in the cosmic process,—you begin to respect the philosophy of life which takes into account all of the facts and not simply the arbitrary limits of natural science. Naturalism as a philosophy is condemned from the standpoint of a man who perceives the magnitude of the Moral Universe!

Now the critical point of denial of the Spiritual and exaltation of the natural is not commonly a matter of a deliberate creed, but of a wrong thought-method which betrays us by means of confusion and ambiguous slogans. We are not deliberately atheists, materialists, naturalistic monists. But the thinking of today is controlled in many different fields by intrinsic atheism, materialism, mechan-

³From T. H. Huxley's Romanes Lecture, 1893.

ism. And the reason is that we come to the task of forming a world-philosophy, dominated and saturated with the ideals and methods of the cosmic sciences; and in dealing with the sciences which study Personality and Society, we have failed to reckon with Personality as Creative Power. In making up the formula which expresses the total world-power, we have retained the cosmic formula and neglected to reckon with that "Missing World" of power, the world of creative Spirit. This is the great philosophic Heresy, the Great Denial!

Let me simply call the roll of two or three of the fields of the personal and social sciences where Naturalistic ideals creep in and take possession of our thinking. These will serve to illustrate the working of the principle in other fields.

PSYCHOLOGY

The field of psychology itself is infested with naturalistic ideals. Empirical psychological methods of study of mind have transformed psychology as a science and lifted it out of a realm of mystery and semi-mythological methods into a scientific dealing with actual mental facts and processes. Empirical psychology has put the study of mind upon a sound basis; its value can hardly be overestimated. But at the hands of many teachers and theorists, the *limitations* of cosmic science and its methods are forgotten, and in the name of "experimental psychology," or of "behaviorism," we are bidden to believe that mind is commensurate with the cosmic manifestations and taught that a science of mental mechanism is the last word of explanation in dealing with personal data. "States of Consciousness" are dealt with as concrete units somehow mutually commensurate, and by some jugglery transformed into "Consciousness of states." We are told by qualified teachers of experimental psychology that "in in-

trospection we are describing a conscious process," and that "the categories of description are the last terms of analysis." Thus the identification and description of cosmic processes is the end of psychological study, and Naturalism annexes this science to the cosmic sciences. It is at this point that the wabblings and the shortcomings of current psychological science are felt, and the "Missing World" must be taken into the calculation to supplement the cosmic experiment. If mind is an Actor, a power not reducible to a cosmic manifestation, then Conscious Experience is not exhaustively explained as a perfectly described "process"; it is an original source of unique power which knows itself as such and must be regarded as such.

ETHICS

And in the realm of ethical study the ideals of Naturalism are constantly intruding, disturbing the equations of the Spirit and paralyzing the nerve of morality. All hedonistic and utilitarian schools of ethics are examples of the effort to make ethics commensurable with the experiences of the sense-life or the universal physical needs of men. This yard-stick method of dealing with morality has had the effect of coarsening the moral sense. The genetic study of ethics, too, in which we study the growth of the ethical facts from their animal origins to their spiritual transformations, has confused many an ethical thinker, even though it has brought illumination to the whole field. Evolutionary biology has shed a great light on the origins of all our great spiritual possessions. But the Naturalistic ideal fails to see that studies of genesis and evolutionary processes do not constitute the goal of the study of ethics. The study of the pedigree of the old furniture in my home may bring a satisfaction to me; but

⁴Quoted by Miss Mary W. Calkins in *Am. J. of Psychology*, Vol. 6.

the power of my spiritual possessions over me, and the goals to which they conduct me are of infinitely greater concern. When a man says, "Altruism is unscientific" I know that he has been digging down among the animal origins of our ethical possessions, and his naturalistic twist will not allow him to believe utterly in unselfish love and self-sacrifice. It is not cosmic! From his standpoint, holy things, consecrated acts, reverent moods, are just survivals, race memories, reflexes of a cosmic experience. To that type of mind these high things cannot be prophecies of unrealized worlds. "Altruism is unscientific!" You must analyze it and show that it is essentially selfish before you can regard it scientifically!

Even the literature of today,⁵ the stories of love and romance which are educating our young people, are written often in terms of jungle ethics and animal passions. For this "getting close to Nature" gives us a big cosmic movement and makes a scientific vocabulary available in glorifying and justifying ideals of thought and conduct which are debauching and deadening to the ethical life. Many forms of the immorality which is undermining society today, and which ends in confusion and disaster, result from a type of literature which "scientifically" justifies its ravages by citing the cosmic process.

Listen again to the warning words of a really great scientist. "Let me understand once for all," he says, "that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less on running away from it, but in combating it." In all of these de-moralizing naturalistic calculations there is a failure to reckon with that "Missing World" of inner personal power by means of which a man fights the beasts within him, reverses the cosmic law of selfishness into the human law of self-sacrifice, disciplines

⁵Cf. e. g. Professor Stuart P. Sherman's "On Contemporary Literature."

the cosmic instincts and the jungle passions,—and makes love and purity and unselfish service the holy passion and law of his life. And in finding this world of power within himself, he finds that it is potentially the possession of every man and woman. And thus spiritual personalism supplants naturalism as the philosophy of his life.

SOCIAL SCIENCES

And, finally, let us admit that “This is the day of the Social Problem.” Society itself, its movements, its needs, its organized economic, industrial and political life, these constitute the outstanding problems that cry for solution. This is the day of the Economist, the Statesman, the Industrial Expert. And it is preeminently in the realm of social problems that the folly and futility of reckoning without the Inner World of Moral Power comes most clearly into view. Civilization has broken down and men are striving frantically to apply remedies. The awful War itself was a frightful symptom of failure; and the world now laid waste is crying for salvation! Every Social Leader is prescribing for the ills of society, every man worthy of the name seeks to help in saving the world. Our Social Leaders are our World Saviors today.

The organized social orders of the world have failed, and men are trying to rebuild them in every land. There is a veritable panic of reconstruction. We in America, as truly as the European countries, are surrounded with discontent, on the very verge of revolution. Existing social organisms are strained to the breaking point, and the prophets are predicting a new world order.

Meanwhile every conceivable diagnosis of the social ills of the world is being urged, and every conceivable social remedy. The social sciences are prescribing new political orders, new industrial orders, new and drastic economic

programs, new legislation in the interests of justice, new protective devices against the monopolist, the profiteer and the unsocial exploiters of society. In the new social order hunger is to be unknown in a world of plenty, and greed and injustice are to be curbed. Vast social reforms are prophetic of a better day for mankind.

But the Naturalistic philosophy is controlling in much of this reconstruction. It is the cosmic world and its laws that men are reckoning with, often in utter disregard of the "Missing World" of the inner spirit. The immense contributions which economics and political science are making to human welfare are not now in question, but only the limitations of these sciences. It was not alone, or chiefly, economic conditions that precipitated the Great War; it was rather the failure of the unnourished, anaemic inner life of society. And the reorganization of the social relations of men can never be an adequate and permanent remedy for the malady that has prostrated society. The outer conditions of life calls imperatively for reconstruction; and the inner conditions of life call for reconstruction if civilization is ever again to progress with healthy strides, if War is not again to come. Our Bolshevisms, our Socialisms, our Communisms, our Theories of Taxation, every Theory of Society which exalts economic programs and reorganization of society as the supreme remedy for society, is thereby entering a denial of the spiritual forces of recovery, and linking itself with Materialism, Atheism, Mechanism,—in a word, NATURALISM. All such programs are preaching the intrinsic Gospel of Naturalism. "Install all of this social machinery, and civilization will right itself. Attend to the perfect adjustment of the mechanism of society, and you will have a redeemed society. The whole human wrong can be righted from the outside! Human life is so geared into the cosmic machinery that men will respond to their cos-

mic adjustments automatically when the obstructions are removed from the mechanism. Create a right social order, and automatically we shall have ideal citizens. Form brotherhoods and men will become brotherly. Seek first the laws of wages and of bread and beef, and all else will be added. The economic problem is the whole human problem. Cosmic laws determine human destiny. The Mechanics of life count more than spirit!"

"Democratizing the Social Order" is a slogan with an appealing sound. Let us not be deceived by sound, but let us be guided by intrinsic meanings. If "Democratizing the Social Order" means simply a reorganization of society, however wisely, it may bring relief but it cannot bring a cure. If "Democratizing the Social Order" means also the releasing and the culture of the high inner powers of the human, the recognition of the moral mastery of the cosmic order by a power which commands as well as obeys,—then have we the formula for the recovery of society. Even a League of Nations would be less mighty than the silent culture of the heaven of Good Will. It is the inner, personal resources of life that constitute the Great Failure; and it is to the inner personal resources that the remedy must be applied. Our theories of education, our theories of remedy and reform, every theory which aims to administer to permanent human interests, must build up the inner life of men and women,—and of the children in the schools,—and deal with spiritual capacity and spiritual achievement as Reality of a higher order than the economic processes.

Society cannot live by bread alone; it needs a spiritual awakening. This regeneration cannot come by economic or political organization, but by an inner dynamic power which results from the arousing of the Moral resources of men. When these are challenged and aroused and enlisted in the campaign for human betterment, an era of

human redemption will dawn. As an economic animal or a political animal, a man can never escape from the power of the cosmic laws of life. His fate is written in the books of the social scientists. But as a moral and spiritual animal, he erects a new creative power which meets and modifies and ultimately masters the cosmic law. In a creative act he says, "Let there be a Moral World within me," and from the threshold of this new world even the social sciences of economics and eugenics and politics must be re-written. This is the "Missing World" with which the society of the future must reckon.

Not long ago an expert student of sociology remarked with conviction, "Socialism has contributed more than Christianity to the solution of the Industrial Problem." It was a statement revealing a characteristic failure to note the limitations of social science, and an equally characteristic failure to note the normal functions of ethical Religion. Christianity, as such, cannot perform the functions of Social Science. Social Science as such will wobble and fail so long as it assumes full responsibility for human salvation. The task of ethical religion in evoking and educating the real inner world of spiritual power, is the indispensable condition of saving the individual or the race. And every theory of society will wobble and come short of the solution of the human problem, until the "Missing World" of the Inner Spirit has been discovered and is given a place in our calculations.

Social Leadership must get the vision of the Inner Powers and Inner Worth of men, if Civilization is to find stability and permanence. For men live not by bread alone, but by Visions of the Meanings of life and work, out of which come all of the heroisms and sanctities of life, all of the things which endure without end.

Current Thought

WHAT WAY LIES CHRISTIAN UNITY

In a timely article in the *Hibbert Journal* for January, Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody discusses the recent appeal of the Lambeth Conference for Christian unity on the basis of Episcopal reordination. He properly calls attention to the old device of attempting Christian unity by the formal means of external rite or confession instead of by that deeper unity of the spirit which alone has power to unite. In concluding he writes:

"This vast enterprise of spiritual unity has already become conspicuous and promising throughout the Protestant world, and the tragic experience of war has in an unprecedented degree encouraged a new and genuine fraternalism. If, therefore, any communion, with its own precious treasures of thought and life, deliberately chooses to stand aside from this great enterprise, and to claim for itself an exclusive authority of tradition and practice, then the march of Protestantism, though sadly obstructed, must proceed, with keen regret but with undiminished determination, on its own "Great Adventure of Good Will;" where those who walk in the spirit find themselves moving on converging lines toward the longed-for consummation, when, in God's time, the prayer of their common Master may at last be fulfilled."

MIRACLE AND CHRISTIANITY

That we must proceed from an inadequate belief in miracle as a break in the natural order to a profounder assumption of all life as proceeding from supernatural and divine sources is the claim of Miss Dougal in the same journal. To those who read there are sure to come deep thoughts and such as may compel a readjustment of fundamental ideas. She writes:

"The old pre-Christian faith in a God who at times breaks in and does all that He wills, has grown with the higher faith, as tares grow up with the wheat; but as tares and wheat grow together, the difference gradually becomes plain; the one will support life, the other will not If man, being evil, knows how

to give good gifts, how much more God! But how often does man know the agony of impotence to relieve or save! He stretches forth his hand but in vain. He would give his life for the objects of his love, yet they sink before his eyes in physical or moral degeneration. The whole course of human nature, the life of Jesus Christ—if this reveal God at all—reveal him as taking upon himself an analogous impotence, and waiting for the intelligent co-operation of men through whose understanding and zeal He can alone accomplish His will in the earth.”

An added interest is given to the subject by the appearance in proximity to it of an article on the miracles of Sadhu Sundar Singh who has created such a profound impression upon American and European Christians since his conversion from a period of bitter opposition to Christianity.

LE REVUE DE STRASBOURG ON ITS FEET AGAIN

It is a matter of unusual interest that the Review published before the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to Prussia under the guidance of the Theological Faculty of the University of Strassburg is now revived. It is now to be known as the *Revue d'Histoire et de Philosophie religieuses*, and volume one, number one, appears for January-February.

Leopold Monod contributes the first article, "Truth and Freedom," which was the sermon delivered by him upon the reopening of the University. Of special significance is the tolerant and appreciative consideration of the Religious philosophy of Ernest Troeltsch by Professor Vermeil. Other articles by Causse, Lobstein, and Reuss give studies of the Jewish philosophers, Some Aspects of the Idea of the Church, and Reminiscences of the old Strassbourg Review from the unpublished memoirs of Edouard Reuss. The magazine promises to perform a valuable service for the University and for French Protestantism, and possesses an international interest.

AMERICAN REACTIONS TO BERGSONISM

Mr. W. Riley in the *Revue Philosophique* for January-February gives a careful and interesting summary of the various reactions to the Bergsonian philosophy on the part of such American philosophers as James, Pitkin, Perry, Lovejoy, Hocking and Santayana.

The points of similarity between James and Bergson are set forth. These are not so much due to the fact that both men were profoundly influenced by the same teacher, Renouvier, as from the necessary advance away from Renouvier's position. That is to say, their mutual sympathy lies not so much in what is behind as in what both felt necessary to reach toward. The article is interesting as affording a fairly wide account of the various reactions the work of Bergson has created in America.

PERSONALISTIC STRAWS IN THE PHILOSOPHIC WIND

If it may be held true that straws show which way the wind is blowing in the world of thought, the annual president's address before the eastern section of the American Philosophical Association, by Dr. Ralph Barton Perry, is of special interest to every Personalist. It appears in the March number of the *Philosophical Review*. Under the title, *The Appeal to Reason*, he discusses the demand which modern thought is making for a revaluation or reconsideration of human nature as something apart from or in addition to the physical basis of life. "It would appear, then, that the great philosophical enterprise of the immediate future is the naturalistic study of the more complex levels of human life. This does not imply the leveling of human nature, or the mere extension of existing physical laws; but the study of man as a part of nature, interchangeable and interactive with his environment. That such a study of man should lead to new conceptions and new laws not included in the existing encyclopaedia of science, is inevitable."

Now Dr. Perry tells us "biologists, and even chemists are discussing teleology with open and receptive minds" and "the general problem of human nature centers in the problem of control."

There is a tendency to throw the onus of misunderstanding upon the shoulders of the idealists through whom it seems reason was "by definition withdrawn and perched on a mountain-top," on which account "the scientist who moves about on the plane below naturally fails to find it." But if Dr. Perry's own contention is true the scientist, pretending to the full and final solution of all problems on the materialistic plane, could not in the very nature of the case consider the higher data. Not only so, but it can hardly be considered in the best sense scientific for the scientist to have allowed himself, because of the misconstruction of the idealist, to be placed in the attitude of opposition to the reality of human values.

We welcome the address, which will be read with great interest, as indicating a direction which we are quite sure the thinking of the future will take, a future which we believe will think more kindly of personalism.

THE IDEALISTIC TENDENCIES OF NEO-REALISM

It frequently happens of late in reading the neo-realists that one has to pinch himself hard to realize that he is not dreaming and that he is not in the camp of idealism. An article entitled *The Ethical and Aesthetic Implications of Realism* by W. P. Montague and H. H. Pankhurst in *Mind* for April is a significant example. "The realist of the present day assimilates to the common-sense existential realism of modern philosophy the profound subsistential realism of Plato." He would emancipate from their supposed dependence upon cognition not only the forms of earth and heaven but the totality of laws and forms—all qualities and all relations. "The sculptor, the architect, the painter, the musician, when they seek to embody in material form the as yet non-existent objects of their imagination, are inspired to their efforts by the belief in the more than imaginary beauty of those objects. If they supposed for a moment that the worth of what they were to create was merely subjective, and dependent upon or derived from their own attitudes of approval, their motive for creation would cease to be aesthetic and become merely hedonic and selfish." Thus he arrives at "the realist faith that universal truths are independent of the particular subject-matter in which they are exemplified" which "by no means conflicts with the realization that we attain to a conceptual knowledge of the universal through a perceptual knowledge of the particular." This is where the pinch comes. We have to trace the pedigree of modern realism back to its materialistic sources in order to distinguish it from Absolute idealism which it decries. We give up.

Notes and Discussions

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AGAIN

A valued reader writes us that he feels the article on Psycho-analysis in the January number was harsh and indiscriminating.

"I have been a casual student of the literature in this domain for some ten years or more and must confess to a feeling that you are not quite fair in your appraisal. I have just read Dr. Swisher's balanced book, and am now going over Dr. Jelliffe's, "The Technique of Psycho-analysis." The latter is careful to define the dangers of the art, and to bespeak a high moral considerateness for the protection of both the patient and the practitioner.

The enclosed editorial from this morning's *N. Y. Times* is to my mind much to the point. It is so easy to knock the other fellow's procedure. Can not your journal give later a more balanced evaluation of Psycho-analysis?"

Sincerely yours, ——— ———

The article referred to takes to task Mr. Chesterton for having condemned the Freudians as teaching the doctrine of "Do what you please." We quote the underscored portions:

"As a matter of fact, psycho-analysis—the real thing, that is, not the Greenwich Village variety—is the very reverse of the irrational, and while it is true that the Freudians teach that many mental, and some physical, ills are the result of "repressions," they seek the cure for those ills not in "Do as you please," but in turning the repressed energies to high and proper uses—"sublimation," they call it. Whoever does anything else—who finds in psycho-analysis license instead of liberty—is not a follower of Freud or even of Jung or Adler—but a charlatan, certainly ignorant and probably vicious.

"Of all this Mr. Chesterton could convince himself by not much reading, and it is his duty to do it before discussing psycho-analysis any more, even in jest."

To this letter the Editor replied with an invitation to the critic

to send on an article for *THE PERSONALIST*, providing it should be such as would be of interest to our subscribers and would stick to the issue.

The great difficulty in criticising Freudianism is apparent in the above letter. We are asked to commend Freudianism in general because some Freudians are sane and balanced. We did not deny, but rather commended, the value of psycho-analysis in the hands of reputable physicians. But even then Freudianism could not be true to Freud without danger, because it moves from the fundamentally narrow and false assumption of sex-suppression as the one basis of neurosis; and second because its doctrine of sublimation is made secondary. In fact the sublimation is secondary in Freudian theory and practice to the point of neglect.

What is Freudianism? Is it the saner views of Freud's sanest commentators, or is it that for which Freud furnished the illogical foundation and which in the hands of charlatans and quacks has become a country-wide social menace? Are we to pronounce Freudians those honest and well-equipped psychologists who are able to profit by that which is valuable while discarding the system in its wholeness? Obviously one will answer according to his predilections. Agreement on the definitions is the first requisite to profitable argument.

DR. HARLEY'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

In his recent book, "The League of Nations and the New International Law," Professor John Eugene Harley, of the University of Southern California, discusses the ends the Paris Covenant had in view, and how these ends are to be achieved. This he does in a fresh and timely way, that has won the approbation of so competent a judge as Theodore Marburg, who furnishes an Introduction. . . . According to Mr. Harley's view, it (the Covenant) does not exercise the powers which Confederations have usually exercised, and, at the same time, is more than an Alliance the action of which is not continuous but which, as a rule, comes into play only under specified conditions.

The publishers are the Oxford University Press, and the volume is dedicated "To My Mother and the American Boys Who Died in France." The motto which follows is one of Theodore Roosevelt's utterances: "*It is wicked not to try to live up to high ideals and to better the condition of the world.*"

Along the Bookshelf

SONGS OF THE TRAIL, by HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS. Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston, 1920. Pp. 98.

Henry Herbert Knibbs is now widely known as a writer of stories, having met with phenomenal success in that field. This success may have served to divert attention from his real rank as a poet. In *Songs of the Trail* we have the third or fourth volume of verse which shows a steadily growing power in conception and expression. There are verses here with the charm of the sea and land, the very heart of the open country. One gathers them as he would gather wild flowers because they seem to be the perfect expression of that which he has himself longed to express. We like very much the cripple boy in "So day by day he climbs the hill."

There is a trail beyond the town,
That climbs a little height of land,
Then, faltering, wanders slowly down
To lose itself in harbor sand.

And on beyond, against the sky,
Brown sails unfurl and slowly fill,
And march to sea: or anchored, lie
At rest below the harbor hill.

They are but fisher-boats, and yet
The cripple boy who climbs the trail
For each a magic course has set,
And glorified each sea-worn sail.

When some familiar prow appears,
Plunging across the wide sea-space,
He waves his cap and proudly cheers,
And Romance lights his eager face.

The shining fish are silver bars
From some far island of the Main:
The fishermen are British tars
Who took a galleon of Spain.

.

So day by day he climbs the hill,
And day by day he scans the sea:
While sails unfurl and slowly fill,
Or lie at anchor lazily.

And he has wrought amazing things—
A booty won—adventure planned:
And he is happier than kings
Upon his little height-of-land.

We know of no other living writer who understands so well and expresses so vividly the spirit of the West.

PANTHEISTIC DILEMMAS, and Other Essays in Philosophy and Religion, by HENRY C. SHELDON, Professor in Boston University. Methodist Book Concern, New York, 1920. Pp. 358.

This delightful volume of essays is characterized by that clearness of thought and lucidity of expression which those acquainted with the work of its author have learned to expect. For a generation Dr. Sheldon has been a virile leader of theological thought for a multitude of Methodist ministers. There are many who will feel that such a trio as Bowne, Mitchell and Sheldon can scarcely be gotten together again in one institution.

This book certainly serves to maintain the high quality of the past. Dr. Sheldon writes of Pantheism in general and this essay gives the title to the book. He declares that Pantheism is faced by an insuperable dilemma, "in that it must sacrifice God in his proper character if it retains man in his full reality, and must sacrifice man as he is known in consciousness if it will insist upon a God defined as absolutely all-inclusive."

He discusses the strength and weakness of pragmatism, pointing out the incongruity of the pluralistic assumption, appraises the philosophy of Bergson, and evaluates the conception of a changing God. He has his word for those psychologists who would dispense with the soul and gives careful attention to the values and dangers of mysticism. All in all it is a book that will be eagerly bought and highly prized by Dr. Sheldon's former students to whom it is dedicated. It is a book worth reading and owning for one's self.

THE FIELD OF PHILOSOPHY, by JOSEPH A. LEIGHTON, PH. D., LL. D., Professor of Philosophy in The Ohio State University. R. G. Adams & Co., Columbus, Ohio. Pp. XII and 485.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY, by HOLLY ESTIL CUNNINGHAM, A. M., PH. D., Head of the Department of Philosophy in The State University of Oklahoma. Richard G. Badger, Boston, Mass. Pp. 257.

STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY METAPHYSICS, by R. F. ALFRED HOERNLE, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York. Pp. VIII and 314.

The Field of Philosophy is not quite a new book, having been first published in 1918, but we are now given a second edition of an important work which will be welcomed by many who desire an elementary introduction not too brief, to the study of philosophy. The author gives the main problems of philosophy in the historical connection of their occurrence, his idea being the posing of the problem rather than the representation of historical detail. In this way he treats first the ancient and mediaeval systems and second the problems of modern philosophy. The book will not only serve to set before the average man the main problems of thought and being but will provide an excellent text for students whose previous equipment makes the more detailed histories of philosophy undesirable.

The author of An Introduction to Philosophy assumes "to acquaint the general reader, in as untechnical a manner as possible, with the problems of philosophy as these have developed in the actual life of the people." In keeping with the present day methods of research he discusses "the backgrounds out of which philosophy has grown."

Thus after much emphasis upon the genetic method we have the history of philosophy conceived of as an illustration of the doctrine of evolution. First history is imagined to suit the doctrine, with much talk about "primitive" man, "primitive" intelligence, and after this early period has been sufficiently slandered and mythologized it is easy to show that present day thought is a great improvement on it and the inference is drawn that it has developed from it. One wonders how many times this uninteresting and wearisome round of "research" will be run before our naturalistic

friends will be satisfied to let the facts stand for themselves without forcing them into the stultified forms of preconceived theory.

Professor Hoernle in his *Studies in Contemporary Metaphysics* has produced a most interesting and discriminating book. He presents a consideration of contemporary thought from the standpoint of the idealist. To him it seems that "we children of an age of disillusionment need to recapture something of the confidence, the speculative daring, of the great thinkers of the past." "To philosophize is to seek to translate the implicit conviction of order into explicit insight, to show that the lesson of experience, taken comprehensively in range but with the best of each type as the clue to interpretation, yields and sustains this insight. Perhaps the most fundamental antinomy, we might even say predicament, which runs through modern civilization and carries conflict and perplexity into the thought and conduct of modern men, is that between science and religion, between facts and values, between the actual and the ideal, between nature and spirit."

Thus in a most interesting way he discusses the idol of scientific method in philosophy, the philosophy of nature at the cross roads, mechanism and vitalism, theories of mind, the self in self-consciousness and other themes. The style is charming, the matter interesting, with a mingling of fine sarcasm and philosophical discrimination of values which make the book a significant contribution to contemporary discussion. In the chapter on mechanism and vitalism, speaking of the efforts of mechanism to read out of the universe both God and freedom, he says: "The fear seems to be that, if consciousness is admitted to be effective anywhere, to be among the causal antecedents of any physical changes, it may, in principle, be effective everywhere. Hence safety is sought by excluding it root and branch. Thus we get Thompson's striking exclusion of "consciousness" from the field of biology. Thus arises the fashion, generally prevailing among all who approach biological problems from the physico-chemical side, of confessing incompetence to discuss consciousness, and then proceeding as if there were no such thing at all concerned in the phenomena under discussion. Thus we get the steam-whistle theory of consciousness, more politely known as epiphenomenalism. Thus we get psycho-physical parallelism, combined in disorderly union with a belief in the "continuity" of evolution. Thus we get Loeb's thrilling programme of showing us—it is "only a question of time"—that sex with its poetry,

mother-love with its felicity and suffering, the pride of good workmanship, the struggle for justice and truth, the enjoyment of human fellowship are, as instincts, akin to the tropisms of plants and animals, and open to a purely physico-chemical explanation. The logical analyst chimes in from his own angle. "To the logical analyst souls seem round squares" The net result is the curious one that, consciousness having either been denied outright, or ignored, or politely segregated, the remainder of the phenomena of life is handed over, sub voce "body," to physics and chemistry, and biology as an autonomous science disappears From "just so" stories of this sort the progress of science continues to emancipate us, though we should have more reason to be proud of the fact that we are leaving off telling tales, if the sciences did not occasionally produce myths of their own."

EINSTEIN AND NON-EUCLIDEAN GEOMETRY

SACCHERI'S EUCLIDES VINDICATUS, translated by GEORGE BRUCE HALSTED. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, 1920. Pp. XXX and 246.

SPACE AND TIME in Contemporary Metaphysics, an Introduction to the Theory of Relativity and Gravitation by MORITZ SCHLICK, Professor of Philosophy at Rostock University. Oxford University Press, 85 West 32nd St., New York, 1920. Pp. X and 89.

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL KNOWLEDGE, by A. N. WHITEHEAD, Sc. D., F. R. S. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Applied Mathematics in the Imperial College of Science and Technology. Cambridge University Press, 1919. Pp. XII and 200.

RELATIVITY, The Special and General Theory, by ALBERT EINSTEIN, Ph. D., Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin, translated by ROBERT W. LAWSON, M. Sc., University of Sheffield. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

Many books are now being published to popularize and explain the theories of Einstein of which those here mentioned are a worthy group.

NON-EUCLIDEAN GEOMETRY

Non-Euclidean geometry is set before us in complete and formal fashion in the translation by George Bruce Halstead of the first book of its kind, *Euclides Vindicatus*, written by Saccheri just at

the close of the seventeenth century. That his work should have remained in comparative obscurity for so long waiting for the interest aroused by modern discovery is a striking example of what may happen to the work of the pioneers of culture. The work is printed in both English and Latin on parallel pages accompanied by the necessary geometrical diagrams. Its publication at this time is not only of special interest but affords a popular contribution to mathematical science.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SIDE OF EINSTEIN'S THEORY

The metaphysical problem set forth by the Einsteinian doctrine of relativity is clearly and briefly discussed by Professor Schlick in his "Space and Time in Contemporary Metaphysics." The book is rendered into English by Henry L. Brose.

In the chapter from Newton to Einstein the author shows how though philosophy has long urged the relativity of space and time, physics, dealing with the objects in space was content to assume space as a vacuum for holding objects and time as independent entity. It was such hypotheses as the so-called Lorentz contraction, set up in explanation of the Michelson-Morley experiment that made clear that "the consideration of motion in physics had to be founded on reflections of a philosophic nature." This demand is met by Einstein in his special theory of relativity so-called "because, according to it, the relativity of motions is valid only for the special case of uniform rectilinear motion."

"Space, time, and gravitation play in Einstein's physics a part fundamentally different from that assigned to them by Newton" and so the author declares "the deepest foundations of our knowledge concerning physical nature have to be remodelled much more radically than after the discovery of Copernicus."

In the older physics the law of Conservation of Energy and of Conservation of Mass were held as unrelated, but Einstein shows that the second is not in strict conformity to the first and must therefore be abandoned. Not only must the theory of gravitation be completely revised, but the theory of relativity renders untenable the theory of the transmission of light by means of a material ether.

The general theory of relativity is of supreme interest to those philosophers who have insisted upon the existence of absolute time or ignored, or politely segregated, the remainder of the phenomena and absolute space, for Einstein shows that it is "quite impossible

to ascribe any properties to space without taking into account the things in it." Where there are no objects to be related there can then be no space, so space can no longer be considered infinite. The finitude of the physical universe is considered not only as a philosophical hypothesis but is sustained by the mathematics of gravitation.

EINSTEINIAN MATHEMATICS

A valuable collateral to the discussion of theories of relativity is afforded by Whitehead's *Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Natural Knowledge*. The author announces "the fundamental assumption to be elaborated in the course of this enquiry is that the ultimate facts of nature, in terms of which all physical and biological explanation must be expressed, are events connected by their spatio-temporal relations, and that these relations are in the main reducible to the property of events that they can contain (or extend over) other events which are parts of them. Relativity is established because "our knowledge of space is based on observations which take time and have to be successive, but the relations which constitute space are instantaneous." Professor Whitehead's book has the advantage not only of clearness but also of profundity, and adds much of understanding to the situation.

EINSTEIN'S OWN ACCOUNT

Perhaps the simplest of all the accounts of the theory is given by Einstein himself in his little volume entitled *Relativity*. The book is intended for the average and non-technical student. It may come for that reason nearer to filling the popular demand. At the same time it will not so well meet the needs of the more technical scholar. It is of special importance as being Einstein's own account.

In general, for students of personalism there is nothing disconcerting in the Einsteinian discoveries. One has but to recall the teachings of Bowne concerning space and time, the one as the form under which intelligence relates objects and the other as the form under which it relates events, to remember that the relativity of space and time as a theory is neither new nor bizarre. He needs only to recall what he was taught about gravitation in connection with the theory of the universe as a system of relations, to find still further comfort. It rather looks as if sciences long in conflict were at last bringing aid to a reasonable philosophy.

Our Contributors' Page

DR. GEORGE W. ROESCH is the latest addition to our list of contributors. He is a successful Connecticut pastor, a former student of Dr. Bowne who in the midst of busy pastorates keeps burning the fires of philosophical endeavor. His discussion of pragmatism is certain to create interest.



RICHARD BURTON has so wide a reputation as writer and literary critic as to make superfluous an introduction to any scholarly audience anywhere. The bit of verse printed was his particular greeting to the University of Southern California at the dedication of the great new building which marks the opening of a new era of educational service.



DR. JAMES MAIN DIXON, F.R.S.E., shows his usual versatility in an examination of the Bhagavad-Gita.



In epigrammatic phrase, DR. W. E. TILROE, Professor of Homiletics in the Maclay College of Theology of the University of Southern California presents his first contribution to **THE PERSONALIST**.



PROFESSOR EDGAR S. BRIGHTMAN, PH.D., Dr. Bowne's successor at Boston University presents the second half of his important survey of the tasks of personalism.

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Manuscripts and communications should be addressed to THE PERSONALIST, University of Southern California, University Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Los Angeles. Stamps for the return of manuscripts should be enclosed.

To the Gentle Personalist

We repeat our suggested credo of the Personalist :

I BELIEVE in personality as the power of self-consciousness and self-direction.

I believe in personality as the World-ground, the ever-creative source of all things, immanent yet transcendent.

I believe in personality as the fundamental reality of life, man's highest possession, the source of all creativity, the perfect realization of which is his supreme goal.

I believe that human personality is fully realized only as it comprehends and gives itself to the will of the Infinite Personality, or God, "in whom we live, and move and have our being."

Here is one from F. M. Bennett of Youngstown, Ohio.

I BELIEVE in the natural supernatural as distinguished from the miraculous or magical supernatural.

I believe that this supernatural is shown to men in the three forms of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty.

I believe that these are but aspects of One Great Reality which we may call Spirit, or Infinite Personality.

I believe that man in his spiritual life may share in a free fellowship the reality, the worth and purpose of the Infinite Personality.

I believe that a man best realizes his life by giving himself and all his conscious powers to fulfilling these purposes of Infinite Personality.

I believe he is free to do this in the exercise of mind, morals and religion.

I believe the greatest human example of this fellowship in the divine life is that of Jesus of Nazareth who most fully realized the divine will and love.

I believe that because he found this Father of Spirits, we, as sons of the Spirit, can find the same spiritual Life through experience with the world.

Write us your interpretation. A year's subscription for the best one.
We will hold the contest open for another quarter.

The Personalist

VOLUME II

OCTOBER, 1921

NUMBER 4

THE RING AND THE BOOK

THE EDITOR

PHILOSOPHY, like man had not lived long in the world before it discovered that much which was widely hailed as truth was only the relative view-point of the observer. Aunt Fannie, bent upon the scandal of the neighborhood, sees many things which exist nowhere but in her own eye. Yet she can bring you the confirmatory shreds of evidence. What is evidence enough for the utter condemnation of our enemies would be laughed to scorn if anyone should apply it to our friends. We see very largely what we want to see, we find exactly what we expect to find. Which fact continues the life of the patent medicine almanac, and saves the life of the patent medicine vendor as well as a whole lot of "philosophies," "isms," "ologies" and "sciences" that now afflict the world. One comes at last in the wisdom of age to know the futility of argument which changes no minds, adds no wisdom, but only embitters and estranges. It was the first glimpse of this fact that set the Sophists on their wild career which ended in the denial that there was any truth except that of the moment, the occasion, and the individual. It was the first

breath of the skepticism of knowledge, the breakdown of confidence in man's own ability to understand the world and, as is usual in such cases, from Sophism to Lombroso and Freud, the theory fell into the hands of the unscrupulous and self-interested.

Can we come to the possession of truth? To the unthinking the answer is so easy as to make the question appear ridiculous. Such overshoot the mark altogether and are unconscious of their treasure of lies. Some wearied of finding the answer anew day by day upon the plains of life seek out the friendly creeds of "they say" or "it is customary," "our kind think thus and so," or "this is the new or old philosophy of life", or here we rest, in book, or creed, or institution. That result is sometimes the outcome of struggle but more often of mental laziness, a sort of mental auto-intoxication arising from failure to consume certain gaseous and heady ideas.

The Ring and The Book is Browning's answer to the question of truth and if one will read with thoughtful patience till the end he will discover, not only that which even the cynic thinks he discovers, the great rarity of truth, but likewise that which comes only to the wise man that truth is no possession but a self-conquest—not a prize but an insight.

The event—

Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
 Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
 A beaked-nosed bushy-bearded black-haired lord,
 Lean, pallid, low of stature yet robust,
 Fifty years old—having four years ago
 Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
 Good, beautiful, at Rome, where she was born,
 And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived,
 Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause,—
 This husband, taking four accomplices,
 Followed this wife to Rome, where she was fled
 From their Arezzo to find peace again,

In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,
 Aretine also, of still nobler birth,
 Giuseppe Caponsacchi,—caught her there
 Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night,
 With only Pietro and Violante by,
 Both her putative parents; killed the three,
 Aged, they, seventy each, and she, seventeen,
 And, two weeks since, the mother of his babe
 First-born and heir to what the style was worth
 O' the Guido who determined, dared and did
 This deed just as he purposed point by point,
 Then, bent upon escape, but hotly pressed,
 And captured with his co-mates that same night,
 He, brought to trial, stood on this defence—
 Injury to his honour caused the act;
 And since his wife was false, (as manifest
 By flight from home in such companionship,)
 Death, punishment deserved of the false wife
 And faithless parents who abetted her
 I' the flight aforesaid, wronged nor God nor man.
 "Nor false she, nor yet faithless they," replied
 The accuser; "cloaked and masked this murder glooms;
 "True was Pompilia, loyal too the pair;
 "Out of the man's own heart a monster curled.
 A month the trial swayed this way and that
 Ere judgement settled down on Guido's guilt;
 Then was the Pope, that good Twelfth-Innocent,
 Appealed to who well weighed what went before,
 Affirmed the guilt and gave the guilty doom.

On these circumstances we have the partial and human judgments of nine groups.

"Those world's-bystanders grouped on Rome's
 cross-road
 At price and summons of the primal curse
 Which bids man love as well as make a lie.
 There prattled they, discoursed the right and wrong,
 Turned wrong to right, proved wolves sheep and
 sheep wolves,
 So that you scarce distinguished fell from fleece;
 Till out spoke a great guardian of the fold,"

These groups may be classed under three great heads. The *general* group, the *immediately interested* group, and the *officially interested* group. The *general* group was

made up of Dame Rumor or Half Rome, lovers of scandal moved by motives of their own; The Chivalrous, Other Half Rome; and the High Brows or Tertium Quid.

The second group, that of *the immediately interested* was comprised of, The Offender Guido, Materialist; The Defender Caponsacchi, Idealist; and Pompilia, innocent victim.

The third group is made up of *the officially interested*, Hyacinthus, attorney for the defence, the key to whose character is self-interest; Bottinius prosecutor, the disillusioned professional dealer with crime; and the Pope—judge and impartial seeker for truth.

Thus you have the reaction of scandal, tender mind, highbrow, criminal, champion, victim, self-interested, cynic, and lover of truth and the key to all this welter of opinion is stated in the beginning "There's nothing in or out o' the world Good except truth."

I

THE GENERAL GROUP

When a story is told the most important thing may not be the story but the man who is telling it. This applies even to court evidence, for of a dozen people who witness an accident scarcely two will give identical evidence. So if in the very beginning we are to understand, we must get at the secret motives that influence the judgment of the various characters of the Ring and the Book. If we allow the exercise of a woman's judgment and take the last chapter of the book first, we discover the key to the conclusions of Half Rome in the final lines of the Half Rome section.

"Be frank—
The better for you and me and all the world,
Husbands of wives, especially in Rome.

The thing is put right, in the old place,—ay,
The rod hangs on its nail behind the door,
Fresh from the brine: a matter I commend
To the notice, during a Carnival that's near,
Of a certain what's-his-name and jackanapes
Somewhat too civil of eves with lute and song
About a house here, where I keep a wife.
(You, being his cousin, may go tell him so.)"

The motive behind the whole outlook of Half Rome is one of personal jealousy and distrust. The woman-hater is usually the man with one unhappy experience, the unhappiness often his own fault. The man-hater springs from a similiar source with sex reversed. To the thief the whole world is thievish. Most of us look into our own mirror and call it seeing the world. We understand our own motives and call it understanding the world. Much of our talk is a give-away of our own characters.

To these people Violante, the foster-mother, is of the blackest dye and of the blackest dye alone. She buys the babe Pompilia to defraud the heirs. This child grown to twelve she dangles as bait before the noble nose of Guido who in the desperation of untoward circumstances is caught, advantage having been taken of his poverty. Violante, once the daughter is married to nobility, sets out to get the dowry back: to have her money and her noble connections both. So she confesses that Pompilia is a child of the street. Guido the benevolent is not so much moved by this, thinking himself well-rid of a disagreeable mother-in-law. But this same defamed wife seeks refuge with her detractors. This is the final burden that induces madness. The Comparini have besmirched his name, and are now to have not only their money but their daughter and his heir. He rushes to the villa of the Comparini and pronouncing not his own name but that of Caponsacchi the priest, is immediately admitted.

"Enough again.

Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-wave
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in their blood,
If the law thinks to find them guilty, Sir,
Master or men—touch one hair of the five,
Then I say in the name of all that's left
Of honour in Rome, civility i' the world
Whereof Rome boasts herself the central source.—
There's an end to all hope of justice more.
Who is it dares impugn the natural law,
Deny God's word "the faithless wife shall die".

Thus Dame Rumor settles everything to her own satisfaction and is content. "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

As "Half Rome" was doubtless made up of disappointed married men, disillusioned single women, and others, so doubtless a large proportion of the "Other Half Rome" were chivalric unmarried men or happily married men. Again we have the secret in the closing lines of the section

"I who have no wife".

To this group Pompilia was

A probationary soul that moved
From nobleness to nobleness

praying for a few hours of life in which to pardon her wicked husband and arrange for her babe—the only prayer of hers that had ever been answered. Violante and Pietro were only well-meaning old people who intended no harm but had been caught in the snare of Guido. If Violante's confession had robbed Guido, who was he. Should she not by confession restore to those who were robbed in the first place. If Guido were spoiled, he suffered only justly for he had made the advances and then

had attempted to drive his child-wife to sin in order to be legally rid of her and still keep the dowry. The part of Caponsacchi in assisting her escape from the murderer was true and noble.

“there’s anyhow a child
Of seventeen years, whether a flower or weed,
Ruined: who did it shall account to Christ—
Having no pity on the harmless life
And gentle face and girlish form he found,
And thus flings back. Go practise if you please
With men and women: leave a child alone
For Christ’s particular love’s sake!—so I say.”

The high-brow is not so much the person who knows as the person who wants the reputation of knowing. With such individuals, the truth could be neither with one side nor the other; impossible. The Tertium Quid dare not unstintingly praise a poem, a picture, or anything else. Asked how they like a picture—“Well, the artist would have doubtless done better had he taken more pains”. Get the Tertium Quid jargon and you need never know anything really.

This group weighs the evidence attaching blame here, blame there, but is in all too superior to appear the champion of anybody. Thus “there is a third something to be considered”—tertium quid. This group is afraid its heart will get away from it. It is sometimes dominant in educated circles. It loves to talk about culture and loves to think itself *broad* because it has no real opinions. It can teach a hundred systems of philosophy and never let the student know what it would live and die by. It gathers up the worst and most trivial of all teachings and boasts of being eclectic. But for living men, meeting the living problems of life and the world it is fit only to spew out being neither cold nor hot.

This group can say of Guido,

"But we left this man
 Many another way, and there's his fault,"
 'Tis answered—"He himself preferred our arm
 'O' the law to fight his battle with, No doubt
 "We did not open him an armoury
 "To pick and choose from, use, and then reject.
 "He tries one weapon and fails,—he tries the next
 "And next: he flourishes wit and common sense,
 "They fail him too,—thereon, discovers last
 "He has been blind 'o the combustibles—
 "That all the while he is a-glow with ire,
 "Boiling with irrepressible rage, and so
 "May try explosives and discard cold steel,—
 "So hires assassins, plots, plans, executes!
 "Is this the honest self-forgetting rage
 "We are called to pardon? Does the furious bull
 "Pick out four help-mates from the grazing herd
 "And journey with them over hill and dale
 "Till he find his enemy?"

The long and the short is, truth seems what I show:
 Undoubtedly no pains ought to be spared
 To give the mob an inkling of our lights,
 It seems unduly harsh to put the man
 To the torture, as I hear the court intends.
 Though readiest way of twisting out the truth;
 He is noble, and he may be innocent.
 On the other hand, if they exempt the man
 (As it is also said they hesitate
 I' the case of nobility and privilege),—
 On the fair ground, presumptive guilt is weak
 What crime that ever was, ever will be,
 Deserves the torture? Then abolish it!
 You see the reduction ad absurdum, Sirs?"

The Tertium Quid are moral imbeciles, having played with truth until all real distinctions are obliterated from their vision.

II

THE IMMEDIATELY INTERESTED GROUP

In Guido we have the man of the lying heart. His weakness has been ever self-excuse. Moral responsibility

runs off like water from a duck's back. So long has he lived in lies that he can no more see the truth. When his self-interest is involved his moral blindness is absolute.

'Tis true he killed the three—but they had ruined him. Moreover he is a true son of the church. It was a priest that led him first into the clutches of Pompilia and the Comparini. The girl was bought and sold as a chattel anyway. If all his honor of birth and state are to count for nothing, then the law has no reward nor punishment to give and the social fabric itself will dissolve. Pompilia has cheated him as wife proclaiming him a brute, even his priest-brother has been accused of satyr love. The Comparini were guilty of the whole plot and having made a good bargain, their daughter and money for his nobility, they connive to rob him of all. If only Pompilia had not returned to Pietro and Violante, or even if Violante had not been the one to open the door on the fatal night all might have been well. By violence he washed out his wrongs and now is himself again. His wife's crime was not doubtful else the court would not have sequestered her. He had really enforced the judgment the court should have brought and hence was the instrument of God and the upholder of Church and state.

"I did
God's bidding and man's duty, so breathe free:
And when, in times made better through your brave
Decision, now,—might but Utopia be!—
Rome rife with honest women and strong men,
Manners reformed, old habits back once more,
Customs that recognize the standard worth,—
The wholesome household rule in force again,
Husbands once more God's representative,
Wives like the typical Spouse once more, and Priests
No longer men of Belial, with no aim
At leading silly women captive, but
Of rising to such duties as yours now,—
Then will I set my son at my right-hand
And tell his father's story to this point,

Adding "The task seemed superhuman, still
 "I dared and did it, trusting God and law:"

After the swine-groveling of Guido—the speech of Caponsacchi is like escape out of a stifling overcrowded hut into the free mountain air. While yet Pompilia might have been saved he had told them of Guido and how now do they seem surprised at the outcome. Why have they now recalled him. Do they see their error? To him the story

"Seems to fill the universe with sight
 And sound,—from the four corners of this earth
 Tells itself over, to my sense at least.
 But you may want it lower set i' the scale,—
 Too vast, too close it clangs in the ear, perhaps;
 You'd stand back just to comprehend it more.
 God above!
 It is too paltry, such a transference
 O' the storm's roar to the cranny of the stone!
 Well, after three or four years of this life,
 In prosecution of my calling, I
 Found myself at the theater one night
 With a brother Canon, in a mood and mind
 Proper enough for the place, amused or no:
 When I saw enter, stand, and seat herself
 A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad.
 It was as when, in our cathedral once,
 As I got yawningly through matin-song,
 I saw faccini bear a burden up,
 Base it on the high-altar, break away
 A board or two, and leave the thing inside
 Lofty and lone: and lo, when next I looked,
 There was the Rafael!"

In spite of Guido's attempt to compromise both himself and Pompilia, there had been but the highest honor between them. She used her only means of escape from the jaws of Hell and dishonor after both Archbishop and Father-Confessor had been appealed to in vain. Then it was that conquering his priestly wisdom he saw clearly that

Duty to God is duty to her:

and on this deed of loyalty to God and humanity he is prepared to stand.

“Such is the final fact I fling you, Sirs,
To mouth and mumble and misinterpret: there!
Unpriest me, rend the rags of the vestment, do—
“The priest’s in love,” have it the vulgar way!
“Degrade deep, disenfranchise all you dare—
Remove me from the midst, no longer priest
And fit companion for the like of you—
You gay Abati with the well-turned leg
And rose i’ the hat-rim, Canons, cross at neck
And silk mask in the pocket of the gown,
Brisk Bishops with the world’s muck still unbrushed
From the rochet; I’ll no more of these good things:
There’s a crack somewhere, something that’s unsound
I’ the rattle!

For his part he may be unfrocked but yet in homely ways and walks he can learn and company with God.

“To learn, not only by a comet’s rush
But a rose’s birth,—not by the grandeur, God—
But the comfort, Christ.

Pompilia the child caught in this horrific caldron of lies and greed and lust—what of her? Like the lily from the ooze of the river her character shines undimmed. She had not known what marriage meant and Guido was so old, so unlovely, and so repulsive. Yet Violante doing wrong had really meant good both to her and to Pietro. And now all is done. God is so good to let her live to tell her side and arrange the future of her little boy. After all she is not in much pain.

“The day that one is dying,—sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like;
I do see strangeness but scarce misery,
Now it is over, and no danger more.
My child is safe; there seems not so much pain.
“Purged of the past, the foul in me, washed fair,—
One cannot both have and not have, you know,—
Being right now, I am happy and colour things.

As to her champion Caponsacchi,

"So, let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

III

THE OFFICIALLY INTERESTED

Of this group, Browning introduces us first to Hyacinthus, the hired defender of Guido. The key to his view is self-interest and pride in his little son. He is thankful God has been so good as to send him a nobleman to defend, in a case that has been so bruited everywhere, and is to be heard at the time of the coming Festival.

His great regret is that Guido was foolish enough to confess, otherwise he might have laid the crime at Caponsacchi's door. So he goes over the points one by one, how he shall impress the Pope with his knowledge of St. Gregory, St. Jerome, and St. Bernard, all of whom say that a man must defend his honor. If objection is made to the interval that elapsed between the cause and the crime he will argue that there was no interval, as Guido used his first real opportunity. If they object to Guido's further delay after he reached Rome he will point to the religious sentiment aroused by the Feast of the Nativity, and ask if religion is to have no consideration. Finally he shall lay Guido's failure to pay the hired assassins to his religious scruples and greatness of soul which scorned to descend to such petty considerations. In conclusion he will hold that Guido killed his wife in defense of the marriage vow and in order that he might live unstained. Thus mingled with his preparation of defense are dreams of the dinners the money will buy, the fine impression he will make and the influence that all this glory will have on the future

of the young son. Everywhere his speech is the speech of the pedant and the hireling.

We shall not rightly understand the viewpoint of Bottinius until we recall the mental condition of some of the professional dealers with crime that have come under our observation. Bottinius is a professional. He knows too much about the world because all he knows is bad. He has been on the watch for evil so long that he trusts nobody. He's as keen for dishonour in a man or looseness in a woman as a hound is for the rabbit's track. He naturally believes there are no honest men nor pure women. Touching continually the underworld he partakes its atmosphere and dreams there is no other. Such is the man who undertakes the prosecution of Guido. While he recognizes Guido's guilt he has a poor opinion of Pompilia, and of women and chivalrous men in general.

"Know one, you know all
Manners of maidenhood: mere maiden she.
And since all lambs are like in more than fleece,
Prepare to find that, lamb-like, she too frisks—
O' the weaker sex, my lords, the weaker sex.

Inasmuch as Guido had taken lay orders in the church and has appealed to "benefit of clergy" the case is taken out of the hand of the temporal courts and comes to the aged Pope for decision. We have at last an impartial consideration of the evidence. The Pope himself stands on the verge of the grave and recalls that his decision is not infallible. He must make it in his own behoof. It is a judgment on himself as well as on Guido. He considers Guido's advantages, name, station, birth, and relation to the church and notes how all these have been used merely for selfish advantage. A refuge from which safely to rob, lie, steal and murder. His instincts are so low that he has come to believe only in the vile of life.

This is shown by the fact that he was ready to enter into marriage, not from love nor even because of physical attraction, but simply for money. In his lust for money he has tortured his victims to ruin. The climax and final masterpiece of hell was his maneuver to compromise his wife and the priest. These two because of the purity of their motive had developed safeguards of their nobler natures. In securing judgment upon them, Guido was simply left in luck and prosperity to devise further crime. Even the birth of his boy which to normal men would have been an occasion for devout thankfulness means to him only the possibility through murder to secure beyond all question the heritage. For such a man there is faint hope.

"For the main criminal I have no hope
 Except in such a suddenness of fate,
 I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
 I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
 Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
 But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
 Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
 Through her whole length of mountain visible:
 There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
 And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
 So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
 And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.

As to Pompilia—

"At least one blossom makes me proud at eve
 Born 'mid the briars of my enclosure! Still
 Those be the plants, imbedded yonder South
 To mellow in the morning, those made fat
 By the master's eye, that yield such timid leaf,
 Uncertain bud, as product of his pains!
 While—see how this mere chance-sown cleft-
 nursed seed
 That sprang up by the wayside 'neath the foot
 Of the enemy, this breaks all into blaze,
 Spreads itself, one wide glory of desire
 To incorporate the whole great sun it loves

From the inch-height whence it looks and longs!
 My flower.
 My rose, I gather for the breast of God."

Of Caponsacchi—

"Was the trial sore?
 Temptation sharp? Thank God a second time!
 Why comes temptation but for man to meet
 And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
 And so be pedestaled in triumph?

"Well done!
 Be glad that thou hast let light into the world
 Through that irregular breach o' the boundary,—see
 The same upon thy path and march assured,
 Learning anew the use of soldiership,
 Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear,
 Loyalty to the life's end! Ruminare,
 Deserve the initiatory spasm,—once more
 Work, be happy but bear life, my son!"

Out of these various sophistries of scandal-lovers, interested parties excusers of crime, the supercilious high-brow, the professional crime seeker, and social partizans, only three parties are found achieving a reasonable degree of truth. These three look upon the situation from strangely similar outlooks. Caponsacchi has imperilled reputation and life to strike through the barrier of lies and sees clearly. Dying Pompilia views the events, *sub specie aeternitas*, under the aspect of eternity. The Pope gathers the same large consideration, for he forms his judgments in view of his approaching end. These three, then, in whom greed, lust, and self-interest are completely swallowed up in deeper considerations, come at last, and hardly, by truth. Is truth, then, relative, as the Sophists would teach us? No, but it is the attainment only of those who forsake all to attain it.

It means not a possession to be treasured up, but rather a goal toward which to struggle. It comes only to him

whose motive is pure and untrammelled by selfish desire of any kind. "If thine eye be single," said Jesus, "thy whole body shall be full of light, but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." In such a case the desire to preserve any dearly-loved dogma in the face of truth and against truth is, in spite of all, to be plunged into the darkness of untruth. One arrives at truth only by holding truth already got in the fierce crucible of time. We begin to see truly and to do truly only when we stand ready to surrender the old, even life itself. Holding life continually as hostage and only thus are we prepared to live and to know. Truth is to be found when, according to the ancient pope, man stands out, "pale, resolute, prepared to die, which means, alive at last."

THE PRAGMATISM OF JAMES AND THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM

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THE THEME of the following paper, as indicated in the title, limits its scope as well as any general title can. And it is well that this is so. For Professor Lovejoy, in more or less of good faith, enumerates seventeen different kinds of Pragmatism. We are to write of Pragmatism as expounded by Professor James, more particularly as presented in his work, which he chose to call "*Pragmatism, A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking*," and will make but little reference to any other of his works, which on the whole agree with the attitude taken in this book.

MOREOVER, it is our interpretation of his position, that we present. Professor James is not here any longer to answer interrogation, and any supposed post-mortem deliverances from him through Spiritualistic mediums have not concerned themselves with the Pragmatism in which he was so deeply interested in the days of his flesh. We must, however, acknowledge indebtedness to others who have written on the same subject, and whose works we have read that we might be qualified to give the fairest interpretation, without laying ourselves open to the charge of temperamental bias.

Of this very temperamental bias he makes much in the opening of his *Pragmatism*, maintaining that "the history of philosophy is to a great extent that of a certain clash of human temperaments," such that though each philosopher would disabuse himself of its influences, "his

temperament really gives him a stronger bias than any of his more strictly objective premises. It loads the evidence for him one way or the other, making for a more sentimental or a more hard-hearted view of the Universe, just as this fact or that principle would." We venture the conclusion that this assumption contains more of autobiographical witness than of biographical validity and that his lack of enthusiasm for theism, as revealed in the beginning of his book called *A Pluralistic Universe* is the outcome of a temperamental bias and perhaps of formal training, with which he successfully battles in his *Pragmatism*, following the logic of the Pragmatic method.

In the former book, with a wave of his hand, he dismisses theism as inferior in point of intimacy to pantheism indulging in what seems to us a negation of terms, when he assumes that intimacy between man and God is a fusion of the one into the other. Moreover, while he most emphatically resents a misinterpretation of the Pragmatic position, he deliberately presents, as a fair example of theism, obsolete, scholastic misrepresentations of its essential attitudes. While he finds that "the character of externality," due to what he calls the dualism of scholastic theism, is a great drawback, the added character of externality made necessary by pluralism does not appall him. Were he to take a fair view of the Christian system as it appears in its best form today, the conclusions so abhorrent to him would not be at all necessary. The logic of the pragmatic method we will follow then, as it bears on the Christian system; but what seem to be some of the psychological reactions of Professor James as an individual we will ignore, save as they are matters incidentally curious or may afford illustration of our conclusions.

Since we have stated that, consciously or unconsciously, Professor James misrepresents the Christian system, as it is today in its best form, presented in its relation to mod-

ern truth, we are under obligation to indicate what we mean by the term. By it we mean not only theism, in its commonly accepted significance, but the chief evangelical doctrines that accompany it, as outlined, for example, in the well balanced *System of Christian Doctrine* by Professor Henry C. Sheldon. When we come to the place where we shall make application of the Pragmatic method to the various doctrines of the Christian system, we will point out, as it appears necessary, and in greater detail, how we understand them in their essentials. It will suffice now to say that we regard the existence of God in Trinitarian form and His Providence in the world, man's freedom and responsibility, the reality of the incarnation, the Scriptural plan of salvation, the certainty of immortality with the facts of future rewards and punishments as the cardinal elements of the Christian system. It is of course impossible to treat these doctrines pragmatically in an extended manner within the limits of a brief essay, but our attempt may help to concentrate attention on the method and lead to further application of real value to the Christian faith. But before we attempt a limited application of the method, we must inquire what Professor James means by Pragmatism.

In the exposition of its significance he is not clear, as the following quotations indicate, whether it is a method alone, or in addition a genetic theory of truth, culminating in a theory of the universe itself. In his *Pragmatism*, Pp. 51, he says: "At the same time it does not stand for any special results" it is a method only." Pp 53, "It appears less as a solution, then, than as a programme for more work, and more particularly as an indication of the ways in which existing realities may be changed". Pp 65, "Such, then, would be the scope of pragmatism, first a method, second a genetic theory of what is meant by truth." Pp 258, "The alternative between pragmatism and rational-

ism, in the form in which we now have it before us, is no longer a question in the theory of knowledge, it concerns the structure of the universe itself.' But in his use of the term, as in the case of other pragmatists, he places the greatest emphasis upon pragmatism as a test of truth, and we will do likewise.

As a theory of knowledge designed to become a test of truth, Pragmatism is an outcome of modern scientific method and a reaction against idealistic absolutism. Against absolutism, it brings a charge involving two principal counts. First, absolutism furnishes no satisfactory criterion for the determination of truth; secondly, it shows no interest or vital connection with our practical affairs, the demands of which brought it into being. The pragmatists in general believe that the search for correlation between things and unity throughout all, is the outcome of an intellectual demand for a knowledge of the laws of the Universe that shall make possible a better control of the elements of individual and social experience. And as Plato argued for the existence of a metaphysical world of universal and immutable reality to save society from the disintegrating evil of Sophistical scepticism, so the modern absolutist, to find fixity in this changing world, to gain the authority of an All-embracing truth in the face of anarchical scepticism, evolved the doctrine of the absolute, and now ignores the very practical demand that brought absolutism into being.

In general the absolutist makes the universe the product of an absolute mind, holding past, present and future in an indivisible unity, an eternal idea, comprehending all that has been, all that is, and all that will be. This makes the universe static. Change there may appear to be, but it is only in appearance. Progress in time may seem to be going on, but as time is only phenomenal, progress is approximation to the absolute idea, making man's ideas

copies of it, as far as possible, identical with it. But this the seeker after truth can never accomplish, as his mind is finite, as his mental processes are many, not one, and occur in succession. Yet absolute truth we know there is, affording a safe haven from universal scepticism.

Now ensues a rapid fire of question and answer between the pragmatist and the absolutist, which serves to bring out the pragmatist's position with clearness and force. Pragmatist: "Why is it a duty to search after the absolute truth when we can never attain it? Absolutist: Because from its possession, even though not absolute, high practical values result."

Pragmatist: "What do you mean when you say that some ideas are true and some are false, or that there are degrees of truth and falsity?" Absolutist: "Our ideas are true when they coincide with the absolute thought and false when they do not; relatively true, in proportion as they coincide, and relatively false when they do not. The true idea is the one which would require the least revision, the least change to make it coincide or become identical with the immutable reality."

Pragmatist: "And how shall we know when they do or do not coincide, more or less?" Absolutist: "We appeal to the facts, the plain every-day facts of history and science. If we wish to know what ideas would suffer the least revision by the absolute reality, we have simply to go to history and science and observe 'as a matter of fact' what ideas and judgment have been and are being revised the least."

Here the pragmatist temporarily rests his case, believing that its force is based on the answers he has drawn from the absolutist. In the long run the practical outcome of our beliefs determines for us their truth or falsity. If they work, "in the way they set out to work," they are true, if they do not, they are in so far false. "Let us recall

that the point which the pragmatist has constantly pressed, and to which there has been so little direct response, is that there is no connection between the absolutist's general definition of truth and error and the standard actually employed in testing any particular judgment—there is not so much obvious contradiction as simple irrelevance." We will let Professor James speak for himself on these points with extracts from his *Pragmatism* Pp 230, "It pays for ideas to be validated. Our obligation to seek truth is part of our general obligation to do what pays. The payments our ideas bring are the sole why of our duty to follow them." Pp 43, "The pragmatic method is primarily a method of settling metaphysical disputes that otherwise might be interminable. Is the world one or many?—fated or free?—material or spiritual?—here are notions either of which may or may not hold good of the world, and disputes over such notions are unending. The pragmatic method in such cases is to try to interpret each notion, by tracing the respective practical consequences." Pp 58, "Everywhere" these teachers say, "truth in our ideas and beliefs means the same thing that it means in science. It means " they say, "nothing but this, that our ideas (which themselves are but parts of our experience) become true just in so far as they help us to get about among them by conceptual short-cuts instead of following the interminable succession of particular phenomena." Pp 200, "Pragmatism, on the other hand, (as opposed to intellectualism) asks its usual question,—“Grant an idea or belief to be true,” it says, “what concrete difference will its being true make in one’s actual life? How will the truth be realized? What experiences would be different from those which would obtain if the belief were false? What, in short, is the truth’s cash value in experimental terms?”

“The moment pragmatism asks this question, it sees the answer. True ideas are those that we can assimilate, vali-

date, corroborate, and verify. False ideas are those that we cannot." Pp 201, "But what do the words verification and validation themselves pragmatically mean? They again signify certain consequences of the verified and validated idea. It is hard to find any one phrase that characterizes these consequences better than the ordinary agreement formula—just such consequences being what we have in mind whenever we say that our ideas agree with reality. They lead us namely through the acts and other ideas which they instigate, into, or up to, or towards other parts of experience with which we feel all the while—such feeling being among our potentialities—that the original ideas remain in agreement. The connexions and transitions come to us from point to point, as being progressive, harmonious, satisfactory. This function of agreeable leading is what we mean by an idea's verification." Pp 212, "To agree in the widest sense with a reality can only mean to be guided straight up to it or into its surroundings, or to be put into such working touch with it as to handle either it or something connected with it better than if we disagreed." Pp 216, "Yet in the choice of these man-made formulas, we cannot be capricious with impunity, any more than we can capricious on the common sense practical level. We must find a theory that will work, and that means something extremely difficult; for our theory must mediate between all previous truths and certain new experiences. It must derange common sense and previous beliefs as little as possible, and it must lead to some sensible terminus or other that can be verified exactly. To 'work' means both these things, and the squeeze is so tight that there is little loose play for any hypothesis. Our theories are wedged and controlled as nothing else is."

After this brief examination of the meaning of pragmatism as expounded by Professor James, it becomes clear that in general it is in hearty accord with Christianity and

Christianity with it. Christianity is in the main a practical system, designed to meet the needs of every-day living, and to inspire and to exalt every-day life. The Hebrew mind was never speculative. It was especially interested, —we might say almost too interested at times—in practical affairs. Jesus never entered into long-continued dialectic to prove the existence of God, the freedom of the will, the immortality of the soul, or His unique apostleship from God. He assumed them, speaking with the authority of intuition, as if He were gifted with an immediate insight, not generally given to mankind. His emphasis on their truthfulness was designed to stimulate to a righteous and lofty life, and His stress on the reality of the consequences that flowed from either the good or the evil life was based on its practical appeal to the heart.

In its attitude toward the achievement of truth also, Christianity, like pragmatism, may be looked upon as owning a genetic theory. The invitation of the Psalmist is, "Taste and see that the Lord is good." At no one time can society or the individual be looked upon as possessing the whole truth. "I have yet many things to say unto you," said Jesus to His disciples, who were growing in their ability to apprehend His teaching, but who needed the turn of practical affairs to make them sensitive and receptive, "but ye cannot bear them now." "Not by their roots, but by their fruits" is Professor James' paraphrase of the oft quoted words of Jesus. Christianity presents itself today as the result of the progressive unfoldment of a revelation extending over centuries. Only on fundamentals does it take a final position. Of other realms of reality it says, "Now we see through a glass darkly." Said Jesus at the feast of the tabernacles, indicating the standard by which one can attain certainty relative to Christian fundamentals, "He that willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." In say-

ing this He seemed to take it for granted that the achieving of truth was conditioned upon the proper attitude in life to the practical issues. In so far as we live in accord with the truth, as it becomes apparent to us, we grow in power further to grasp it. Without pushing the meaning of Scripture,—indeed, in taking it in its obvious and evidently designed meaning,—we realize that the scriptural writers were in deed and in truth pragmatists, though they might have thrown up their hands in horror at the epithet, as do some of the “saints” of today who look no further than the name.

As an attitude toward the universe, pragmatism, being an “open” system is opposed to absolutism as a “closed” system. Let James speak for himself on this point. “The import of the difference between pragmatism and rationalism is now in sight throughout its whole extent. The essential contrast is that for rationalism, reality is ready made and complete from all eternity, while for pragmatism it is still in the making and awaits part of its completion from the future. On the one side the universe is absolutely secure, on the other it is still pursuing its adventures.” *Pragmatism* Pp 257 “On the pragmatist side we have only one edition of the universe, unfinished, growing in all sorts of places, especially in the places where thinking beings are at work.

“On the rationalist side we have a universe in many editions, one real one, the infinite folio, or edition de luxe, eternally complete; and then the various finite editions, full of false readings, distorted and mutilated each in his own way.”

If instead of inveighing against the “dualism of theism,” in its worn-out aspects, and consequent lack of intimacy,—an intimacy felt from his point of view, but which to us wholly disappears with unadulterated pluralism,—Professor James had made a careful examination of the

distinction between independent and dependent reality, he might have conserved all the practical value of trust in the absolute and the smack of adventure he finds so attractive to a daring spirit in pluralism. In using the term reality without observing this possible distinction much confusion has been engendered in philosophic controversy. The Christian looks upon God as the only independent reality, restricted by none but self-imposed limitations. All else, superhuman beings, the human race created in God's image, the animal, vegetable, and material world are more or less dependent realities; more or less, because in the doctrine of man's free will we find the basis for the existence of mankind as a reality less dependent than the animal, vegetable, or material creation. In this distinction are conserved, we submit, all the practical values that Professor James sees in absolutism, the trust, the sense of satisfied dependence, the rest of soul. For God is the Infinite, the Eternal, the All-Powerful, All-Wise, and All-Loving, and with unlimited resources and everlasting loving-kindness and self-sacrifice that awakes responsive chords in the human heart not altogether steeped in rebellious degradation. He has pledged Himself to carry on a work that is opposed alone by a contumacious section of humanity, subject in its activities to definite limits of time, place and power. Yet we have no such closed universe as that at which Professor James rails. Nothing prevents that infinitely free Spirit from creating new forces, new laws, and even new worlds. Not necessity, but the seal of a free choice upon a loving purpose marks His activity. Nothing, moreover, absolutely prevents the human spirit from temporarily retarding, and for a time, blighting this loving purpose. Nothing hinders the responsive heart of loyalty to truth and righteousness from entering the great struggle of founding God's kingdom, thus making the losses smaller, the gains larger, and helping to bring the end

nearer. Here then, we have an open universe, which as seen in its past history has had enough of the spirit of adventure, of blood, and of anguish, to make the most robustious philosophic heart, whose slaughter on the battle-field of thought has drawn nothing more than the white, water-thin blood of metaphysical criticism—to cause, I say, the most tough-minded lover of reality to cry “Halt” instead of “*Schlag auf Schlag*.”

With this brief comparison between pragmatism and Christianity revealing them both as possessing a genetic theory of truth and an outlook upon an open universe, we may make an application of the pragmatic standard of truth to some of the outstanding doctrines of Christianity. With Professor James we feel that we cannot start upon a “whole theology” at this time. What we wish to do is to illustrate the use of the pragmatic method in its bearing on the Christian system.

The Christian doctrine of individual immortality, and the accompanying ones that speak of a final dispensation, need no particular exposition. Nor need we enter into long controversy as to their particular value. Régarding irremediable doom, Professor James brings this personal witness to bear: “In particular this query has always come home to me. May not the claims of tender-mindedness go too far? May not the notion of a world already saved in toto be too saccharine to stand? May not religious optimism be too idyllic? Is no price to be paid in the work of salvation? Is the last word sweet? Is all yes, yes in the universe? Doesn’t the fact of ‘no’ stand at the very core of life? Doesn’t the very seriousness that we attribute to life mean that ineluctable noes and losses form a part of it, that there are genuine sacrifices somewhere, and that something permanently drastic and bitter always remains at the bottom of the cup?” *Pragmatism* Pp 296.

This suggests, if it does not embody, the Christian doc-

trine of the final condemnation of the continuously perverse. Its practical value in the past needs no emphasis. Its incitement to a consideration of the serious issues of life and to high and holy living in the present is undiminished save where its presentation is omitted or its correspondence with reality impugned. When we speak of considering its truth 'pragmatically' we do not mean 'practically' in the sense of judging it by immediate returns or in relation to present activities alone. We are to judge by its relations of consistency with other verified or verifiable truths also, and candid examination reveals no inconsistency. If the doctrine is in part a failure now, and does not "work", it is because it has received so little stress, due to timidity and confusion of thought, that it does not work because it is not applied as "it set out to work". Our difficulty here is with the tender-hearted who have been so removed from the realities of human intercourse in its vicious perverse attitudes that they have not been willing to be driven to the conclusion with which Professor James' "tough-mindedness" agrees. "The way of escape on this system is not by getting it '*auf gehoben*' or preserved in the whole as an element essential but overcome! It is by dropping it out altogether, throwing it overboard and getting beyond it, helping to make a universe that shall forget its very place and name."

On the other hand, the doctrine of the immortality of the saints and of their heavenly rewards, both being viewed as real achievements, not only puts emphasis upon the seriousness of life and dissuades from evil, but impels toward the good. It asks each one to enter the lists in a life-long struggle, and so sounds the call to heroism; it gives promise that the injustices and inequalities of this life shall be adjusted; it meets the demand of the human heart, in its chrysalis of time, with a promise of the wings of eternity. It has always been a harbinger of hope, and

without it the rank and file of men have sagged into indifference or despair, anarchy or suicide, rascality and corruption. As a statement of truth it blends with our present stock of truth, which involves it in no contradiction, but as a matter of fact, supplements it with many suggestions and analogies.

When we examine pragmatically the Christian doctrine of man and his nature, we find it not only in accord with these doctrines of the future life, but also in accord with the results of our practical experience. Christianity pictures man, made in the image of God, voluntarily spoiling that image and so perpetuating tendencies to sinful transgression in his posterity. This account of our own inherent dignity, and, at the same time, our perverse tendencies, does not strike us as untrue to a witness from within of our own natures. It is an account that most satisfactorily reconciles the data immediately given in our experience. Moreover, however we may account for sin in the world, no theory of its origin and continuance so well satisfies the facts of future rewards and punishments, and the sense of human responsibility as the postulate that it is in essence voluntarily chosen evil. Otherwise, rewards and punishments would be wholly arbitrary and accidental, and responsibility would be a figment of the imagination. In his *Pragmatism*, James makes light of accountability, saying, Pp 118, "instinct and utility between them can be safely trusted to carry on the social business of punishment and praise. If a man does good acts we shall praise him,—anyhow, and quite apart from theories as to whether the acts result from what was previously in him, or are novelties in a strict sense." The practice of society does not seem to bear out this conclusion of the good professor. While he was writing those very words "experts" were arguing in the courts that the presence of the forces of heredity and environment were

such as to exculpate a murderer and make impossible the imposition of a capital sentence. That such forces may have this result in some cases we do not question, but if the pragmatic test is to be trusted, they are by no means always operative to the exclusion of other elements. For the abolition of capital punishment in France and Switzerland caused such an increase of crime, that the penalty of death for the usual capital offenses had to be reinstated.

But to give validity to this sense of responsibility, as well as to properly account for the spontaneous deliverance of our immediate impressions, we assume as true the doctrine of free will, a faculty of alternativity or contrary choice. Free will, to be sure, carries with it, as James says, *Pragmatism* Pp 118 "the possibility of novelties in the world, the right to expect that in its deepest elements as well as in its surface phenomena, the future may not identically repeat and imitate the past." "Free will is thus a general cosmological theory of promise" (Pp 119) and affords a basis for a doctrine of relief. It challenges us to gather up our energies and throw them on the side of truth and righteousness believing that since the immediate result is doubtful, and we may have the deciding voice, we thus sail under the flag of a real ministry to the world's needs. But the doctrine, limited in this way by James, has a larger meaning than he supposes. It is not only the result of spontaneous impression, the basis of responsibility, a theory necessary to account for the facts of deliberation, but a requisite to justify the distinction between truth and error. Materialism, pantheism, determinism, all make judgments of falsehood as necessary as judgments of truth, and thus afford no standard of choosing between them. What dire consequences such a conclusion might have is needless to say."

We need not pause long to estimate pragmatically the truths of salvation as proclaimed by Christianity. *The*

Varieties of Religious Experience is largely an account of the practical power of Christian truth to save. Where semi-Christian or non-Christian postulates also reveal a power to save, we shall be compelled to say from a consideration of the facts that they do not work as they set out to work and that the "run" has not as yet been long enough to test pragmatically their valuelessness to the satisfaction of all. Many already give signs of decrepitude, while the Christian doctrines of forgiveness through the power of God, and the sanctification of the life by companionship with Him, continue to extend the realms of their practical power.

James' witness to the value of Christian theism is, as we have seen, somewhat equivocal. All his formal training, and in part his changing temperament, militate against the unbroken nature of his testimony, but the conclusions of his pragmatic processes are favorable. With this paragraph he closes his work on *Pragmatism*: "But if you are neither tough nor tender in an extreme and radical sense, but mixed, as most of us are, it may seem to you that the type of pluralistic and moralistic religion that I have ordered is as good a religious synthesis as you are likely to find. Between the two extremes of crude naturalism on the one hand and transcendental absolutism on the other, you may find that what I take the liberty of calling pragmatistic or melioristic type of theism is exactly what you require." Christian theism offers both unity and plurality. A personal being is the only kind that in the mystery of its existence is both one and many; one in its self-realization of identity and continuity, many in its modes of expression; unchanging in its self-consciousness, but varied and diverse in its creative activities. Christian theism offers both the sense of security and the sense of adventure. It preserves what is best in the past, and gives promise of better in the future. "Eye hath not seen, nor

ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." It guarantees the permanency of the moral world order, so much desired by the best in humanity. And in its doctrine of the incarnation it brings about that very intimacy between God and man that James personally found necessary.

Intimacy here, cannot, we believe mean fusion. The intimacy between two parties, which calls for the destruction of one in its essential nature is too much like that of the lion and the lamb before the ushering in of the millennial dawn. Intimacy that means the swallowing up of human individuality and personality in the Divine is a negation of the term. Intimacy of the highest kind is that of moral and spiritual unity, exemplified by the relation of Christ in the days of his flesh to the Father, and designed as the highest end for all mankind. That the incarnation has had this result, who can deny? It has brought about reconciliation between man and God under conditions that mean the proclamation anew of the frightful nature of rebellion and resultant degradation involved in sin, and the supreme desirability of holiness and righteousness. It has made possible the regeneration of individuals and society. It holds aloft the highest ethical qualities for loyal recognition from mankind. It promises to usher in a kingdom of redemption, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit world without end!

Manifestly the ascription by the Scriptures of Divine nature, attributes, and functions to Father, Son and Holy Spirit, calls for the formulation of some kind of trinitarian doctrine. The Scriptures indicate a necessary and eternal subsistence of all, that, in combination with their stress on the Divine unity, demands a threefold distinction in the nature of the Godhead. Rational considerations bearing on the nature of Divine love point to this same threefold

distinction. For if love of the highest kind is to exist—and love implies fellowship—then it can alone exist between persons of the same nature, and human experience testifies “that fellowship has the most perfect conditions where three are so conjoined that each knows that in loving contemplation of another he has the unqualified sympathy of a third.” But whether we impute to human analogies more or less force, this much remains true, that those churches which have cherished the Trinitarian doctrine have been the ones best adapted to cope with practical difficulties of life. The candid mind of Horace Bushnell went from the Sabellian doctrine of the Trinity as solely a method of Divine revelation almost, if not quite, to the Nicene point of view, and closed his discussion with an essay on *The Christian Trinity a Practical Truth*. Its practical value has been demonstrated in holding the church from Pantheism—which Bushnell did not wholly avoid—on the one hand, and Tritheism on the other.

Far from exhaustive is this brief application in a summary way of the pragmatic method to some of the elements of Christian doctrine. It points, however, we trust, to a far more extended and systematic application, already made in part without explicit statement as to a specific method in works on Christian apologetics and systematic theology. The objection made to any such attempt is that it cannot be final. But the response must ever be, that here, at all events, we have the only test of truth under any circumstances, and that while formal doubt is always possible, unless evidence of further data are forthcoming or reason for other conclusions be shown, the run has been long enough and the examination fair enough to warrant practical trust, and declare further trial out of court.

LEARNING AND LOVING

RICHARD BURTON

*July 21, 1921.

THIS is a day of days in Learning's book,
For here and now we coarser things forsook!
We dedicate an hour of dream and prayer,
While messages from out the upper air
Teach us the truth: that life means learning well
To live: all human strife's a parable
Of man's upclimbing toward that ultimate height
Where Peace and Joy and Knowing choose a site
That shall o'ertop all darks of trail and tree,
And, playmates in the sun, eternally
Bring vision to the nations far and free.

Learning to grow, a tortuous task, in sooth;
The warped and twisted to be taught the truth
The good Greeks gave us many an age ago:
The golden mean: not more nor less, but so
And such that symmetry at last shall yield
The foison lost in the untended field.

Learning to understand: Ah, God, the loss,
The pain, the crucifixion on the cross
Of Calvary, wherever men go by,
Nor see each other clearly, eye to eye,
And heart to heart! What holocausts of flame
Have riven spirit from flesh; what sights of shame
Affronted the Most High; Learning must aim
To grow, and know; and then, Ah, yes, to love!
All wistful souls have learned the name thereof.

Learning to love! This is the sign and sum
Of all endeavor, in all years to come.
Such learning, as shall make us pupils meek
Of Him who bade us turn the other cheek;
Such loving, that we lack the heart to hate
Even the hateful, but do pray their fate
May gentler be: Such learning that, the hood
Which scholars wear shall symbol brotherhood:
Last lesson, loftiest, loveliest of them all
(Here be it lived, O Hall!):
That being wise is only being good.

Thou, California, lead the states in this
God-given dream, nor balk at any bars!
Flanked by the hills, by Nature's fruitage kissed,
Lapped by the sea and loved by all the stars!
Lead on, learning to love, loving to learn!
All lesser idols spurn:
Until in fulness of the coming days,
Thine outward beauty and thy inward, praise
The handiwork of God's appointed ways!

*Read at the dedicatory exercises of the George Finley Bovard
Administration Building of the University of Southern California.

THE SONG DIVINE

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IF HISTORY repeats itself, according to the oft-repeated adage it is because humanity finds the same deep problems to be solved at certain epochs. At the critical period of the late war, when the nation was preparing to enter the desperate conflict, many worthy citizens refused to have anything to do with slaughter in any form. To them the warfare on human beings for any cause whatever was a sinful and atrocious act, which can bring only guilt and shame on the participator. The analysis of self, with a view to discover what deeds are harmful to the personality and what deeds will give strength and happiness, often turns the thinker into a monk or a pacifist. Is truth in conduct to be finally settled and adjusted by introspective methods? Or is there an element in conduct which in times of crisis, and in the larger questions of life, bows to the inscrutable popular conscience and the will of God? Such is the atmosphere of the Old Testament, where the man never leaves himself at the mercy of personal analysis. His "guilt" is not a mere unpleasant taint which will make the rest of his life unhappy; it is in essence disloyalty to the will of Deity.

It is this question of blood-guiltiness which lies at the heart of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, or *Song Divine*, the pearl of the great Indian epic, the *Mahabharata*. Written in the old Sanscrit, in a metre very much resembling the sixteen-syllable line of *Locksley Hall*, it has been for seventeen centuries the spiritual nourishment of the Hindu people; and by at least four schools of thought has been recognized

as an authoritative Scripture. The best-known translation into English is the *Song Celestial* of Sir Edwin Arnold; but the English text which I will use to quote from is Professor Caleb's *Song Divine*. The *Song* combines three outstanding excellencies; intellectual seriousness; ethical nobility, and religious fervor.

With the early centuries of the Christian era, the faith of the great "Light of Asia," Gotama Buddha, which at one time, under King Asoka at Patna, had been the dominating religion of the Indian peninsula, was on the wane; and the older polytheism of the Aryan race was reasserting itself. While the unworldly counsels of the Buddha exercised an extraordinary influence on the religious-minded who sought after inward peace, yet racial and other instincts were left unsatisfied. Buddhism is essentially pacifist, and its appeal is more powerful to the devout woman. And in the sphere of the higher thought, the whole problem of creation and a divine personality, the meaning of the universe, it was particularly in its early teaching, unsatisfying and negative. The thinkers who have left for us the splendid speculation of the *Upanishads* struck chords that summoned to thought struggle. These two streams of religious activity met, in the reversion to Aryan race consciousness which preceded the Mohammedan invasions, and was intensified later by the new Semitic faith. Devout Hindu teachers had to reconcile the more reflective and metaphysical religion of the philosophic seekers after God, with the warmer devotion of the seekers after inward peace, to whom Buddhism had appealed. And poetry was the vehicle that they chose.

In the long epic of the *Mahabharata* many things beside a struggle between warring factions are discussed. There is theology as in the works of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor; philosophy as in Hobbes and Locke; law as in Blackstone's *Commentaries*; The particular time and

place which the *Gita*, as it is usually called, occupies in the story is when the two warring factions meet on the historic plain near Delhi, where so many decisive battles have been fought. Arjuna, one of the five Pandava brothers who have been unjustly deprived of their inheritance by court intrigues, is in his chariot, and awaits the final summons to battle. Marshalled in front are the serried ranks of the enemy, among them his old preceptor and many relatives and friends. This adds pathos, the deepest kind of pathos, to the whole situation, and he is well nigh paralysed. He discusses the matter at length with his chariot-eeer, who is none other than the divine Krishna in human form. Deity has come down to earth to help and to advise; a "present help in time of trouble."

"No doubt," remarks Dr. MacNicol, in his admirable treatise, *Indian Theism*, the fifth chapter of which is devoted to the *Gita*, "the religious power of the *Bhagavad-gita* and its continuous influence over men's hearts in India to this day is to be explained mainly by the fact that, while it rests upon the *Upanishads* and accepts their teaching of a God who is the life and the indwelling glory of the universe, at the same time it passes beyond that cold conclusion to reveal him at the same time as a Savior, near to men's need, and responding in his grace to the cry of their faith. Krishna, the charioteer of Arjuna, and the spokesman of the poem, is the remote One, so very hard to find but now come near and manifesting himself. At the call of human need he is born from age to age. To those who are devout and worship him with love he gives the attainment of the *kaivalya* by which they come to him.

The poem is throughout suffused with a glow of emotion which, united with the ancient and profound conception of the divine immanence of all things has enabled it to appeal with power during so many centuries at once to the heart and the reason of India."

The point at issue in the mind of Arjuna is essentially the same in Hamlet's. Shakespeare's hero has to handle the problem of an evil kinsman who has murdered his

father, usurped the throne, and who ought to pay the penalty of his crimes. It lies with Hamlet to use the sword in righteousness, and to make himself king. The forty-fifth quatrain of the *Gita* puts Hamlet's case in a nutshell: Like Arjuna, he is afraid of his motives.

“Alas, alas, how grievous is
The sin we now have ventured on,
Since, for the greed of kingship's joys
We wish to slaughter kith and kin.”

“Conscience”—that is the habit of introspection,—had made Hamlet a moral coward. If we take the word in the sense of the higher responsibility, where was Hamlet's “conscience” when he coldly and deliberately sent off his friends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to certain destruction?

When his rapier was ready for the task, the mere incident that his uncle was on his knees, praying for mercy to God, arrested his proper action, and he let the criminal go, with an introspective piece of rhetorical sentimentalism. He had rightly determined “to be cruel only to be kind”; that is to discharge the duties incumbent on his position and heritage, however unpleasant the task. Failing at the crisis, he saw the whole handling of affairs pass out of his direction; the end being a wholesale tragedy:

“And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.”

Listening to the wise words of his heavenly attendant, Arjuna was saved from a similar blunder. He drew his bow and discharged his arrows against the enemy, leaving the final issues to heaven. And thus answering the call of immediate duty, he found “victory, power and righteous-

ness." It is with these three emphatic words that the *Gita* closes.

In the eighteen discourses into which the long discussion divides itself, the final aim is to point out the way to permanent mental peace, through triumph over sin. This is not found by attempting to satisfy the intellectual doubts and troubles of the individual will, but by getting in tune with the eternal will, the divine Word. As the Blessed One tells Arjuna:

If thou in egoism entrenched
To thyself say that 'I'll not fight',
Thy resolution will be vain
For thine own nature will compel.

Arjuna, born and bred a warrior is bound to defend the rights of his kith and kin. This the clear path of duty; and

For a warrior nothing is
More wholesome than a righteous war.

The path of duty is the path of safety, and must not be avoided because of meticulous scruples. Otherwise the burden will be shifted to others who have less call to discharge it; and

Though meritless, one's own work is
Better than alien work well done:
Better is death at duty's post.

Personality, a personality whose vision is clearer, and whose horizon is wider than human wisdom, is behind the events of this world, and in the last issue we can only have faith, and trust in the divine wisdom. In the Eleventh Discourse, entitled "The Vision of the Universal Reason," Arjuna expresses his thanks for the high privilege of talking with the divine in human form:

Seeing again, O Janardan,
This gentle human form of Thine,
My peace of mind I have regained
And to my normal self returned.

The Discourse concludes with the statement that Love alone—not penance, nor sacrifice, nor charity can secure the divine vision which brings peace:

Who works for Me—his Highest Goal—
Who loveth Me, attachments—freed,
Who hateth none, O Pandu's son,
He comes to Me assuredly.

This emphasizing of the need to be detached from the pleasure and pains of sense, in an inactive and dreamy ecstasy of Love, hardly appeals to the Western thinker as satisfying. Yet the teaching is to be taken with a necessary Oriental qualification ;

Who doth behold the same Great Lord
In-dwelling in all creature-shapes,
The Deathless One in those that die,
Who seeth thus he sees indeed.

For whoso sees the Lord Supreme,
Abiding everywhere alike,
Doth not destroy the self by self,
And thus attains the Highest Bliss.

This “destroying the self by self” is the seeking by mere introspection to discover the meaning of things. Such turning the lens on one's self is unsettling to faith, and to use the words of Hamlet—merely “puzzles the will”. The final issue lies not with us, but with a higher will.

The man chosen to talk familiarly with deity, and receive words of wisdom directly from on high, in this choicest portion of the great Indian epic, was a warrior. In the literature of Israel, the man who was most after God's own heart was the warrior David, poet and harpist; and if he did leave the building of the temple to his son, “because he had been a man of war and shed blood”, there did not accompany the transfer of the throne to Solomon any heightening of the royal character. David

still remained the type of a heroic sovereign; and Christ came as the son of David, and not of Solomon. The "wisdom of Solomon" in the literature that goes by his name, is more akin to the prudential ethical teaching of Chinese sages than to the higher flights of the inspired penman. The lyric warrior David in the Psalms strikes far loftier notes than the proverbial philosopher.

One of the crying needs of the present age is the growth of national virility in China; and one of the glaring weaknesses to be combatted is the low social place accorded to the warrior. The Chinese soldier is not a person who talks with deity; he is an unrefined person far down in the social grade because he follows a profession akin to the butcher's. Until the Chinese people choose for their ideal man some character akin to the Indian Arjuna and the Hebrew David; a type which blends the warrior and the religious man with the man of the pen and the statesman—the future of the empire is dark. The ruler who by tradition, theory and habits is pacifist is ill fitted for the stern duties of his exalted position.

The last Great War ended with the character of Marshal Foch, a prayerful warrior, in the ascendant. The future of our civilization at the great crisis was committed to his wise guidance and conduct, and nobly he discharged his duties. He was a worthy successor of the Roman centurion, of whom our Lord remarked that he had not found so great faith in any one else, "no, not in Israel." There is no word of any condemnation of the centurion's calling. Indeed, this is one of the antimonies of life—perhaps the central antimony—that a man must be prepared to lose his own life and shed the lives of others if he would save his soul alive.

THE WORD OF WORDS

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WORDS IN the earth are multitudinous. That it is so, they are, all too sadly, smitten meaningless. It was likely wisdom rather than wit in Talleyrand, to mention the matter of language concealing thought. If the mind of the world is not at peril of its vocabulary, it is of the Providence over children and fools. That our words should be few, since God is in His heaven, is an old advice. The percentage of books that die early; the disgusting size of the daily paper; the world-wide cynicism toward the press in general; the oath in court, and out of court; the proportion of fiction in literature; the current rage for pictures, the planet at kindergarten: the trail is disquiet. If the doors of the mouth needed keeping when men were few, and the family was more dangerous than the neighbors, the old home might well again take notice. The centuries do not crawl. The path may be to watch our talk.

A word is a handle, and more. Vitally, it is a revelation. Some secret climbs the housetop in every word. Each word, originally and really, has significance. It is the sign of an idea. Possibly, one attraction of Heaven will be that words get back their meaning. Under the sun, it is an attraction that culture weighs its words. That the subsoil of the confessedly superlative volume of all literature should be Hebrew, a language stricken of famine in vocabulary, has large collateral result. Each word must do the work of ten. One can well afford to read his Bible with care. That its words are not milk but meat, it lives.

That the latest speech of the latest section of Holy Writ

names the Christ as, "The Word," does not happen. That it is said, He was with God, and was God, adds astoundingly to its suggestiveness. The ages flower out at school. As God is love, so God is wisdom. God is a teacher. The Cultural Christ, the Word, is a word of God. Jesus who dies for men, and who is a ruler of men as surely speaks to men. He is the Cultural Christ, vitally elemental. To Nicodemus, miracles were incidental as heraldry of teaching. Pilate, seeing a king, found One who came into the world, who was born, to bear witness unto the truth. "I must preach the Kingdom of God, for therefore am I sent." "And He opened His mouth and taught them." The ancient theological definition of Christ as a Prophet has the profoundest good reason, as also that He is Priest and King. That the one abiding God is concerned that men should know, reaches far. It is more than rhetoric, that, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

It is not always remembered that it was, "In the beginning," the Christ was "The Word," "was with God," and "was God." The Incarnation projected or realized had earlier business than sin or redemption. In utter reverence, it may be said, the teaching God is an older God than the saving God. The Cultural Christ is eternal. The Curative Christ waits the hurt. He is called Jesus as saving His people from their sins. Sin is modern. Culture is ancient. Sin is temporary. Culture is immortal. With all its shame and terror, sin is an affair of metes and bounds. Were it imperative there should be such a thing, culture is probably the primary controlling philosophy of human life. We live to learn. The mighty trend of true religion in all the centuries toward the school is nothing less than elemental. One has fair right to suspect philosophy and theology are twins. The preacher as a thinker does not leave his pulpit. The good man worships as he reads.

When,

“Dead he lay among his books
The peace of God was in his looks.”

With even some truth in this emphasis, a considerable section of splendid literature reads strangely. “Christianity is above all else a religion of redemption.” “The redemptive note is the dominant note in the life and work of Jesus.” “May we not say of the Bible that the whole of it was written to show the person of the Redeemer, and to say the word Redeemer.” “The essential unity of the Bible is in its gradual unfolding of God’s plan of redemption for the human race.” “The Incarnation in order to redemption has the same place in revealed theology that the Creation has in natural theology. It is the very center about which our lives revolve.”

After this fashion, not a few masters of the Christian faith have written. Veritably thinking within themselves that human life is an emergency, that above all else, the planet is a hospital, that peril is our native air, that men only begin to live when they are dead, they have sworn, as true men swear, their grief and cheer at a hopeless hopeful situation. The utter depths of their conviction wakens a wearying that their midnight for the world, from cradle to grave, might in truth be early morning.

Whether human life under the sun is a hospital, a courtroom, or a school, is not a matter to settle overnight. One is so likely to state the bias of his trend and training. The probable ultimate quest will arrive at clearly seeing that life is neither hospital, courtroom, nor school, but school courtroom, and hospital.

Life is not evolution nor revolution, but evolution and revolution. There is likely no dominant note in life. One would not say an ideal father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or sister, or brother, was dominant in the happy family. One does not say his intellect, emotions or will,

normally dominates, either each other, or himself. Life seems too illuminative, sweet and virile, precious and inspiring, for any single center or orbit. The great good God teaches, and rules, and saves, and blesses in them all. Men are never out of school; being sane are never irresponsible, as they never, except wilfully, go hungry in their need. The Cultural Christ is the Regnant Christ. The Cultural Christ is the Curative Christ. And the Christ of any adjective is God at business among men. He is the Word of words.

It is, probably, the common thought that God speaks because He can and cares. He might choose to be silent. It is the richer concept that He could not be dumb. Of infinite justice, He cannot live to Himself. Of infinite love, He must love outside. As the poet, "Lisps in numbers," for the numbers come, as the aesthetic soul likes flowers, music, rhythm, beauty, before he can tell why, as any normal woman aches to get her fingers on a baby, so God wearies for His own. He speaks from the overflow, The profuseness of Nature is not waste but the wealth of God. There is no secular learning. The scientist is a priest. The groaning of creation is the hum of those at school.

THE TASKS CONFRONTING A PERSONALISTIC PHILOSOPHY

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PART II

Let us turn now, in order, to the five specific types of construction that are particularly needed in the personalistic school.

First, a personalistic psychology was mentioned. If anyone knows what psychology is, let him speak now, or ever hereafter hold his peace. The time was when psychology tried (doubtless unsuccessfully) to be the logos of the psyche. Today it is a commonplace that there is no psyche; or if there is, that psychology has nothing to do with it. Indeed, the present biological dynasty in psychology has brought things to the pass illustrated in the brilliantly written, scholarly, and suggestive text *Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist*, by Professor John B. Watson, of Johns Hopkins. He frankly admits that he does not know what consciousness means,—as indeed he could not know, being a behaviorist; and he is somewhat put to it to distinguish psychology from physiology. In the end, however, he decided that “physiology teaches us concerning the functions of the special organs” whereas psychology arises only when “the physiologist puts the separate organs together again, and turns the whole (man) over to us.” (pp. 19f.). The psychologist studies “the total situations in the daily life of an individual that shape his action and conduct.” If I understand Watson, he means that physiology studies the organs and functions taken separately; while psychology studies those same organs and functions in their joint functioning in the life

history of the individual and in his adaptation to environment; studies, for instance, "whether man walks before he crawls, the age at which walking begins, whether walking begins earlier in boys than in girls," and the like (p. 20). It is to be emphasized that consciousness is not one of the functions in question; what has been called the method of introspection is behaviorized into "verbal report methods" (p. 38), while thinking becomes "subvocal talking." (p. 14) That is to say, the most modern psychology reduces itself to the study of matter moving in space. It is very different from the old materialism that identified consciousness with brain states, or their effects, but it is nevertheless materialism, and for it the unity of personality, all identity and meaning, all aspiration and value, all reasoning and all emotion alike are at bottom certain motions of matter. The old faculty psychology was bad; the old rational psychology flew often in the face of facts, not knowing the facts well enough to know that it was flying: but if this behaviorism is offered as an account of consciousness, and not as the purely biological science that it is, it is just as bad, just as far from the facts, as was the psychology of a hundred years ago. It is true that not all psychology today is behavioristic; but the behaviorists have cast such a spell over almost everyone else that other psychologists feel that a compromise is necessary. The outcome is an eclectic psychology, which urbanely announces that it is a science of consciousness, but is largely physiology or neurology. Psychology has split. What is called psychology today is largely physiological or experimental (in some physical sense); and such study of consciousness as exists is carried on almost entirely by philosophers rather than by psychologists. But this is unsatisfactory. If personality exists, if there is consciousness, there ought to be a science of them, as well as a metaphysics of personality and a biology of the human animal.

There should be a revival of psychology; not a resuscitation of some old system or text, but a new life in the field. A general psychology of this sort that I have in mind would do justice to the facts of neural basis and function, although emphasizing, as no psychology has yet done, the fact that these data belong to a biological propaedeutic to psychology, and not to psychology itself. The teaching of facts about the sense organs, etc., should be done, both in class-room and in text-books, by biologists. Psychologists should try to teach what consciousness is, what its own laws and characteristics are, and in particular, the nature and function of the higher conscious activities and of self-hood. Most of the psychological work in this direction seems to be in the hands of men interested in religious education and psychology of religion, who are driven to it by the nature of the subject-matter with which they deal. Other educators seem largely to be satisfied with using psychology as a sort of efficiency machine for producing ends more or less naively assumed. It should not be supposed that a personalistic psychology would prove a panacea for all our ills, and would serve as a substitute for ethics, metaphysics, and theory of value; by no means. It would, however, serve as an ally instead of as a neutral or an enemy in the war of ideas.

Secondly, work is needed in the field of logic. Logic appears to many to be a barren waste; but, as Daniel Webster once said of Dartmouth College, "There are those that love it." One's logic, in the broad sense, is perhaps the most important thing about one's philosophy. The study of philosophy always requires great intellectual patience; logic may try the patience of the saints beyond endurance. But glance at the history. Socrates was an expert in logical method. Aristotle's greatest contributions were closely connected with his discovery of logic. Kant's

Critiques are studies in advanced logic. Hegel's logic is the backbone of his system, and Lotze's of his. Bradley and Bosanquet have each built up their impressive systems on the foundation of a logic. Never was logical theory more hotly debated than at the present time. If personalism is on the right track it must avoid the pitfalls of the current types of logic. In particular, it must avoid the organic theory of internal relations advocated by speculative philosophers; the mathematical-relational analytic logic of neo-realism; and the irrationalism of pragmatism. To develop a distinctively personalistic logic and theory of truth is a task calling for devoted and thorough scholarship, and for a vision of the larger implications of the task that not all logicians have possessed. Until this task is accomplished by someone the personalistic organon will be incomplete.

Thirdly, it is essential to develop epistemology in the light of recent discussion and research. The past decade has seen a most extraordinary confusion regarding theory of knowledge. Its importance, its very *Existenzberechtigung* have been challenged or denied. On the other hand, epistemological problems have stood in the foreground of most debates. Professor Macintosh's fat volume on *The Problem of Knowledge* (1915) bears eloquent testimony to the lively interest in the field at the present time.

If I now mention a few epistemological problems that need attention it is not that they are the most important, or the most vital to personalism, but only as samples of what should be done. One item in Bowne's account of knowledge that has always raised a question in my mind is the status of the "flux of sensations." He uses terminology which suggests to most readers the idea that he holds to the existence of such a flux prior to the work of intelligence upon it. It may be that such was not his intent; but

if it was, it seems to me to represent a survival of Hume's influence in one of Hume's most ardent foes. This situation requires canvassing.

Further, the doctrine of the categories, fundamental as it is, has been rendered increasingly obscure by recent work. In particular, investigation should be made of the effect on the theory of the categories of the mathematical analyses of space and time which the neo-realists have so zealously exploited. Possibly the most important recent work furnishing materials for this study is Norman Kemp Smith's *Commentary to Kant's Critique of Pure Reason* (1918).

It is also desirable to investigate, from the point of view of its relation to personalism, the general problem of mediate and immediate knowledge. Recent philosophy puts it in a prominent place. Bergson's doctrine of intuition; Russell's distinction between knowledge by acquaintance and knowledge by description; and Marvin's theory of perception, which he uses as a basis for his neo-realistic epistemology, are straws which show which way the wind is blowing. The theories of Bergson and of Russell in particular have been very widely discussed. The question at issue is closely related to that of form and content, than which no logical-epistemological question is more complex; it also has bearings not only on our theory of sense-experience, but also on our interpretation of religious experiences, such as those of the mystics. The question is also related to the whole matter of the activity of the self in knowledge, to which we shall now turn for a moment.

Further, as just implied, it is imperative to study the epistemological significance of the activity of the self in knowledge. Is the self active in immediate knowledge or intuition, if such there be? Is its presence relevant to the epistemological situation in general? We must face squarely the difficulties raised by Perry's essay on "The

Ego-Centric Predicament," although our task is made easier for us by the fact that the ego about which Perry is talking is the biological organism; so that we may well admit to him that the presence of such an ego is indeed a predicament irrelevant to the knowledge situation and that it should be ignored by one who wishes to understand just what knowledge is. But that the conscious person, the self or subject, may also be ignored with equal impunity, no personalist can admit. On the other hand, that the status of personality is unambiguous and secure in the light of modern psychology (such as it is), epistemology and metaphysics, scarcely anyone but a personalist will admit. There is still much work to do in this field; many problems await solution, others even formulation.

Fourthly, brief mention should be made of the great need of working out a better understanding of the relations between science and philosophy. The conceptions of science have broadened so much since the comparatively recent times when Bowne wrote, that there are always new questions arising in this field. It may be said that Ward's *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, with its numerous new editions, has kept the problem up to date, but not everyone is yet satisfied. I mention this problem, not to discuss it, but to call attention to the need of an *entente cordiale* with the sciences which shall not result in the surrender of philosophy to science, and to the corresponding need of some men, trained in the natural sciences, who shall devote themselves to philosophical problems. There is, I think, a regrettable tendency on the part of personalists to neglect the sciences.

Fifthly, there is great need for a personalistic theory of values. The value-problem has been studied from every angle in the past twenty-five or thirty years—its psychol-

ogical, ethical, religious, metaphysical and applied aspects. But it is not far from the truth to say that the net yield has been disappointing. Of all the problems of philosophy none is closer to the heart of life than this: indeed, it is the very problem of the heart of life. If philosophy is to justify itself as an interpretation of life, the theory of value ought to furnish results of the most illuminating and practical significance for the understanding and the guidance of human civilization. If progress is possible in philosophy at all, it ought to be possible in the theory of values. Nevertheless, as aforesaid, although it has been intensively cultivated of late, it has yielded relatively little practical insight; he would be daring who asserted that modern thought has advanced much beyond Plato in this respect. It seems to me that the most valuable contribution that has been made is that in Sorley's *Moral Values and the Idea of God*, which is the most satisfactory argument for the objectivity of moral values and the dependence of all value upon personality that I have seen. But it suffers from what James would call a certain thinness, that is, a lack of sufficient contact with actual experience. Philosophy, and all thinking, must be, in some sense abstract; a reasoned account of life can never be accompanied by photographs of the thoughts. But philosophy, and particularly theory of value, has as sole function the interpretation and criticism of experience, and cannot swing in the air. If the questions of value theory could be answered, it would make a real difference in life; some of the questions are: Is value objective or subjective merely? Is it essentially an experience of personality or not? What are the supreme values of life? On what basis ought we to decide that one value is more valuable than another? Are there different types of criteria for different kinds of value? Is there an essential unity in the whole life of value? Here ethical, logical, aesthetic,

metaphysical, epistemological and practical considerations meet. If personalists can do anything toward interpreting and clarifying the data of value, they will perform a real intellectual service. If any philosophical school ought to do this effectively, it is precisely the personalistic. The absolutists have worked conscientiously and brilliantly on these problems, but they stand gazing into heaven. The other-worldliness of the monistic absolutist, the abstractness of his concrete universal, the remoteness of his immanent truth are such as to forbid his philosophy having a message for any save the very elect who are called to be Hegelians. The efforts of realists in the field,—Mr. G. E. Moore, Perry, and Spaulding, for example—have led to such exceedingly diverse and contradictory results that one can scarcely hope for any characteristic realistic theory of value. On the other hand, recent personalism justifies the belief that if a superstructure be erected on the foundations of personalistic theory it will prove to be as inwardly coherent as absolutism, while surpassing both speculative philosophers and neo-realists in contacts with real experience.

Let us now turn to the next general type of task awaiting personalists. It is what I have called practical construction. The use of such a term demands an explanation in this connection. It seems to imply that the long preceding discussion of systematic construction dealt with the purely theoretical and hence impractical; whereas now we are to leave all system and theory behind in the pursuit of the truly practical. This implication is not only not intended, but even seems to me to misrepresent the truth. I regard the distinction of the theoretical and practical as one of the most misunderstood and misleading of abstractions. All life is activity, is practise; all reality is alive, everything flows, except the abiding self—and one of the most prominent traits of the abiding self is its activ-

ity! All theory, if it be valid, is an account of this activity, and is itself an activity; that is, theory is an activity that interprets activity. On the other hand, all practical life is, if it be not utterly blind *empirisches Herumtappen*, as Kant once said, an expression of theory, guided by theory, loyal to theory. The separation between theory and practise is a distinction that thought makes in dealing with different aspects of a reality that is essentially one. There are good practise and bad practise, which embody good theory and bad theory. But all judgment of practise as good or bad is a matter of theory; there is no conflict between theory and practise in essence, but only a conflict among theories; what Perry calls the conflict of ideals. Some indeed do not accept this view of the case. Professor Durant Drake, chairman of the critical realists, said to me the other day that metaphysics and epistemology inhabit a realm utterly apart from life; that they are indeed interesting intellectual exercises, but that they have no bearing on conduct. Far be it from me to deny that there is such abstract intellectual exercise possible; if doubted, this would be *zur Genüge* proved by the performances of "logistic," with its universes of discourse that have nothing to do with our universe. Between Mr. Bertrand Russell's mathematics and our real world there is a great gulf fixed. These instances of pure theory would fill the man on the street, spoiling for a fight with theory, full of mingled delight and rage. But after all, the man on the street would be fighting a man of straw. True *theoria* is indeed an intellectual contemplation; but it is a contemplation of principles that relate to, explain, interpret and criticize our actual human life. All philosophy worth having is philosophy of life; is the search for the meaning of actual experiences taken as a whole.

When then I talk about practical construction, I am really talking only about that part of theory that has its

application in some of the more obvious and visible phases of human life. I shall mention only three of these phases which ought to be of special interest to personalists, namely the social, the educational and the religious.

The social problem is the great overwhelming problem of our time. Its urgency is pressed on us with every daily paper, with every purchase in a store, with every contact with our fellows. The utmost intellectual resources of humanity are being taxed, and will be taxed for a long time to come, in coping with the complex phenomena. To whom should we look for light in solving the problems? To the economists? Assuredly. To the labor leaders? It would be folly to neglect them. To the capitalists? To them too. To the sociologists and historians and political scientists? Yes, to all of these and to the specialists in every science. But all the wisdom of these wise men is folly if they leave neglected the question as to the meaning and worth of human life, and the goal for which men ought to strive. A true social philosophy must put ethics in the foreground manifestly, if it is to be true to the best in human nature. And a personalist, anyway, would add not ethics only, but metaphysics. For personalism, the whole problem of reality is a social problem; and every conflict in human relations involves our relations to that "great *socius*" whom religion calls God. Our conception of what social relations ought to be must be affected both by our theory of value and by our metaphysics, and hence, manifestly, by our religion.

Is this a partisan personalistic putting of the case? I think not. Two recent articles are proof to the contrary. Professor Armstrong's ripe historical scholarship has been devoted to an investigation of the relation between philosophical theory and theory of the state. His conclusion, contrary to his own initial belief, was that in general absolute idealists tend to a theory of absolutism in politi-

cal theory. The prejudice in favor of unity and system occurs in both spheres of thought. The empiricist, on the other hand (and he might have added, the personalist) tends to emphasizing the plurality of life, and so in political theory is more inclined to democracy. Mr. Stringfellow has published a series of articles on *The Philosophical Background of Syndicalism* which show, not that syndicalism had its rise from any philosophical theory, but at least that it is feeling for and demands a theory for its justification.

No social movement can long survive among civilized men which does not produce a philosophy that satisfies at least its own members. Philosophy both causes and reflects practical programs. Sometimes these programs are not carried out, as in Plato's case; yet even Utopias inspire actual social changes. Is not the Kingdom of God itself a Utopia? But often a political theory or an economic theory growing out of epistemological and metaphysical as well as ethical reflection shapes the actual course of events far more than the actors in the events realized. Locke, Rousseau, and the French Revolution. Hegel and *der Staat* which was the Kingdom of God and sought to compel the other nations to come in. . . Hegel again and Marx and Engels. . . Marx and Tolstoi and Russia today. We should, indeed, beware of being ideologists; ideas alone do not cause great social and historical changes. But without the part played by philosophers, the course of history would have been radically different from what it has been. I am concerned at present only to remark that personalistic philosophy has in the present crisis a golden opportunity; and that, in order to meet it, it should not abdicate but rather reassert its function as philosophy.

Another practical matter to which I had referred is our educational problem. This is part of the general social problem, and I am inclined to think, the most im-

portant part of it. Until there is general education, the masses cannot understand their own situation or seek intelligently to improve it; and until there is a widespread and lofty moral and religious education, intelligence will be directed, as at present, to selfish and unworthy ends. It is evident that the great need of the hour is for an educational philosophy based on a sound theory of values and on an intelligent and vital religious life. Here again is an opportunity for personalists that is of the utmost importance. The shortage of teachers, of which so much complaint has rightly been made, and the poor quality of the actual teachers, of which less has been said but which is equally real, are both ultimately traceable to the lack of profound moral and religious idealism in the community. Again, let me say, we should not imagine that a philosophical system can solve the whole problem; or that the correct theory of educational values will produce a race of uniformly good specimens of the *genus homo*: but granting all the fallacy of ideology once more, we may reassert the belief that a sound understanding of the meaning and values of life in the light of a personalistic philosophy would go farther than we dream toward revolutionizing society.

The third practical matter is the religious. Every problem is infinite, that of religion most obviously so. Although we might be tempted to say that Bowne's work in Theism and in Christian fundamentals is pretty nearly definitive, reflection would guard us against such a conclusion. The problem is too complex and many sided; too much new work is being done by the historians and psychologists; too many new conditions in life are arising and too many new infants are being born annually to permit us to regard the discussion as closed. The adaptability of personalism for interpreting the Christian basis of civilization, of life, and of thought is too obvious to

need further amplification, in a discussion which is concerned only with pointing out tasks.

In bringing this paper to a close, I feel that the need of self-criticism, *auto-critique*, should be emphasized. Whatever our philosophical interests or convictions, they are more apt to be fruitful and cogent if we frequently entertain the idea of the possibility of improving them. Conviction without dogmatism, or, if you please, dogmatism without a sense of personal infallibility is essential to philosophical development. While we should not always be pulling the plant up by the roots to see if it is growing; and while certain fundamental points of view in the attitude of any thinker are likely to remain unchanged throughout his intellectual career; it is nevertheless true that an occasional re-examination of first principles as well as a polishing up of details is necessary to prevent smug complacency and philosophical stagnation. It seems to me that one of the very important functions of a journal like THE PERSONALIST is precisely that of the self-criticism of its own philosophical standpoint.

Current Thought

Mr. Wells in the Toils of his Critics.

A POPULAR magazine knowledge of history is seldom of such an order as to satisfy the experts. Mr. Wells is learning this through the critics of his *Outlines of the World's History*. He replies to them in an article, *History for Everybody*, in the *Yale Review* for July in a characteristically Wellsian way, which is more emphatic than convincing. To the unprejudiced bystander it is a reminder of King Bomba's army which marched bravely forward making faces at the enemy, the one making the most terrible face being acclaimed victor. After all it is worth reading, if only for the Wellsian conceit.

The Biologist Speaks of Death.

IN THE JUNE *Atlantic* appears an article by this title from the pen of Vernon Kellogg. We have the reiteration of scientific agnosticism regarding the soul. It is of course, a profound disappointment to have or to admit that there is anything in or about us that cannot be weighed in the scales or measured by the yardstick or giving no reaction in the test-tube. It is quite natural too for the scientific specialist to deny any reality to that which cannot be so tested. We do not quarrel with the agnosticism of science. What we deplore is that after assuming the unknowability (from a scientific standpoint) of the soul he proceeds to place mother-love and animal love, human sacrifice for a common good and bee sacrifice for the hive, the intelligence of the garden spider and the builder of Brooklyn Bridge on exactly the same moral and volitional plane. It is well for science to understand the limits of scientific demonstration, it is better for it to recognize these same limits as applied to scientific hypotheses.

Can there be an Adequate Naturalism?

THIS is the question which R. W. Sellars sets himself in *The Monist* for April. He believes that it is possible to work out a natural-

ism which shall include man and account for consciousness. The essay forms the first chapter of a book soon to appear from the press of the Open Court Publishing Co., and which will be awaited with interest.

American Theists.

THE WORK of Theodore Parker, J. Lewis Diman, Elisha Mulford, Samuel Harris, John Fiske, and Charles Carroll Everett are passed under review by John Wright Buckham in the July number of the *Harvard Theological Review*. The interesting development of theistic thought in America and its relation to the widely prevalent doctrine of evolution are clearly and concisely set forth.

The Philosopher as a Gadfly.

THIS is the novel suggestion as to the true role of the philosopher which John M. Mecklin makes in the July number of the *International Journal of Ethics*. He pleads for the philosopher who shall be the interpreter of our modern life. Who shall so catch the spirit of the age as to be able to interpret it to itself and to provide that social and moral leadership which it needs.

"The Philosopher as Social Interpreter" was read at the late meeting of the American Philosophical Association.

Agnosticism and Divine Personality.

IS AGNOSTICISM the coming mode of thought? Does it represent the greatest breadth of culture, the height of intellectual achievement? There are some that would thus believe. For such, impersonalism in the world-ground has no terrors. All attribution of personality to God seems to them a vain anthropomorphism. But to the Christian to be handed an impersonal God is instead of bread to receive a stone. In the May number of the *Journal of Religion* George Galloway of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews University, shows the reasonableness and necessary implications for human personality of a belief in the personality of God.

Notes and Discussions

Dreams and Awakening.

WHAT IS the real meaning of the power that a great mythology always has over the heart of men, even though employing the symbolism, fantastic and grotesque, of an ancient and long since out worn faith? Why, for example, has Michael Angelo's legend of the Creation on the roof of the Sistine Chapel at Rome inspired so many minds? Why should the sculptor, Rodin, have been impelled by his master's work, not to do something like it, but to do something quite different; and why should men who are not artists at all have found therein an equal inspiration kindling in them another passion, and of an order far remote from the artist's,—the passion for thought.

Is it because the disciple, like Rodin, is necessarily in some sort greater than the master, and has a key to the mind of that master that the latter himself never had? A mythology is like a dream,—nay, rather,—it is a dream, and the men of a later time, though they cannot dream so splendidly, may yet be the interpreters. Michael Angelo was as one of the giants begotten of the earth and bound in the chains of the earth darkness, a deep unconsciousness broken only by the awful imagery of his dream. It is as though he were striving to awake, yet ever in unacknowledged dread of falling back into a profounder sleep, like his own Adam, albeit awaking in response to the creative finger of God. Over the Cumæan sybil, though prophetess of the coming of Christ, broods a like fear, as though the transitory glimpses of the soul should become narrower and darker, more and more fragmentary, and the perishable fragments be drifted away upon some cold, passionless wind into a still more vacant night,—a wind feeble and unguided, yet less feeble than the resistance of the dreaming soul,—

Nec revocare situs aut jungere carmina curat

There is perhaps only one other heroic achievement in the domain of the conflicts and victories of art that can compare in majesty

with Angelo's,—that of Beethoven. Born within sound of the waters of the river that of all rivers might have made glad the habitations of men, within sight of the soft vine-clad hills where the ancient civilizations of the South are not quite forgotten by the new, germinating life of the peoples of the North, he is in some sort greater than Angelo, being as it were the interpreter of his own dreams, and thereby showing forth the truth and significance of the old saying: "We are near waking when we dream that we dream." His struggle with the fear and the sadness of the unconscious is more successful; and there are times when his music, as in the Adagio in the Fourth Symphony, is like the soft morning dreams of childhood, or of one who had securely achieved his rest,—dreams brightly toned as the colours of the dawn that bid them fade or into which they merge.

For there is something in life that makes us continually renew the effort towards a more complete awaking. The splendours of the imagery that reigns over the unconscious dreaming of humanity fills us with awe. We are entranced with its beauty. Its mystery provokes us to wonder. And we think we fulfill ourselves and our hopes and desires as we strive to illumine the dream of life with bright symbols of life to come. But what is that life if it be not first of all an awakening? For among all the passions of men there is none more greatly human than the unassuaged longing,

Of the night for the morrow;

and nothing finds a deeper resonance in the human heart than the words that come to us from of old: "When I awake I shall be satisfied."

J. M. THORBURN

University of Cardiff.

Flammarion on Death and Personality.

IN THE SUNSET of his life the noted astronomer, Camille Flammarion, is giving forth to the world his final interpretation of the world scheme; and in a deliberate and systematic way. The first of three volumes dealing with DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY has appeared; and its conclusion is comforting to Christian believers. It answers the question, *Has the soul an existence of its own?* with an

emphatic affirmative. It also regards the universe as inexplicable without a higher single will, a Deity who works for goodness and justice. While "the human personality is a party to active motives in the march of human events", it yet has not absolute free will; its free will is conditioned. Flammarion does not consider that our five or six earthly senses allow us to be dogmatic on the deeper issues of life. He is with Paul in believing that "here we see darkly" and the knowledge we gain is imperfect; we may look forward to greater enlightenment in the life beyond.

Guest:—A Poet of the Home.

NO RHYMSTER of to-day is so deservedly popular as Edgar A. Guest who for several lustrums has been identified with the *Detroit Free Press*. Born in old England, at Birmingham, he left that city of ironware—and of thinkers and poets, too—when still a boy. The family settled in Detroit, also a home of machinery and of literature. When his verses began to attract general attention, he set himself to print a volume of them in 1910, along with his printer brother Harry. This volume was called *Home Rhymes*, distinctly home-made rhymes, for they were published privately. Since 1916, however, the firm of Reilly and Lee of Chicago have been his enthusiastic publishers, and the public has welcomed from them first "A Heap o' Livin'", and next *The Path to Home*, The latter contains what many consider his two finest lyrics: "His Dog" and "His Example". Another volume has just appeared, "When Day is Done". Golfers will enjoy his "Golf Luck," ending with the refrain:—

"When I win a hole by freaky stroke or lucky
I never claim I played the stroke that way."

Others, who sense in all he writes a subtle propriety or thought, will enjoy the stanzas of "When We Understand the Plan"; ending.

"I reckon in the years to come,
When these poor lips of clay are dumb,
And these poor hands have ceased to toil,
Somewhere upon a fairer soil
God shall to all of us make clear
The purpose of our trials here."

J. M. D.

Along the Bookshelf

LECTURES ON MODERN IDEALISM, By JOSIAH ROYCE. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1919. pp. xii. 266.

FUGITIVE ESSAYS, By JOSIAH ROYCE, with an Introduction by Dr. J. Loewenberg. Harvard University Press Cambridge, 1920. pp. 429.

THE BEST OF MODERN IDEALISM

The James Wesley Cooper Memorial Publication Fund through the Yale University Press is performing a real service to current thought in the publication of Josiah Royce's Baltimore lectures. Lectures on Modern Idealism will be welcomed not only because it gives a bit more of the priceless work of Royce but because it offers a clear and concise discussion of the principles involved in the Kantian and post-Kantian idealism. The student will here have defined that development of the Kantian philosophy in later idealism in which the histories of philosophy are too often obscurely technical.

Royce rightly declares "the Kantian deduction of the categories" to be "the portal to the dwelling of modern philosophy."

Kant's "transcendental Ego" is thus clearly set forth. "The unity of the physical world is therefore conceived by us in terms of the unity of a sort of ideal or virtual self, the self of an ideal or possible human observer of whom we conceive that whatever fact we acknowledge to be real in the physical world is *ipso facto* viewed by this self. This ideal or virtual self is, for any one of us, myself, my larger unity of experience". "Hence, all natural facts, whatever they are, must be viewed by you as if an intelligence, virtually identical with your own, determined, not indeed their empirical details, but their general outlines in conformity with the laws of your intelligence, constructed them as if to exemplify your categories, drew them, so to speak, as a geometer draws lines, put into them that intelligible structure which you now think into present facts. As we have already pointed out, this virtual intelligence, to whose cate-

gories whatever facts you are to regard as real, conform, is indeed not, for Kant, any concrete or absolute or divine intelligence at all, but is simply that presupposed virtual unity of consciousness in conformity with whose categories you have to think facts in order to conceive them real at all."

Concerning Kant's doctrine of the self he writes:

"The categories require a new deduction, which shall, if possible, connect them with time, with space, with one another, and with self, according to some single principle which shall determine how the self needs just these forms. The source of the very matter of sense itself must be brought, if possible into some relation with the nature of the self, and with the single principle just mentioned, in such a manner that it may become evident why the self needs, after all, to view its own realm of sense facts as an alien realm, even in order to win it over, through intelligent articulation, to some conscious unity with the purpose of the reason. In other words, whatever principle is at the basis of self-consciousness must, if possible, be shown to be also the principle that lies at the basis of the sense world. Thus only could Kant's philosophy be rendered satisfactory to the very minds which took the warmest interest in its fashion of analyzing experience."

Discussing the origin of the idealistic term, "absolute," Royce tells us that "one of the chief motives for substituting the term "absolute" for the term "self" as the name for the principle of philosophy, was interwoven with motives furnished by the social consciousness.

Regarding the relation of the "absolute" to the traditional religious views he writes:

"The religious views of the time meanwhile became altered; and instead of the God of traditional theology, and also instead of the world-contriving and utilitarian divine being of the earlier eighteenth century deism, one now sought for the Absolute—a being characterized in that time by two principal attributes: first, that the Absolute was impersonal and thus relatively pantheistic in type; while, secondly, the self was nevertheless the best image and revelation, the true incarnation, of this Absolute. This paradox, that self was the center of the universe, while the Absolute was nevertheless impersonal, formed the crucial issue of the time."

Though Royce did not draw the conclusion it is quite obvious that

in this same doctrine of selfhood were laid down the intellectual foundations which later flowered in Nietzsche's superman and that characteristic German spirit so much in evidence during the war. If the Absolute is impersonal and reaches incarnation only in man, obviously man is the most lordly thing in the universe, and we have the basis for vaunting intellectual pride and moral self-sufficiency. Man is his own God. .

The author passes from the discussion of Kant to Schelling, Fichte and Hegel and closes with a chapter on the later problems of idealism and its present position. Of his own attitude he writes:

"Truth meets needs; truth is also true. Of these two propositions I conceive idealism to be constituted. If one attempts to define a world of merely relative truth, this world, as soon as you define it in its wholeness, becomes once more your absolute, your truth that is true. In acknowledging truth we are indeed meeting, or endeavoring to meet, a need which always expresses itself in finite form. But this need can never be satisfied by the acknowledgement of anything finite as the whole truth. For, as Hegel well insisted, the finite is as such self-contradictory, dialectical, burdened with irrationality. It passes away. Meanwhile it struggles with its own contradictions, and will not be content with acknowledging anything less than its own fulfilment in an Absolute Life which is also an absolute truth. That many are not conscious of this need, I agree. Most men have no great amount of consciousness with regard to anything. But that all are discontent with their finitude, is a matter of common experience. I interpret this as implying, and as inevitably implying, that it is truth that every finite life actually finds its fulfilment in an Absolute Life, in which we live and move and have our being. I maintain, and have elsewhere at length argued, that to attempt to deny this Absolute Life, is simply to reaffirm it under some new form. Personally I am both a pragmatist and an absolutist, I believe each of these doctrines to involve the other, and therefore I regard them not only as reconcilable but as in truth reconciled."

The book is well printed and is one without which the philosophical library cannot be considered complete.

ROYCE TO HAVE NO BIOGRAPHY

Josiah Royce is not to have a biography. This we are told in the

introduction to *Fugitive Essays*, by the editor Dr. J. Loewenberg. Thus, the bringing together of many essays which had been published in now inaccessible periodicals, with a few more that had not been printed, forms a real service for those who love the spirit and appreciate the work of Royce.

The book while of great general interest will have a special significance for Californians because most of the work pertains to his early period and pictures the reactions of his California days. The editor has given it a great introduction of surpassing value by indicating the development of Royce's thought in these early days and its relation to his maturer work. In the absence of a biography this work will be of the utmost value to the student of Royce and of American idealism.

The book has therefore a double significance, for, to the ever delightful essays of the master by which it is now possible to complete the *Royciana* of our shelves, is added the discriminating and sympathetic interpretation of Loewenberg. The book is invaluable.

A New Historian of Philosophy

MODERN PHILOSOPHY, By GUIDO DE RUGGIERO, Translated by A. Howard Hannay, and R. G. Collingwood. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1921. pp. 402.

Modern Philosophy by Ruggiero is not the conventional type of history of philosophy for it is throughout vibrant with the living thought of the author. By some it will be criticized just because it is lacking in that staleness of indifference to philosophical issues which is sometimes mistaken for breadth. While it is well that we have histories written from the non-partisan standpoint yet there is need also for the other type which criticizes as it details the facts. One of the great points of failure in much philosophical teaching is the absence of individual point of view which alone can give the student a touchstone, a point of judgment which will save him from confusion. Better a one-sided enthusiasm for some outlook than a many-sided indifference to all. Ruggiero is free from this modern fault. He believes in idealism with intensity and has written something of this intensity and conviction into his work. The book is

of great value as a critique of modern philosophy from the idealistic standpoint. Moreover it is most interestingly written and most worthily translated, so that it is unusually readable. While the reviewer does not agree with many of its positions he gladly confesses to its charm and value.

Personalists will be interested in the estimate of Lotze which he sets forth. While they will probably feel the severity of Ruggiero's criticism and may charge him with lack of appreciation and comprehension of Lotze's system, it should be admitted that there is considerable point to the criticism.

"In his uncertain and contradictory compromise between naturalism and idealism, and in the general insecurity of his position, Lotze represents a new transitional period. It is no longer a case of thought being turned into nature, but of naturalism beginning to feel its own inadequacy and desiring to negate itself and be transformed anew into thought. This negation, however, was rather an expression of Lotze's moral convictions than an integral part of his philosophy. His thought was still divided between the contradictory claims of idealism and naturalism, which were not really mediated and were therefore continually at conflict. He figured knowledge and reality as set over against one another, and their unity as falling outside them in the personality of the philosopher 'We cannot,' he said, 'look on indifferently when we see cognition undermine the foundations of faith'; and in conformity with this fundamental principle he maintained from the beginning that while the task of observing the mechanical order of the universe was unlimited in its scope, it was at the same time of absolute secondary importance.* This new criterion of importance or value is the clue to Lotze's whole philosophical attitude. It implies that between the two worlds of nature and of spirit, of knowing and of reality, there must be some mediation, and that beyond the dualism there must exist a profounder unity, once thought, while yet confined within its subjectivity, is allowed to penetrate with its judgments of value and its demands this world of nature which is apparently alien to it. But the mediation itself is a mere demand: it is the immediate and unreflective apprehension of a moral unity in the world lying beyond the terms requiring unification. Lotze is in fact twice a dogmatist: first in accepting the unreflective dual-

*H. Lotze, *Microcosmus*, preface, English tr., p. xi.

ism of nature and spirit, and again in postulating their ultimate unification."

Which is of course all true enough if one firmly believes that some type of monism is the only solution of the problems of philosophy. One might recognize the brilliancy of the criticism and understand the weakness of Lotze's position and still feel that the criticism is lacking in depth. But the criticism of earnest men is what is needed at present in the field of philosophy.

Is the chief lack of our age, the lack of the historical consciousness? This is the question which the author of *Modern Philosophy* profoundly raises. And we believe he is correct in his questioning. If one were to be asked to characterize modern philosophy it might safely be affirmed that its foremost characteristic is its unconsciousness of having any roots in history. The age is self-contained, heady with the sense of its own discoveries, its own capabilities, its own greatness. It does not expose its attainments to the criticism of history and therefore fails of wisdom. But why should we discuss further. It is well to buy and read the book for one's self.

The Present Confusion Concerning Immortality

COLLECTED FRUITS OF OCCULT TEACHING, By A. P.

SINNETT, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1920. pp. 307.

SPIRITUALISM, Its Present-Day Meaning, a Symposium edited

by HUNTLEY CARTER. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1920. pp. 287.

THE NEW LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY, or the Significance of

Psychic Research. By JOHN HERMAN RANDALL. Macmillan, New York, 1921. pp. vii & 174.

IMMORTALITY, A Study of Belief, and earlier addresses. By

WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1920. pp. xiii & 132.

THEOSOPHY AND SPIRITUALISM

Every modern teacher of truth should maintain a certain knowledge of and connection with the various cults that are distracting

the thinking of our times. As a study in the various subtleties and inconsistencies of such thinking we recommend the perusal of Sinnett's *Collected Fruits of Occult Teaching*. The average man of scholarly habit will be astounded at the ease of perfectly unfounded assumption. The author loses himself in the intricacies of his enthusiasm for language. If then one detects the meaninglessness of the whole procedure he must be prepared to be written down as an ignoramus. There is a capacity at claiming for occultism all discoveries, and all creation in science, art, or literature from the pretended prophecy of radium to the poetry of Tennyson. It seems strange that prophecy so important as that of radium shouldn't have led immediately to the scientific discovery. One is at loss to know the value of prophecy which is known not even by the prophet until after the event. The writer seems to believe that the vast literature of spiritualism is the best proof of the reality of ghostly manifestation rather than any common-to-all character by which we are compelled to test appearances in the actual exigences of life, and adds a long list of his own works as the complete evidence. The clairvoyant is exalted as being of superior powers but there is failure to show whether this power has any ethical significance or is due to a mere moral flabbiness, a lack of fibre and will-power which makes her the prey of every passing suggestion. There is the usual ignorant criticism of the Christian Church, which assumes that the institution which has never before been so widely influential nor so efficient in its service to humanity in all its history is in an alarming state of decline. This criticism springs simply from ignorance of the facts and the habit of believing and asserting that which is most conformable to its own prejudices in a way which is quite characteristic of this type of belief, and which vitiates practically all of its conclusions.

THE PRO AND CON OF SPIRITUALISM

Spiritualism, its Present Day Meaning, is valuable as giving the present day reactions to spiritualism on the part of a group widely various, credally, intellectually, and racially. The editor and proponent of the questionnaire is apparently favorable to spiritualism and makes the common error of mistaking spiritism for spiritualism. He attributes the halting vocabulary of spiritism to the fact that as

yet it has not found its proper dialect. Is this confusion due rather to the attempt to ride two horses? It seems to us that spiritism is untrue to its own superstitious past from which it wishes to be freed while it makes claims at the same time to be both scientific and religious. As a matter of fact it is unable in this connection to use either the terms of religion or science with intelligence. They do not fit its supposed phenomena. There seems to be a real connection between this condition of things and the fact set forth by the article of G. R. S. Mead in which he points out that "psychical capacity is notoriously unaccompanied with intellectual ability".

Though much of the book is given to the defense of spiritism and that as ably stated as in any treatise we have known, the opponents of the theory are allowed their say. One of the best of these and one which to our minds is the most unanswerable is that of Evelyn Underhill who writes:

"From the point of view of a student of spiritual literature, one of the most remarkable and distressing characteristics of "Spiritualism" is the thoroughly unspiritual tone of its revelations. It fails to respond to the higher cravings of the soul, and never approaches the nobility and beauty of that conception of Eternal Life which has been developed by the mystics. To any one familiar with the Christian idea of the "beatific vision" of reality as the substance of our immortal life, even the least vulgar description of the future world which Spiritualism has to offer must seem like a bad dream".

THE SPIRITISM OF MAETERLINCK, JAMES, LODGE, AND HYSLOP

In *The New Light on Immortality* by John Herman Randall, we have interesting brief statements of the relative standpoints of prominent members of the Society for Psychical Research. The author adds to this his own estimate of the present status and value of spiritism.

Discussing Lodge's speculation with regard to "Ether" and the failure of the average scientist to accept it, the author apparently overlooks the fact that Sir Oliver's ether fails as spirit because it is evidently conceived as a form of matter, and fails to satisfy the scientist because it is pure hypothesis not subject to scientific tests. One cannot see what otherwise a self-respecting scientist could do than to reject the conclusion. He thus discusses the undesirability of mediumship:

"A real 'medium' is one who, for the time being, is under the control of some other force than his or her own conscious will. It may be a psychic force or it may be a spiritual intelligence, sometimes it even may be something of both. But the essential thing is that the medium has surrendered conscious self-control, in order to become a 'medium'. Few people realize what this involves. The fundamental, inalienable right of every being is to preserve his own will inviolate; it is his fundamental duty as well. Any weakening of one's self-conscious powers of volition, any surrender of one's self-control to any other personal or impersonal forces, even for the time being, always tends toward the weakening and deterioration of one's own mental life and moral character."

"The essential thing to realize is that the surrender of one's self-control, under any conditions, to another person or force, whether good or bad, is always a most undesirable thing to do—it is nothing less than a crime against oneself. Everywhere else in life we hold the ideal of mental self-poise and self-control to be the very highest attainable, then why should it be surrendered in the quest of truth or a higher spiritual development?"

This one admission would in our estimation vitiate all that might be named on the other side as a desirable result from the pursuit of the cult.

The chief criticism of the book lies in the lack of originality; the tendency to wild generalization and the absence of any apparent power of criticism. One quotation illustrates. He describes our age as one "that holds human life so cheap, as to regard millions of individuals as mere things, treat them like commodities, drive them like machines, and send them in vast armies to become food for cannon, an age that has so little reverence even for its loftiest souls, its 'pure idealists,' as to shut them up in prison for months and even years, when their only crime has been this refusal to violate the voice of conscience sounding in the depths of their own souls—'of whom the world was not worthy.'" Here again we have the complete lack of historic perspective, the vain assumption that the golden age lies in the past or in the remote future, the failure to apprise or credit those movements which are as present now as ever which are making toward progress in humanity and religion. The crux of the author's distress lies in his misunderstanding of the place of faith in life. He seems to think the important thing is the scientific demon-

stration of what is scientifically undemonstrable and is received only by faith. To walk by faith does not satisfy the materialistic heart. It is still a stumbling block and foolishness, but it is the open doorway to spirituality and immortality.

THE HIGHER EVIDENCE FOR IMMORTALITY

From so much of inchoate thinking we turn with relief to the essay which gives title to the posthumous volume of William Newton Clarke *Immortality, a Study of Belief*. He does not rule out as useless, the work of Psychical Research nor any other evidences. He calls attention rather to the value of such evidences as compared to a belief which takes hold upon the profounder values of life.

"But what shall we think of the quality, the value, the power, of evidence of another life obtained in such a way [by psychic research]? What nature and efficiency will belong to a belief in immortality thus certified to the senses, and to the mind through the senses? I am sure we must say that the belief in another life to which such evidence gave rise might naturally be a very clear and positive one. It would rank with other beliefs that are substantiated by tangible evidence. It would resemble our beliefs about the most earthly matters. It would have similar standing with my present belief in the reality of the city of Peking, which I have never seen, but to which a friend of mine has gone, from whom I receive an occasional letter. In such proof there is nothing spiritual. I would not call it materialistic but it is external, ministered through the senses, and weighed only in the scales of the intellect. Such a belief would not be among those that are born of the soul: it would not have sprung up in response to the soul's own nature or needs or aspirations. Some beliefs grow up out of an inward necessity, but this would be nothing more than external product. Plainly to a belief thus originated the strongest constraining power cannot belong. It may be clear-cut and definite, and it may be convincing in a high degree; but we cannot feel that it could be in an equal degree inspiring."

These deeper meanings he expresses thus: "The present question is not, Where does your belief in immortality come from? or, How do you defend it? but, Of what sort is it? How does immortality appeal to you, and what does it mean to you? How does it take

hold of you? What is it to your soul? This is the question that goes deepest, so far as personal belief is concerned. Immortality may offer itself to you as something that must be true if all higher things are true. Better than that, you may feel that immortality must be true *since* all highest things are true. The second of all great realities it may be to you, God the first and immortality the next—and it may appeal to you and be real to you in something like due proportion to this its high position

.....I have spoken of the cries which are instinctive reasonings, whereby humanity claims its immortal portion. Here they spring up in power. Immortality may dawn upon you as the great necessity: it must be real if the present life is to be a life indeed—not only that its mysteries may be cleared up and its inequalities corrected but because present life *itself* is too great to be its own all. You may seem to see all best significances and highest hopes sinking into nothingness if this their true glory be withdrawn. You may be thinking of persons, perhaps unspeakably dear to you, whose extinction would seem to be as criminal as it is incredible. Or you may think of humanity in general, composed of persons in whom alone its unimaginable wealth of power and possibility can come to fulfilment; and it may be borne in upon you, not as a logical conclusion but as a wave of sympathetic conviction and aspiration, that to this personal greatness immortality alone corresponds. You may feel yourself struggling along with the struggle of the universal spirit out toward larger scope. In such manner the fitness of the immortal life may overshadow you, and its reality as a spiritual necessity may so impress you that you become as sure of the future as you are of the present."

The profounder student of the problem of immortality will find something wanting in the other studies which this book supplies.

KOSTES PALAMAS: *Life Immovable*, First Part, Translated by ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES. With Introduction and Notes by the Translator. Cambridge, Harvard University Press.

The Greek author whose masterpieces are presented in this attractive volume is hailed as a World-Poet in the glowing introduction. In his strict adherence to the thought, the translator has thought it best not to reproduce the rhymes of the original; for in

this modern adjunct of poetry Greek verse of to-day differs from the classical type. The poet is a man of the people, one of the *demotikists*, nicknamed *Mallioroi* or "hairy ones", who were thought to be national traitors, propagandists who sought to crush the aspirations of the Greek people by showing that their language is not the ancient Greek language and that they are not the heirs of Ancient Greece.

The poet is evidently not in sympathy with many of the ideals that we hold dear, and his political touch is oddly uncertain. Here are two significant stanzas from his lyric "The Poet;" note the use of the word "thrice-holy" in the particular connection:—

"O Celtic oak-trees and Galatian-born
White lilies in lyric Paris blossoming,
With Hugo and with thee, O Lamartine,
Revels and wings!

Dante and Nietzsche, Ibsen, Shakespere, all,
Poured wine for me with their thrice-holy hands
Into thy gleaming cup of gold and bade
Me rise on high."

Juxtaposition of this kind in her favorite bard may explain the strange element of instability in the Greek nation to-day.

JAMES MAIN DIXON

Books Received

Body and Mind, a History and a Defense of Animism, by William McDougall, F.R.S., Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. Pp. XIX and 384. The Macmillan Company New York. 120

Modern Philosophy, by Guido de Ruggiero, translated by A. Howard Hannay, B.A., and R. G. Collingwood, M.A., F.S.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Pembroke College, Oxford. Pp. 402. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The I. W. W., A Study of American Syndicalism, by Paul Frederick Brissenden, Ph.D., Assistant in Economics, University of California and University Fellow at Columbia, Special Agent of the United States Department of Labor. Pp. 438. Longmans, Green & Company, New York.

The Ways of Life, A Study in Ethics, by Stephen Ward. Pp. 126. Oxford University Press, New York. 120

A New Way to Solve Old Problems, by Frank E. Duddy, Asst. Pastor and Director of Religious Education in First Congregational Church, Toledo, Ohio. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1921. Pp. X, 50.

Human Traits and their Social Significance, by Irwin Edman, Ph.D., Instructor in Philosophy, Columbia University. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, New York, Chicago., The Riverside Press, Cambridge. Pp. XI, 467. 120

College Life, its Conditions and Problems, Arranged by Maurice Garland Fulton, Asst. Professor of English in Indiana University. The Macmillan Co., New York. PpXXII, 524.

Our Social Heritage, by Graham Wallas, Yale University Press, New Haven. Pp. 307.

Manual of Modern Scots, by William Grant, M.A. (Aberdeen) and James Main Dixon, Litt. Hum. D. At the University Press, Cambridge, 1921. Pp. XXII, 500.

An Old Babylonian Version of the Gilgamesh Epic, on the Basis of recently discovered texts, by Albert T. Clay, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt. D., and Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. Yale University Press, London, 1920. Pp. 106.

Mind and Work, the Psychological Factors in Industry and Commerce, by Charles S. Myers, Director of Psychological Laboratory, Cambridge University. G. P. Putman and Sons, New York. 1921. Pp. 175.

The more important of these books will be reviewed in future numbers of THE PERSONALIST.

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